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Fri Aug 19 11:07:45 CDT 2022

SMS with +12488822862(+12488822862)

+12488822862

Hey Michael, this is Patty, Priscilla's sister. If you wouldn't mind, would you give me a call back at your convenience? We are dumb-founded and furious about what's been done to you & that baby. I had no idea. Whatever it might mean to you, we are behind you a thousand percent and want to encourage and help you, to fight back, if you'll let us. I don't know what that looks like, but whatever bullshit they conjured up, you're a good damn dad and this is an outrage!! My heart goes out to you Michael. If it makes a difference for you, you have our support! TTYS
PS- Im a night owl & I don't work, so I don't mind taking calls at night, too!

18 09 2019 19:04

Me

Thank you. I just replaced/redesigned the plumbing in my home and I'm still repairing a few bad connections. Being a musician, I also stay up all night. It's when the best work gets done. My financial plan was to open up the studio officially late this year or early next year. And then this. Since Friday I've been vacillating between screaming, crying, and staring off into middle distance. Yesterday I finally got up and did something productive, though it should have been done quicker and with more finesse, as is evidenced by my immediate repairs. Give me an hour or so and I'll call you with my full attention. Thank you again. I apologise in advance for yelling in your ear.

18 09 2019 19:11

+12488822862

I can only imagine. But congrats on your business/musical endeavors. Take all the time you need, as I'll be up most of the night. I appreciate your time, and look forward to talking with you.

18 09 2019 19:25

Me

I had unexpected company come by last night. By the time I realized what the hour was the sun began creeping over the horizon. Finally started doing the dishes and laundry and other ritualistic chores that I'd been neglecting. Got a few hours of sleep. Haven't been able to get more than four inna row since Friday. My aunt is coming into town from Shiner to take me to a one-hour supervised visit with Kallisti. It's in New Braunfels. I informed CPS that my only transportation issa bicycle, but that was of no importance to them. The " appointment " is at 4. I'm supposed to show up half an hour early to meet with an agent there. I'm not doing well. The shaking and hysterical crying has lessened, but my stomach and head take turns hurting all day now. Gonna shave find something to wear. This is fucking unacceptable. I'll call you after I get back from seeing my own daughter for a whole fucking hour. I have a terrible feeling that I'm gonna blow up on whatever person I have to speak with beforehand. Thank you again for your support.

19 09 2019 12:59

+12488822862

Hey Michael, sorry for the late reply. I get behind on messages, mostly due to the odd hours I keep lately. How did your visit go?? How did Kalisty do?? How are you holding up?? Sorry for all the questions, I'm just worried sick about the both of you. Yes, what an outrageous, ridiculous farce!! But Im glad to hear that your aunt was with you. Hopefully it helped you to have her there. I know your plate is full and your mind is occupied with other things so just call me when you feel up to it. TTYS

20 09 2019 18:43

Me

Saw Kallisti again yesterday. A friend took me to see her. The previous day, Sunday, the CPS agent sent me a text message informing me I had less than six hours to confirm the appointment. When I got there she immediately locked her arms around me and would not let go. I held her my arms for an hour while she slept. She had dark circles under her eyes and was breathing heavy, as if she had lung congestion. Her face was riddled with far more acne than she usually has. She was carrying a Hello Kitty doll, one of her favorites, but she dropped it as soon as she saw me. When they tried to separate us, she refused. It took over half an hour for a combination of the " foster parent " and the CPS agent to convince her there was no alternative but to get in the car with Ms. Tuch. When asked if she wanted to go with her she looked straight at the agent and said "No! ", then kicked the door. After which she looked up at me and smiled. I did nothing to discourage this behavior. In the end two grown women had to pull her hard enough to loose her grasp on my hand. My friend caught some of this on camera, but didn't want to be seen filming.

24 09 2019 18:58

Me

I have been nearly useless. Not completely inert, but close enough. I have a pedometer on my phone that rewards you for your steps taken. I avg 35,000 a week. Keep in mind I am technically unemployed. The past three days I've clocked in under 1,000. I'm either too angry or staring off, just sitting and losing hours. I've had explain the whole story in detail over and over so many times. I'm going back to bed, again. I'll try text before I call late at night. Thank you for your time and support.

24 09 2019 19:04

Me

I can't receive pictures. You'll have to email them to me. obblonge@gmail.com

24 09 2019 21:58

+12488822862

Hey Michael, I think you might've intended this text for someone else.

24 09 2019 22:01

Me

There's a message that isn't going through.

24 09 2019 22:06

Me

9:53 pm

24 09 2019 22:06

Me

Ah, your're awake. Can I call you?

24 09 2019 22:07

+12488822862

Yes, any time

24 09 2019 22:07

+12488822862

Hi Michael, Ive been scouring the net, and the Guadalupe Co family court records, and anything I can put my hands on, pertaining to appeals & rulings, esp those from Judge Stuckey's court. The link below is an appeals doc with a wealth of info (as is the 2nd one). The good news is, DPS must make "reasonable efforts to RETURN THE CHILD to the parent." Also, you are still due, the provisions "that specifically establish the actions necessary for the parent to obtain the RETURN of the child." Maybe your next hearing? Fingers crossed! Anyway, I hope these links are helpful. TTYS https://cases.justia.com/texas/fourth-court-of-appeals/2017-04-16-00516-cv.pdf?ts=1485793023

26 09 2019 05:26

+12488822862

"..parental termination cases,
which DO require proof by CLEAR & CONVINCING EVIDENCE. As recognized by the SUPREME COURT, parental termination cases..are “complete, final, irrevocable".. This justifies a HIGHER BURDEN of PROOF.”
https://law.justia.com/cases/texas/fourth-court-of-appeals/2007/20303.html

26 09 2019 05:37

Me

Last week CPS told me that they had spoken to your father about taking Kallisti. He told them no. I have another visitation scheduled for tomorrow. I don't know if I'll make it. I haven't left my house in over a month, except to go see her. I feel sick. All I have left is hatred and sadness

14 10 2019 06:54

Me

Actually, it would be today now. I haven't slept. Been crying all night. Its hard to breathe. I don't know how much longer I can take this

14 10 2019 06:55

+12488822862

Oh god Michael, I'm sorry! He was probably asleep & medicated when they called. He's way too sick to take her anyway. Tell them he JUST suffered a stroke less than a month ago, we DO want her!
One of his daughters will take her, either Paula or me, and Paula is in Texas (Dallas). Damn, I'm sorry Michael. Try to hang in there. We'll work thru this, okay? I'm at a doc appt with my husband today, but I wanna talk to you. Would you be up for talking this evening?

14 10 2019 07:49

Me

Yes. If I don't answer keep trying

14 10 2019 07:58

+12488822862

Okay, will do.

14 10 2019 08:04

+12488822862

Paula Smith (407) 620-3935

15 10 2019 01:56

Me

I have just been informed, in a text, that Kallisti is undergoing emergency oral surgery for an abscess on an ingrown tooth. I have known two people that died from an abscessed tooth. And I'm not there for my little girl. Because of them. These fucking pieces of shit.

18 10 2019 07:26

+12488822862

Yeah, darn sure isn't anything to mess with! Is it possible, upon your insistence, that you might be "permitted" to be there with her? She is YOUR daughter after all. The jurors sure won't like hearing that Kallisti was denied the comforting words & security of her daddy. This thing is getting more outrageous by the week!

18 10 2019 07:48

Me

CPS is supposedly sending me the information on the dentist. I have not been informed as to whether or not I would be allowed to see her, if I could find a way to get there

18 10 2019 07:50

Me

I'm laying on the floor. Its hard to breathe. This is too much

18 10 2019 07:51

+12488822862

I'm sorry Michael. I know this is really hard on you. If you can talk them into letting you be there, and getting a ride becomes an issue, you know you can always call me or Paula if all else fails. We will make a way to get you there. Okay?

18 10 2019 07:59

Me

Thank you

18 10 2019 08:01

Me

I have been denied access to see my own daughter during a life threatening operation. Because CPS can't spare the manpower to send an agent to the dentist to supervise. Avg salary of CPS caseworker - $43,323 per year. She actually has stopped answering me, ending with " take us to court "

18 10 2019 09:10

+12488822862

You have got to be kidding me! They couldn't do worse by Kallisti if they were trying to! CPS is a oxymoron of epic proportions! They're the freaking devil incarnate. We've got to get you & Kallisti out of that Guadalupe Co sham system somehow.

18 10 2019 09:25

Me

I have still received no word concerning Kallisti

18 10 2019 15:11

Me

I have finally, after demanding again, received confirmation that Kallisti made it through the procedure. I am exhausted. I have taken to carrying and sleeping with a large knife. I am going to bed. I've been puking my guts out all day. Thank you for your concerns. I'm afraid I'm not doing so well.

18 10 2019 16:56

+12488822862

Michael, if you are struggling with despair, or dark thoughts, or just need a friend, call me or Paula. We can talk all night if it helps to regain your bearings and feel a little better. Kallisti needs her daddy.

18 10 2019 19:01

Me

Do you know if Paula's contact had found any information regarding Kallisti? Besides seeing her for an hour every Monday I haven't left the house, or spoken with anyone. All the days have just mashed into one staring sleep.

06 11 2019 20:50

Me

You've got (g)mail

07 11 2019 00:00

Me

I have just been informed that CPS will be cutting my visitations with Kallisti down to one hour every two weeks.

07 11 2019 15:26

Me

I hope this message finds you in good health and spirits dear. Though we barely know each other your time with me over the phone has meant a lot, and helped me through several nights alone. Thank you for everything.

08 11 2019 08:34

Me

Why thank you. I am glad to hear from you. After talking w/Pam I was growing concerned. A funny story about this track. I've read thousands of books. I had stopped reading for years, having not seen anything " new ". And by chance stumbled upon an author named Andersen Prunty and a genre of fiction called Bizarro. The words are my reading of a piece of his flash fiction (nothing over two pages). Apparently I neglected to tell most everyone I sent this to that. Usually my response is crickets-nothing, or a " that's pretty alright". Bah! The life of the starving artist! Not this time. An overwhelming outpouring of people concerned I was going to kill myself. It probably didn't help that I don't sing, and my voice is rarely featured. While it probably isn't as funny as I found it, if I was gonna off myself I wouldn't send all my friends a cryptic audio postcard. I find myself thinking far more of murder than self harm in any case. Thank you. Ah, and I don't have data service. If you want to send me pictures you'll have to send them to obblonge@gmail.com

08 11 2019 18:38

Me

You realize, now, that your mailbox is likely to be filled with more of this, this, " art "

08 11 2019 18:41

Me

Generally I'm not so bleak. Promise.

08 11 2019 18:41

+12488822862

"murder"..haha! Send away! I found it to be a little dark, but strangely satisfying LOL.

08 11 2019 18:48

+12488822862

I know! It had the feel of The Twilight-Zone! I'm weird but loved that show.

08 11 2019 18:54

Me

You've donnit now. " Issued a clear invitation to the dance". When I first started sharing my slowly growing catalogue of tracks that I'd hit cut and print on the response I got bewildered me. I thought for sure my latest stuff, fortified with practice and patience, would be the most liked. Only to find that not true in almost every case. It turns out no one cares that I spent who knows how many hours programming in five minutes of hi-hats individually using twenty-four different samples. Huh. Turns out people to songs, or something, regardless of precision or recording standards. Blues albums recorded in 1930 are still top sellers. It was a hard and important lesson to learn. I have seen every episode of the Twilight Zone. And Tales from the Darkside.

08 11 2019 18:57

Me

I would send ridiculous quality WAV files but google wants one to pay for sending that much information innan gmail.

08 11 2019 18:59

Me

Thank you Patty. I'm "talking" your ear off. That means alot to me. It allows me to focus on something else.

08 11 2019 19:01

+12488822862

Is it not caring or not knowing? Now that I've taken the time to think about it, you've got some serious drive & it shows in the quality of your work. Seriously!

08 11 2019 19:10

+12488822862

Alternatively I would be washing dishes & tending to my domestic duties.. "talking" is way more interesting lol

08 11 2019 19:13

Me

Yar. If current events had not unfolded the financial plan was to be officially open for business in many capacities by now, or early next year. Between listing my original work with many established online marketers for sale to filmakers and advertisers, being available to bands or single artists for recording or production, now easily done globally thanks to the interwebs, or doing live sound for local productions, bands, theatres, etc.

08 11 2019 19:15

Me

Now I'm growing fat and am afraid to leave my house for some ridiculous reason.

08 11 2019 19:16

Me

A few sparks still ignite me out of my self-induced miasma. I've almost assembled enough pieces to construct a new-for-me bigger badder computron. Although years behind the current availability, still the fastest one I've ever used.

08 11 2019 19:18

Me

Which is part of how I've made it by financially all these years being tied to the homestead taking care of Kallisti. When encouraged visitors arrive they see that my computer runs consistently. And then they bring me theirs. I've had to branch out by necessity. Now I'm brought nearly anything that has electricity running through it.

08 11 2019 19:22

+12488822862

You're just oozing with all kinds of talent! What the heck is a Computron? I truly hope you forge ahead and pursue your dream. You've obviously got the pure raw skill, and certainly the drive.

08 11 2019 19:30

Me

(blushes)

08 11 2019 19:30

+12488822862

Now you've got me searching for episodes of Twilight Zone on YouTube LOL!

08 11 2019 19:40

Me

There was a series that ran for only three seasons when I was a kid called Monsters. It was on at somewhere between 1:30 - 3:30 in the morning on Saturdays. Took me forever to find it on torrent sites.

08 11 2019 19:47

+12488822862

Ewww..I'll look for that one!

08 11 2019 19:50

Me

Its very similar to Tales from the Darkside. Had guest stars like Richard Moll from Night Court

08 11 2019 19:52

Me

You've got Gmail

12 11 2019 00:42

Me

You have an addendum to your Gmail

12 11 2019 03:47

+12488822862

Sorry Michael, my dad's been in the hospital and I've been trying to prepare for being gone a while. It's just been a mad week. Hope you are well!!!

14 11 2019 21:11

Me

Yes, I've heard. Are you planning on coming down from Michigan?

14 11 2019 21:14

Me

We

14 11 2019 21:15

+12488822862

Yes. I'm hoping to fly out this week.

14 11 2019 21:15

+12488822862

The airfare is ridiculous!

14 11 2019 21:18

Me

Well, I am extremely local if there is something I can do to help. Leave the house about once a week. If you call or pound on the backdoor long enough I'll eventually rouse

14 11 2019 21:19

Me

Greyhound advertised $68 or less to anywhere in the Continental US not too long ago. How much is soaring with the wrens and grackles?

14 11 2019 21:20

+12488822862

:) I really appreciate that! $522 at last check, unless I prefer wrens. That one "soars" to over $600..yikes!

14 11 2019 21:23

Me

You've got gmail!

05 12 2019 16:35

Me

I have a psychological evaluation scheduled for Tuesday at 12:30. I have informed them several times that I will be recording the event and still have received a confirmation for my appointment. We'll see what happens. Also, I have filed all the necessary documents with the TX State Comptroller to obtain around $850 that was/is owed to my parents. The only remaining paperwork left is an affidavit of heirship. Once this is obtained and filed not only will those funds be released to me but I will be able to get a deed to the property with my name onnit. I can then use the home and land as collateral for a loan to obtain an actual lawyer instead of the henchman of the court. Will know more about that process as soon as the local tax officer in Schertz gets back from lunch break. My utmost undying gratitude to you for being the only person, including any of my friends or distant relatives, who actually supports my decisions instead of just telling me to " do whatever CPS tells you ". I have cried and screamed at my walls for months now, alone. Riding back with you from Kallisti's last visitation was the first time in over 100 days that I didn't dissolve into a yelling, blubbering mass of organic compounds - which I still revert to at any given moment. My vocabulary fails to describe how much that means to me. Thank you.

06 12 2019 12:21

Me

Okay. You made the mistake of giving me your digits. Prepare yourself:

06 12 2019 14:55

Me

Neighbors across the street are moving away, sold their place. I'm getting their couch on Wednesday. Going in the common area. Fuck you real estate lady, there's a sink in my living room. Sweeping out the shed and back patio area. I need to dig out the ground under the stairs a few inches so I can attach a glass (soon to be foamed) screen door. If I don't start crying and go to sleep I'll finish insulating the water pipes and screw the underpinning back in place.

06 12 2019 14:57

Me

Talking about it is the first step

06 12 2019 14:57

Me

Actually ran a new outlet to a new circuit in the bedroom last night/this morning. So I no longer have an extension cord running in front of my main entrance.If the coffee and my mind hold up long enough I'll get my computron back together and put it in the bedroom. In theory I'll put the new build in the studio so I'll have two workstations, and one for guests to use in the newly couchified common area (with sink!).

06 12 2019 14:58

Me

Signed up with a music distributor that lists with Spotify etc and manages royalties. The fees for the service are incredibly resonable. As soon as possible I will be either getting the supplies and manufacturing my own screen printed T-shirts and hats and such or paying the same company to do it for me. I don't like the hats they offer. They're trucker mesh style and fucking dorky. A silkscreen frame, squeegee, fabric ink is available on Amazon for about a $100 total. My logo is incredibly easy for even someone who doesn't draw like me to make. A fucking rectangle with brackets around it. My favorite font is an adaptation of Edward Gorey's handwriting. I don't think permission to use it from the creator should be too difficult to get. I mean, seriously, they copied someone else's handwriting. And I have no problems crediting their work with mine.

06 12 2019 14:59

Me

Which, of course, means that at some fucking point I have to actually make musick again. Last month I signed up with a new service that rents plugins (instruments and effects). For $25 a month I can legally use over a hundred of them which would total over $17,500 if I bought them. Haven't even tried em yet. Too busy sleeping and screaming and such. This is fucking bullshit.

06 12 2019 15:00

Me

So. Yeah. Maybe I should go outside and do these things instead of writing about them. Yeah. I'll see what I can do. Talking about it is the first step

06 12 2019 15:01

Me

Okay. I received a text from the psychologist that was scheduled to conduct my evaluation. It stated simply that he does not allow recording of his sessions. This was my immediate reply:

06 12 2019 16:16

Me

Then I will be unable to submit to your evaluation, since it will not be available for peer review. Psychology is not a science of measurements. It is an ever-changing amalgamation of opinions. Not uninformed opinions, but opinions nonetheless. This can be easily seen by reviewing the textbooks and even popular publications of the last few hundred years, all available immediately and free online. I have indisputable proof in both audio recording (I run a recording studio) and documentation that CPS has perjured themselves under oath and continuously lied in order to receive a diversion of state allotted funds. Obviously, given these circumstances I must assume anyone receiving payment from them is suspect. Please do not take this as a personal offense. I find it regrettable that these kind lazy, self-serving individuals can damage so many families and lives with such impunity. Whatever I can do to expose the creatures that wallow in the muck and excrement at the bottom of the gene pool I feel is not only my duty as a living, devoted father but as a United States citizen and born resident of Texas. Again, my apologies. It is not my intention to insult your practiced vocation or you personally.

06 12 2019 16:17

Me

I'm so angry again I'm shaking. This is the " conversation " I just had with Angela Rios, the CPS agent:

06 12 2019 16:51

Me

Okay yes Dr. Pickard called me this afternoon and informed me no recording is allowed and that he would contact you. Please keep in mind that if an evaluation is not completed by December 15, 2019 that visitation will only be scheduled twice a month supervised for 1 hour

If it is not completed the parent child visit scheduled for December 10, 2019 will be the last visit for the month of December. I will notify you of January schedule before the end of this month

06 12 2019 16:51

Me

I have one more document to obtain and file to retrieve funds held by the TX State Comptroller. This combined with a loan on my property will allow me to retain an actual attorney with my family's best interests in mind.

06 12 2019 16:52

Me

Okay thank you

06 12 2019 16:52

Me

It saddens me greatly that you have chosen to tear families apart as your chosen vocation. The world is a nearly limitless avenue of self-expression. That doing this is your voluntary voice for all to hear makes my heart break even further.

06 12 2019 16:52

Me

My apologies for burdening your inbox with all of this. It helps to have an outlet of any sort for all of this.

06 12 2019 16:57

Me

You've got Gmail

11 12 2019 09:36

+12488822862

Thx Michael! I'll try to watch it tonight..I'm spread pretty thin, so I'm just slow getting to things. Hope you are well!

11 12 2019 12:26

Me

Are you nextdoor still? I finally kicked out of the leeches. I'm not doing well. I don't know what to do

14 12 2019 23:11

Me

I can't stop screaming and crying. I don't know what to do

14 12 2019 23:14

Me

I need help

14 12 2019 23:16

+12488822862

Oh shit Michael..you okay? I'm back in MI. Spent Sunday "soaring with the wrens and grackles", but the rest is a blur. Frankly, there's a shit ton of drama being stirred up, and my dad is back in the hospital. Your texts were so far down the page (#27, to be exact) that I just couldn't see them! I know I'm late but touch base when you get this and let me know you're okay, please. I'm sorry. I'll get it together..I will!

18 12 2019 05:40

Me

Hi Patty. I've been informed that I'll only see my daughter for two hours this month. I'm supposed to show up early this Friday to discuss the " details of my case ". I haven't seen her since December 10th. Her disability checks and foodstamps have also been cut off. Taxes are due this month. I've reverted back to near absolute uselessness again, barely leaving my room. Just now turned my computer back on, started reinstalling programs. I don't know why. Everything is just a blur. I just wanted to thank you again for support and conversation. Talking with you helped me immensely. Spent the past few hours watching video I shot of Kallisti and crying. I don't care about anything it seems. One day I suppose the utilities will drop off and then what? Pam called me over yesterday morning fucking wasted. I had to leave before I started yelling at her. I keep my doors locked and spend whatever time I'm awake in near silence, staring off. Wow. How do I turn this bummer message around before the end? May your paths be much brighter and lined with low-hanging fruit this year. And may all your accuaintences realize the beautiful woman they're fortunate enough to know is not to be taken for granted. Thank you. I hope one day I'll see you again

02 01 2020 05:21

Me

Ack! I have no the data service. All pictures must be routed to obblonge@gmail.com

02 01 2020 19:45

Me

(google translate cracks me up)

02 01 2020 19:46

+12488822862

His MEMORIAL SERVICE will be held on SATURDAY, JANUARY 18TH @ 10:30 A.M.

Dossman Funeral Home
2525 North Main
Belton, Texas 76513
254-933-2525

There will be a FRIED CHICKEN DINNER, immediately following the service.

Flowers may be sent in care of:
Dossman Funeral Home

02 01 2020 20:06

Me

I have no the witticism. I may ride up with Pam, if that's an option

02 01 2020 20:09

+12488822862

I'm sure it is, or even Priscilla. I don't know if she's driving her car or riding with Pam, but I'd recommend reaching out to both of them ahead of time (always recommended with them).

02 01 2020 20:19

Me

My next visit with Kallisti is the 27th. I haven't seen her since the 3rd. It may be the last time I see her. I have been informed that CPS plans on adopting her out. My little girl is going to be sold to the highest bidder. My aunt is talking to her lawyer today to see if there's anything he can do. My efforts at finding a new attorney online have been met with silence. I haven't left my room in days. I'm too angry to do anything. If I'm not crying I'm asleep. Can't seem to function anymore. I thought everyone should know. Feb. 10th may be the date they'll try and take my parental rights away. CPS is attempting to eliminate a jury so their pocket judge can just sign the papers. I'll attempt to appeal, but it just goes to the county district judge after that. I have no reason to believe that will make any difference

16 01 2020 08:11

+12488822862

Oh Michael, I'm sorry! I agree with your every word..his thing is rotten to the core! How can we help to keep your spirits lifted, and hopeful?

16 01 2020 17:30

Me

I awoke just now from a dream. I don't often remember anything upon waking, but this time I recalled your beautiful face clearly, as clearly as one's mind will ever allow. I saw Kallisti today, after another terse meeting with the agents of CPS. I have another court date in ten days. I will not cooperate with the thieves and dealers of children. I will have fired the court appointed lawyer by then. I will directly be accusing the judge of incompetency, the first time, in fact, he will have ever heard my voice. I expect to be thrown in jail for this. Going in a hero and leaving a martyr, if I may be so dramatic. My aunt counted no less than fifteen people who were checked in at the window "for the Mackenzie case" in the hour that I had my visitation. Which was cut short. It seems I have someone scared. I have guests staying here, with a pit bull. I have rebuilt my backdoor frame solidly and added a second deadbolt. The front two doors are kept locked permanently. I rarely leave my home. For that matter, I rarely leave my room. My home has been condensed into one end. I wake and try to concentrate on the sounds. My concentration is not what it once was. If only I could jokingly blame age for this. Shhh, dreamed of one, I didn't mean to wake you. Go back to sleep...

11 02 2020 02:56

Me

The lyrics to a Hot Water Music song keep playing in my head-
I will be under everything
I'm coming closer than you think
I will be under everything
And time is such a wasted luxury

To paraphrase Fugazi, my time is water down a drain. Funny, delerium is usually fun. (A grin in the dark, lit by electronic glows) No. Shhh. Go back to sleep...

11 02 2020 03:02

Me

Ah. I don't have data on my telephonic device. Alas, I cannot see your picture. You'll have to send it to obblonge@gmail.com

12 02 2020 02:04

Me

I have left court. I am now officially defending myself. I will be cross examining the witnesses myself. In front of a jury. CPS wanted to cease all visitations with Kallisti. The judge disagreed. On June 11th I am scheduled to return to court. The actual trial will be on August 20th at 10:30. By that point in time they will have kept my daughter away from her father for eleven months. Every single day of which I will force them to compensate us for. There isn't an ambulance chasing law firm that wouldn't claw to the front of the line for a piece of that pie. They have nothing, and they know it. Their lawyer kept looking away when I stood next to him and stared him down. The CPS agent's supervisor stepped the fuck aside in the hallway as I paced towards her. My aunt, who is nearly 80 and sings in her church commented rather loudly how obese and ugly all the agents sitting on the left side of the courtroom were. Reminds me of George Carlin : " Have you ever noticed that all the women who are against abortion are women you wouldn't want to fuck in the first place? " I will slaughter them, in front of a jury, just like I've told them since day one. And considering the circumstances of not being informed that I had court but having judgements against me, I will have an assured appeal ready and waiting should the jury be overruled. It's my turn. And these rancid cunts are looking nervous

20 02 2020 17:14

Me

You are about to get a lot of text messages. There is no emergency. I am sharing. One atta time , copy and paste, using a buggy third party app, b/c I'm a genius artist. This is gonna be worth something someday:(originally sent to your sister nextdoor)

12 03 2020 09:14

Me

So. I'm sitting on my front steps again. Waiting for some guy named Rod to pull up inna moving vehicle. I've never met Rod, but I hate him. Him and everyone else named Rod. And Todd. Fuck Todds too. Rod and Todd can go outside and play hide and go fuck themselves. How are you this horrible morning?

12 03 2020 09:14

Me

I hear a siren already. Maybe Rod is getting arrested.

12 03 2020 09:15

Me

Chewing Tootsie Rolls and smoking and thinking Rod should get into an accident involving a train carrying two million tons of coal.

12 03 2020 09:16

Me

I'm about to see school buses going by. Fuck Rod. These texts are brought to you by the letter Fuck Rod. I bet Rod has kids that look just like him. Fuck them too.

12 03 2020 09:17

Me

Still haven't heard from my buddy Don. I'm beginning to grow concerned. I don't know why. He's been alive more than twenty years longer than me. Statistically speaking he has more offa chance of being alive than I do. Have I mentioned that I hate people? Especially people named Rod.

12 03 2020 09:17

Me

So one day a guy named Rod woke up and decided to be late. It was his life's dream. A realization of everything he had always envisioned for the future. " I'm going to be late today, " he thought. It was the first thing he thought inna long, long,long, time. The last thing he had thought was, " I like football". That was in 1992. That was a good thought. But this new thought, " I'm gonna be late," that was a keeper.

12 03 2020 09:18

Me

"I'm gonna think this new thought," he mused, not realizing that was also a thought. He wasn't very good at thinking. Wasn't his forte, which rhymes with port, by the way.

12 03 2020 09:19

Me

So this guy with uncreative partents named Michael was sitting on his front steps. He has thinking intensely. About how much he hated Rod and Todd. He was thinking," Maybe I should go inside and play hide and go fuck myself." It was a good thought. He had many thoughts like these.

12 03 2020 09:19

Me

So I'm going to stand here like a person that stands around and waits, remembering that this is spring break and there aren't going to be any buses. This did not make him any happier. Nothing made him happier. Michael, whose parents were uncreative, had an attitude problem. His attitude needed adjusting, but it was spring break and all the attitude adjusters were staring at tits onna beach somewhere far, far away from Michael's front steps. They were also all named Rod and Todd, coincidentally.

12 03 2020 09:20

Me

Please do not change color when I am texting you. Its weirding me out, man.

12 03 2020 09:21

Me

So this guy Michael was hating everything and everybody, even guys named Rod and Todd. He was going to do this for ten more minutes. At 8:30 on the dot he is going to go back inside and fuck himself. There wasn't anyone else inside to fuck. Rod and Todd had injured them all in car accidents and they were recovering onna beach somewhere far away far Michael's front steps.

12 03 2020 09:21

Me

Seven more minutes until I am fucking myself, he thought, not bothering with quotation marks.

12 03 2020 09:22

Me

It is now 8:30. Michael has sent his former employer, who never paid him, a message saying " Fuck Rod, and everyone else that looks like him." Michael has a bad attitude. It is cool and dark inside Michael's home. Like the inside offa dead vagina. But smells better, he muses, not using quotation marks.

12 03 2020 09:23

Me

So how's the weather? I hear its sunny at the beach. I hate the sun. Its makes things hot. Its probably named Todd

12 03 2020 09:23

Me

Okay. I'm starting to get the theraputic value of this. I have a pizza in the oven. That is not a euphemism. The plan is to eat an entire pizza and go to sleep. And I'm not sharing with fucking Rod, that guy who's always mentioned in the instructions printed on caulking tubes. Fucking backer Rod. Whata caulk

12 03 2020 09:27

+12488822862

Hahaha! I'm driving but I made it thru the first few texts.. Brilliant!! Can't wait to read in full tonight! Thx for the comedic & stimulating diatribe. Hope you are well Michael.

12 03 2020 13:45

Me

Hi. I'm text. Yes, its about to happen again. The following forwarded message contains an original intended's name. With every fiber of my being I assure you my lighthearted lengthy limericks longed for your eyes to grace them as well. Just one this time, I promise. And now, after a brief pause....

16 03 2020 08:02

Me

A long, long, time ago inna galaxy far, far away someone brought me a window a/c, knowing that I would either resurrect it and use or sell it, or it would be disassembled and a few, maybe even ten dollars would be made recycling it. It sat underneath my kitchen sink for half a year at least while so many other events demanded my attention. For once, after nearly a week of slumber, I couldn't sleep anymore. I got up. Did things. For the first time inna month I listened to music. My equipment has been erected, back online. I have a lot of programs to install, a few bugs to work out, but I am able to continue working towards my home-based business, and reunification with my daughter. I have cleared away the mounting pile of carelessly thrown building materials and other useful pieces that together had become a hindrance b/c of my lack of enthusiasm. The industrial sewing machine that is worth $500-$1000 after I disassemble, lubricate, and clean it is ready for such a task onna clean workspace. I have downloaded a 45 page manual forrit. Its in German, and looks as exciting as a German industrial sewing machine manual should. And. In order to combat the hiss and noise coming out of my speakers I spent many hours cutting extra thick barbecue tinfoil (NASA approved, audiophile quality) in two inch or so strips, then meticulously, patiently wrapping them around each and every cable involved in my setup. Every power cable. Every speaker wire. Every data cable. I am not exaggerating when I estimate the combined length to be maybe a quarter of a mile long. In order to keep the foil sheilding attached to the target tape, and when I ran out of tape, string was also wound around as well. This took days. Maybe a week or so combined. And for my efforts, I now have a dramatically quieter working environment. Not dead silent, but considering the measured amount of electromagnetic interference present, amazingly effective. Taking a break from what had caused my hands to cramp, I went back to other items on the Big Boy work list. Including the long forgotten window a/c underneath my kitchen sink. It is an LG, by far the highest quality window a/c units I've ever seen, and I've personally inspected about three dozen in the past few years. It was made to last a lifetime, no joke. And b/c someone had attempted to defeat the ground, the third prong on the bottom of the plug, presumably rendered destroyed. I say presumably b/c I haven't opened it up yet. I've been staring at the power cord with my stomach grating from the coffee I've been drinking and laughing. Together the LG company and the terrible appliance owner have taught me exactly what I needed to know to achieve the final amount of silence I have been clawing after for years now. Indeed, truly the secret for making anything with electricity running through it (count them around you, just the ones you can see from where you're sitting) run more efficiently, quietly, and last longer. I had been advised by some ultranerds from an electrical engineering site as to the what but not exactly the how. The reason the a/c would up here was b/c the power cable was not just three wires, one of which the homeowner had attempted to disconnect. Technically that would have worked in most instances, though not the safest of practices. (

PAM, SERIOUSLY, IF YOU GET NOTHING ELSE OUT OF THESE FOUR THOUSAND WORDS, DO NOT USE AN ADAPTER TO CONVERT A THREE PRONG PLUG INTO A TWO PRONG PLUG. THAT'S NOT EXACTLY WHAT THOSE ARE SOLD FOR. ITS DANGEROUS. I AM NOT KIDDING.) Yes, I'm almost done. So. On my couch next to me is a consumer-massacred power cord, minus the original outlet plug. It consists of three wires. Positive, Neutral, and Ground. The + and - are both wrapped in aluminum foil, in exactly the same manner I have been getting sneers for doing to all of my cables. (Do you line you hat with that as well?) However, wrapped up with the foiled wires are a few strands of aluminum bare wire also. Not a braided, complicated looking outer shield like what you see if you cut an RCA cable. Just a few miserable scraggly dull gray strands. Just so I can make this message even longer I will mention that all three of these shielded, jacketed wires are twisted around each other underneath the PVC outer wrap. That's important too. But when our unhandy now-sweating improvisor learned (or should have) as well is that the original plug wasn't just some copper prongs sticking out at right angles. As opposed to wrong angles. That's a joke, Pam. See? I'm funny. The few measly bare shitty wires wrapped up the foiled ones were grounded separately on both ends of the cable, each. And on one, maybe both (haven't gotten that far, still staring atta dead power cord, and texting you) ends attached to a power filter, smoothing out the peaks and the dips in the power coming from our wall sockets, and ultimately GVEC, who we will refer to heretofore as The Ruiner Of All Things Good. What is power filter? No more than a dollar or two in the exact same components on every circuit board made since before we were born. Maybe three or four, if you're not ordering them by the shipping container. That's it. The difference between a product that barely functions and dies a week after the warranty expires and one that costs ten times as much and lasts forty years, until one spills a beer onnit while its on. I'll pause and let that sink in for a moment. Yes. The longest message you've ever received or ever will receive started off positive and full of refreshing hope. Only to end with the fact that I fucking hate people. I am deliberately not tapping that out in all caps b/c I don't want you to cheat and skip to the end. That would be too obvious. The chemicals I formerly referred to as love I dedicate to you this lovely (fucking one hundred percent humidity) Monday (fucking Monday) morning. If this doesn't make you feel special, try alcohol. I've been told that works. (Happy face, wearing an aluminum foil hat) [Post Script: do you know anyone who enjoys learning, humor, and still has a flip phone? If so, send me their number...]

16 03 2020 08:02

Me

Installed an Android emulator on the computron. Effectively turned it into a Samsung S9+. I guess I'll be adding phones and tablets to my home income. Talking to my walls and having my speakers answer me. Maybe even in someone else's voice. Should be easy to figure out the Linux-based Android system with this. I don't know why I'm finding this so fucking hilarious. Imagine if your phone was way too big to fit in your pocket. And had eight separate speakers and a 15" subwoofer attached to it. Six times the RAM. But atta faster speed. Unlimited storage space. Oh. And the processor was, in my case, at least three times as fast. You know, like a real computer. But for some stupid reason was running apps from the Google Play Store instead of real programs like grownups use.

16 03 2020 20:39

Me

I have been hurling verbiage en masse to-day. Replied with possibly too much gusto to an email from a audio-specific website based in the UK. To be fair, I was replying to a surprisingly lengthy personal inquiry. For the moment at least I have resumed the home-based income drive to sustain myself financially. Thanks to the nation's apparent reluctance to eat food that's been dropped on the floor and foster an immune system a two-day WordPress seminar that was scheduled at UTSA Downtown has been restyled as a remote live webinar. Which means my ticket price is free. I suppose it also means I can attend and interact w/o wearing pants. This truly is the 21st century

16 03 2020 20:47

Me

Hey you, do you know Prissy's new digits?

25 05 2020 11:56

+12488822862

Hi Michael, the number I have is 210-810-7762. I hope this finds you well!

25 05 2020 12:49

Me

Thank you. Many thanking of you.

25 05 2020 12:52

Me

Just woke up and discovered that a friend who has been acting distant has Bell's Palsy. Like that makes her any less beautiful. This woman has my heart. She is the epitome of her archtype. Any hope I have is the result of her work and dedication. (No offense). My warmest colors to you. I am going to anhilate CPS when I see them on June 11th. The official trial is on August 20th. As Of Monsters and Men would say, I miss our little talks. May these words find your eyes clear and focussed. I love you

25 05 2020 16:26

Me

So. I FINALLY got it out of Pam this morning where Gloria's guitar may have ended up. Before she died she told everyone in earshot that I was to inherit it, since no one else played it. It is an '80s Alvarez acoustic. Has a kind of mystical symbol on the headstock. Apparently it either went up to Michigan with you or its at Paula's. Do you have it? I'm willing to buy it off you if possible. It is not the the pre-WWII Gibson with the crack on the soundboard, that was Ken's.

25 05 2020 18:54

+12488822862

I'm sorry to hear that. I have high hopes that that very same spirit you see in her will not allow her to give up so easily. But if there's any way that I could be of help to either of you, please don't hesitate to pass on my number. I've marked both dates in my calendar, as I am looking quite forward to that day of reckoning. Thank you for the update Michael. It's always good to hear from you (PS, Remember that this vampire also adores your spontaneous works of artistic expression). I hope this finds you ever closer to your destination, at the height of happiness and love. All my love

25 05 2020 19:18

Me

(blushes)

25 05 2020 19:19

+12488822862

Oops, didn't see your text before sending. My dad prolly didn't know, and included it in his will. I'm sorry Michael. None of us knew that.

25 05 2020 19:30

Me

Okay. Do you have it?

25 05 2020 19:33

+12488822862

Sorry Michael, right in the middle of typing my phone died! I tried to grab a cord while it was it was still in the process of shutting down but my phone is old. So sorry. Back to my message, No, I gave the guitar to my grandson as an early part of his inheritance from me. I bought him a small guitar when he was 5/6 yrs old but he'd been begging his mother for a "real" guitar and lessens, so we decided to let him have it now. Neither my mom or dad ever said anything other than having it go to Wes or one of us girls, and my dad's will mirrored that sentiment. We just didn't know.

25 05 2020 20:35

Me

(sigh) alright. At least I can let the issue drop now. Thank you

25 05 2020 20:38

+12488822862

I still feel bad about it. Unfortunately Michael, communication is not a strength for this family..and I'm always last to know!!

25 05 2020 20:44

Me

Alas, communication is not a strength of many. My personal theory is that information cannot be transmitted, only received.

25 05 2020 20:55

+12488822862

Touché!

25 05 2020 22:03

Me

https://youtu.be/civuoU_NE38

27 05 2020 15:14

Me

Ah! Thank you for being one of two people who stood in solidarity with me. You are truly the smartest Roberts sister. And my friend. Forever. I wish you were here to hold my hand. A gift for you:

27 05 2020 15:15

Me

I love you

27 05 2020 15:21

Me

For the record, I have officially informed Pam that she is the dumbest Roberts sister. For what its worth, I don't think she quite understands

27 05 2020 16:29

Me

Fuck. I can't stop laughing

27 05 2020 16:29

Me

I just got the love of my life to block me on Facebook. I win. Its her turn to ask me to marry her. Which is my lifelong dream. This is fucking awesome. I wonder how long it will take her to figure out that when you love someone you have to let them go

27 05 2020 16:31

Me

I am under the impression that my aunt is buying me a new orra new for me Toyota from the dealership. Since it may be quite sometime, or shit, maybe never, before my dearest Amber comes to her senses, if I do wind up being outwardly mobile sooner than later, would you be interested inna brief but passionate affair? No really. Fuck. I can't stop laughing.

27 05 2020 16:34

Me

Pam is giving me the silent treatment. That's two chicks in the same hour. Fuck. Now its just giggles

27 05 2020 16:35

Me

This is precious. You're asleep. Or maybe Jazzercizing. Do people still do that? I recommend late period John Coltrane. Stellar Regions. Or maybe Om

27 05 2020 16:42

Me

Back up to full blown guffaws

27 05 2020 16:43

Me

I truly am the funniest motherfucker in the room

27 05 2020 16:43

Me

That's what I printed neatly on my application form. Mother. Fucker. I specifically asked for the fucking of mothers. And here I am down in maintenance.

27 05 2020 16:44

Me

I am 42 today. I have been informed that the visitation with Kallisti that was scheduled has been cancelled, as well as all the rest. If I don't get her back at the trial on August 20th, I will never see her again.

15 06 2020 08:39

Me

Psst. Hey you. You have gmail. I broke the phone system. I do things like that

16 06 2020 02:01

Me

Ahem. Nudge nudge. Many winks. You have even more gmails. My fire has dwindled. I am retiring to my living compartment, for the daylight looms oppressively. (Aw, c'mon. Give me an acknowledgement...)

16 06 2020 02:56

Me

Ack! The rosy fingers of dawn, they grasp the horizon. Good time to catch a flick. I recommend: Pontypool. Grab a warm body and some popcorn. Turn off the lights. Hey. Hey you. Are you awake up there?

16 06 2020 06:15

Me

Oh. Wait. Its nearly dawn. Fuck that. Many apologies. Go back to sleep. Poke at me with an extra long sharp object when the afternoon fades. Iffin yer in the mood

16 06 2020 06:16

Me

Nope. Not giving up. I never give up. Passionate affair?

17 06 2020 18:54

Me

Thank you. For your attention

17 06 2020 18:54

Me

You'll get it right sometime. You will." I tell myself that everyday. "You don't need to latch on to anything. You'll just end up back here In your little limbo scene." It's repetitious and exhausting. I might need some therapy; Anything to keep me in check through the day. Don't think about your lover. You're already steady shaking." I might need a sedative, But I hate the taste of medicine. "You just need to let her go." These pills shaking in my hand Just make me feel defeated, Like I'm not able to just let her go away. I hate this place but I love these chords. "An empty fate just means an even score." And the pain this morning... It filled my head. It's Jameson. It means that I'm not dead. And I just can't seem to get away There's no such thing as escape, Even with the sedaives You're always in the same state, Clutching to a limbo scene. You're never changing anything, You just stop the shaking. And it's constantly repeated through the days.

17 06 2020 23:35

Me

I hate this place. But I love these chords. An empty faith. Just means an even score. And the pain this morning. Filled my head. Its Jameson. It means that I'm not dead

17 06 2020 23:38

Me

Its Jameson. It means that I'm not dead

17 06 2020 23:38

Me

Hi! Its your favorite bothersome pest. So. I just rode the Mary Poppins Mobile back from what is now downtown Cibolo. A friend of mine, who is severely burned over most of her body, owns a home that is destined for Eminent Domain. Meaning, like my property, its worth about $300,000. I have been gaining physical comfort from one of renters for the past few weeks. It is something. She is sweet. Had both of her husbands die. (The tenant.) I asked her tonight (the owner of the property) if I could play her guitar. She nodded. So I did. I played, and sang (as best I can warble, more offa gutteral crunch in the midrange) what I was feeling. And put it back in the case. And. Um. Left. Nobody said anything. I suppose they were in shock. I don't do these things. My friend works with adult autistics inna group home. She has never asked me in over a year of our knowing each other to hear any of my music. I very rarely play my first instrument anymore. I don't know where I'm going with this. There is no reason for , well, etc. I just needed to say this to someone. Thank you for (probably not) listening.

18 06 2020 00:59

Me

Wow. That last sentence sounded harsh, man. That's not what I intended. You are still the only person who supported my decision. One that has defined my life now. Thank you, Patricia.

18 06 2020 01:03

Me

And since I'm still talking to a wall. Aw, c'mon...

18 06 2020 01:04

Me

You're just gonna keep getting long, ardent, sexually charged love letters until you respond..

18 06 2020 01:05

Me

And please believe me. They are honest. And they are intended to be compliments. I can only hope they are received that way

18 06 2020 01:06

Me

Nudge nudge. Wake up and tell me to fuck off or something already

18 06 2020 01:07

Me

(drinking my last horrible tasting beer and going to sleep, alone, as usual)

18 06 2020 01:08

Me

Ah! And the morning scorch is beginning its searing of the land. Time to pack up and return to slumber. Man, there's allot of resplendent drunkenness in a bottle of Everclear. Not kidding. Not stopping. Gotta tell me to fuck off. I don't take hints. Too many things can be misconstrued. Who wants that kind of pressure? Feeling easy like Sunday morning onna Thursday. How're you feeling?

18 06 2020 06:49

Me

So. This radio silence means you're already onna plane headed southward, with adolescent glee glimmering in your brown (wait - your eyes are brown, right? Just kidding) eyes and what Tom Waits might call a devilish grin. Planning on surprising the Guy Who Needs Cheering Up with your spectacular vivacity and presence. I can deal with that. But please, hurry. Slip the pilot a stiff mixed drink and maybe they'll lean on whatever makes an airplane go faster. (I have a mental image sourced from fucking nowhere that its a handle/lever, not a pedal operated by foot). (It would be way more amusing iffit was a pedal, right next to the brake and clutch.) Shit. What was I typing about? How am I less coherent when I'm not falling down drunk? Um. So. Right. I'm going to go make sommore diet peach iced tea mix and Everclear and find something flammable besides my soon to be breath. Here's to you and your oh so lovely (I checked it out) ___

18 06 2020 20:42

Me

That would be a noun. Do they still print Mad Libs?

18 06 2020 20:43

Me

Alright my lovely brick wall, one piano bench kissing the sky in orange and chimney red. Not still life nor impressionist mural. Heat and light and crickets. The neighbors that are not Pam are listening to a tejano station that an immense listenership. Or one amazing advertising director. All talk, no accordion. I have a strong suspicion that after this bottle of lighter fluid in my freezer is gone so will my desire for peaches, NutraSweet, or tea. I'm honestly not sure what is more abhorrent in the mix. I'm starting to grow concerned for your health. Do you need a glass of water? Daily multivitamins? More dark green leafy things? Ah. The sharp rise in blood pressure and flushing of the face associated with an affair. That is what you are missing perhaps. Seriously. I am not in any way joking. Except when I'm trying to be funny. But if I'm being offensive you have to tell me. Really, really bad at taking hints

18 06 2020 21:35

Me

https://sweatco.in/sms/michael904554

19 06 2020 15:49

Me

I'm almost at 600 sweatcoins

19 06 2020 15:49

Me

Hey. Hey you. Chick who is gonna tell me she dropped her telephono in the toilet one day soon. You've got more gmail

19 06 2020 21:13

Me

And how are you this wonderful Friday evening? I've taken to walking around my now empty house naked. Its a freeing feeling. No cracked vinyl seats. Astrophysics lectures on the YouTubes. Still haven't even rebuilt the next incarnation of my studio speakers yet, so I'm using Kallisti's self powered ones. Which are quite good. She'll be delighted that she has her own subwoofer now. Wish you were here. Not giving up, no news is good news. This affair could be the opposite of brief. One never knows. Especially when one is wooing a brick wall. Strong, intelligent, and temporarily silent one...

19 06 2020 21:22

Me

I keep scanning my inbox for pictures, self portraits of the artist

19 06 2020 21:23

Me

One has to do something to keep morale up. I suppose there's a lewd comment that could be, um, inserted somewhere around here. You know, if you were into that kind of thing

19 06 2020 21:25

Me

Not to pat myself on the back, but a lesser man would have begun to feel disheartened by now. Not me. I have an unstoppable imagination. Radio silence just means I get to write all the dialogue in this melodrama. Stilk find it ironic that this neighborhood is officially named Falconcrest Estates. And it is primetime is our shared timezone

19 06 2020 21:28

Me

4417 steps counted by Sweatcoin so far to-day. Had to play MacGuyver instead of Mackenzie earlier when the chain came off my single, fixed gear bicycle earlier. And a crusing away I went. To the store with my last walletfull of change. Just enough for what looks to be a perfectly horrible, 10% alcohol, uh, beverage. To be a nightcap to the last of this lighter fluid and tea. Ugh. Ah! But make no mistake! These are not merely the ramblings of the former Prohibition! Messages will probably increase in volume, as they will be easier to type

19 06 2020 21:35

Me

So. If you're not catching this play by play. Then wow! That's even better! Overwhelming I'll be! Excellent!

19 06 2020 21:36

Me

Winks to you...

19 06 2020 21:36

Me

And so, my most adored and beautiful wall, I have just been informed by a friend and recording client (who claims he is bringing a belated birthday gift offa six-pack) that his little brother owns a bar by Medina Lake that has just been rated by the local press as five-star. And. Has just completed the construction of an outdoor stage and needs a sound guy. Both to run the boards and to advise on the new set-up and purchasing of the equipment to have the best sound for live music. He is tentatively scheduled to bring him by to-morrow. In addition, my friend says he just talked someone who didn't know what they had down to twenty dollars for a Martin acoustic guitar. I told him he was a certified Bad Person. He agreed, and admitted he was writing a song about it. I also have a job improving a computer as well to-morrow. So look! Not only do I move around allot I'm a productive citizen and pillar of my underground community. If there's anything more you could ask for in a prospective lover please let me know. Always willing to accommodate the whims of the special woman who has filled my vision(s).

19 06 2020 23:17

Me

Since the news from CPS I have been avoiding overwhelming depression inna way that I am not accustomed to. By getting drunk. I rarely drink anymore. And I have always been of the opinion that drugs are for fun, not for avoidance. To be completely honest, I haven't been avoiding anything. There is no amount of anything that can take the stress away.

19 06 2020 23:22

Me

Stress issa mismanagement of one's time. There is only one thing a person will ever own: their body. And only one thing they will ever have: their time. A very finite amount.

19 06 2020 23:23

Me

So stress can be viewed as the failure to solve the problem most pressing

19 06 2020 23:24

Me

And fuck that. Get it done and get it over with. And get back to having a great time. And preferably, doing some work. And drugs, of course

19 06 2020 23:25

Me

The Medina Lake Country Club. Sounds like a venue where the patrons' wives and girlfriends would find me irrisistable. And here I am, only dreaming of monogamy and a good mother for my child

19 06 2020 23:29

Me

Alright. Your phone was left on the trunk of your car. I get it. Seriously. If you owe me anything at all (which you don't) its a creative response

19 06 2020 23:31

Me

And. Dreaming offa woman who makes Sandra Bullock look old and foolish, I depart into The Dream Sea (Quiddity), listening again to astrophysics lectures. With love, my dearest, seemingly only friend...

19 06 2020 23:33

Me

I just looked up Quiddity with my favorite search engine. (Duck Duck Go). If you do the same, for some reason, I was referring to the Clive Barker definition.

19 06 2020 23:36

Me

And. Can't sleep, he types, sleepily. The alcohol has long since worn off. For the record, don't ever buy something inna 24 oz can that says Earthquake! onnit. Its contents are not anything like what shakes Meg Ryan's chair. If I hadn't thrown the container away so violently I would complain directly to the CEO of Rotten Sugar Inc, Milwaukee, WI. You're still playing hard to get. Unbeknownst to you, I have an unbelievably long attention span and haven't even come close to using up all the words in the English language, which is expanding everyday. Taptaptap. Issthat my forefinger on my phone or the digital pokey thing I'm trying to get your undivided attention with? Interesting. My spellcheck suggested the word spam after attention. What was that? I must be hallucinating from all this sudden lack of alcohol. I'd swear it was an Uber cab's door slamming closed in front of my Obblonge Box. Is that you, dear? Have I convinced you yet?

20 06 2020 04:13

Me

As you can see I'm having WAY too much fun to stop this on my own. You can unsubscribe to this never-ending barrage of syllables by sending complaints and/or pictorial reviews (that's what gentlemen's magazines usedta call them) to ...

20 06 2020 04:16

Me

Patty. PAAHHTEEE. Where are you? Just passing St Louis perhaps? (sigh) Alright. I'll try sleeping again. This isn't over, man

20 06 2020 04:19

Me

Morning. Too much morning. Going back to bed after eating. No one has shown up yet. Cigarette. Organic carrot juice. (Carrots don't have juice. Here. Twist this) A sort of hot cereal made of hemp, chia, quinoa, and buckwheat. Apple. Oh. And yeah, you're still hot

20 06 2020 15:00

Me

So. I'm showered. No one has shown up. Their loss. Feeling positively alive. Good nutrition will do that to a body. Especially after drinking lighter fluid forra week. Where's my dreamgirl? The one I'm building a separate universe for? In my head, she's playing hard to get. This guy has to be full of shit. " Don't place faith in human beings. Human beings aren't reliable things " I am. You can count on me to look at you with lust, love, admiration, and wonder. Tell me what's on your mind. What's in your mind. Feel my body against yours, exhausted. Possibly even fulfilled. No one can be perfect for another. Unless they both work at it. Nothing lasts forever. Nothing is permanent. Unless you want it to be. In my possibly arrogant, desperate head you're reading these messages. Judging. Calculating. Being the apex of the female archtype. Experienced, but somehow inspired. By this fucking insane fool that is not satisfied by anyone even remotely close to him. Where are you, dear? Talk to me, so to speak. This isn't drunken sincerity. What a shame. Reading this over I'm starting to sound insistent, almost mean, like I'm telling you what to think. My apologies, eldest sister. My dreams are of an equal. Can you be an equal? Of course, people, even in the same sexual act, give and take. Tension and release. Until it builds. Tension. And then release. Can I, we, live up to these fantasies? Impossible to say, without trying.

20 06 2020 17:29

Me

(there is no amusing punchline to insert here, for I am being serious, as much as anyone can be serious. you know, when one is trying to get a girl on the other side of the country who one has had an entire three conversations with to drop her entire life and have sex with him)

20 06 2020 17:34

Me

Who plays us in the movie version? While you certainly bear more than a passing resemblance to a certain tabloid darling, Richard Gere I am not. More offa post-Moonlighting Bruce Willis, without the ab definition

20 06 2020 17:37

Me

But with all the one liners

20 06 2020 17:38

Me

Seriously. You're onna plane, right?

20 06 2020 17:38

Me

And an update from your ever hopeful suitor to be. I have meeted and greeted the owner of the Medina Lake Country Club, who is building a rectractable roof outdoor live music venue, until of course we get shut down by virus paranoia. Even established that we know some of the same luminaries of the local industry. (Bwahahaha). I have pitched in some of my equipment for the cause and am fully on board. He's bringing back a truckload of various components of computers and audio/video equipment to repair. And inna few hours I'm getting the grand tour of the place.

20 06 2020 19:48

Me

Now if only I had that coveted beautiful female companionship, even forra short time..

20 06 2020 19:50

Me

Seriously, you left your phone in a public bathroom stall? No. Not buying it. You at least have to come up with something creative now. Like a heist movie sequence of events

20 06 2020 19:52

Me

For the record, chia seeds look like weevils in your flour

20 06 2020 22:59

Me

How the Roman soldier eats in the age of Buck Rodgers: gluten-free pizza crust, pre-formed. leftover refried black beans. Instant mashed potato " granules ", water added, formed into paste. Artificial cheese packet from generic brand of boxed macaroni " dinner ", water added, also formed to paste, though thinner than aforementioned " potatoes ". Layer ingredients in this order on sheet of aluminum foil. Place in large toaster oven. Fish out half smoked cigarette from ashtray, left by female who " hates feelings " (unless they're between her legs?). Smoke until completely finished, while thinking of an actual woman I would love to have sex with. Remove from oven (400 degreesish).

21 06 2020 16:54

Me

Enjoy!

21 06 2020 16:56

Me

Final note on preparation: knives should not make a squeaking sound when dragged across pizza crust. Gluten: very important part of human diet!

21 06 2020 16:58

Me

You're gonna answer me one of these days. I can feel it.

21 06 2020 16:59

Me

Pam has just informed me that today is Father's Day. How has that woman survived this long? Do guys really like tits that much?

21 06 2020 17:47

Me

I have obtained Prissy's new phone number from Pam. Received an MMS from it, which I cannot receive. I need a friend, and you said call me anytime. I'm calling you.

21 06 2020 23:30

Me

Pam doesn't think we'll ever have sex. Stupid, simple-minded girl.

22 06 2020 02:23

Me

What does she know about love?

22 06 2020 02:27

Me

These are just words to make your phone's notification concerning text message go off. Because then you'll look at it. Yeah.

22 06 2020 13:33

Me

Stayed up til seven this morning, just past my bedtime. And then stayed up another two and a half hours mowing the front yard and using my gloved claws to uproot the embedded greenery in the sidewalk of a friend's father's house down the street. My friend is in jail and his father is a Vietnam Veteran. It's Monday and probably his car was gone because it was parked at the UC VFW. I finished just about ten (almost, ran out of gas on the last row next to the house). He usually comes weaving home at about ten thirty. Another Mystery Guerrilla Lawn Care Unit Mission Successful. I notice it is fucking four thirty in the afternoon now. Which means I have been laying inna dark room filled with foams and insulatives listening to the air conditioners and the HEPA filters for at least four hours. (sigh) Insomnia is much more enjoyable...ack! My apologies, dear. Every now and then the smug, self-confident funny one doesn't come out and play.

22 06 2020 16:28

Me

This doesn't mean this is over. On the most absolute contrary. I can talk to walls for such an extended period of moments. Nearly infinite periods of moments

22 06 2020 16:30

Me

Sometimes, don't tell no one I said this now, shhh, the walls, they talk back

22 06 2020 16:31

Me

I once read a book called Wall of Kiss, about a woman who fell in love with her living room wall while painting it. Even had sex with it. (read the book if you want that question answered).

22 06 2020 16:34

Me

Still laying here. Thinking. Thinking I still haven't slept. Don't really feel like doing anything. Just laying here. This is probably less than productive in a number of ways

22 06 2020 23:59

Me

Two sixteen my electronic sundial screams at me. I think I've slept forran hour or two. Too bad you left your communications device in that last Pharoah's tomb on the right whilst you were searching for a refreshment kiosk on the arid dust bowl of the Saharan desert. Then you might be able to whisper seductive suggestions including multiple goat herding, multiple chain smoking, or , you know, things that you came with. (Just because I am making up your part of the dialogue, it doesn't guarantee an always award-winning role. Sometimes us writers get bitchy and the whole world gets Reality TV. Now, in that light, doesn't that stress the importance of your insights on these virtual pages? [at least you're not sending me emoji])

23 06 2020 02:27

Me

(sigh) At least, inna broad, resigned way, I can tell myself (inna voice similar to your own if I feel like it, because its my head) that yes, one day, One Day, you're (brown?) eyes will scan these important missives of yesteryear, tracing meanings from the digital ruins, those long forgotten times when humans filled their eyes with characters strung in lines, yes, of sentences, harsh slashes and dots disturbing the flowage of linguistics..

23 06 2020 02:35

Me

Back when Things Made Sense, when a dollar was worth a dollar dammnit, and girls made of the coolness of stars and moonlight batted their eyelashes across entire latitudes to land on the hearts of boys Who Should Know Better

23 06 2020 02:39

Me

So. Barring direct communication from the Truly You, perhaps a sort of (wow, it suggested mastrubation, I think that's a first, usually that's my suggestion for the phone) ratings system, something with numbers maybe, just to let the hamsters grinding away at the Literation Wheels know if there's too many adjectives or adverbs or ad-vertisments, maybe something resembling run-on sentences but with decimals

23 06 2020 02:44

Me

Hey look, an arrow pointing to a space between unlabelled buttons onna mystery device. That outta save some words

23 06 2020 02:51

Me

And again, an eventful afternoon to you. Full of flat tires that lead to fantastic pictures of dandelion fields. I am up (and to the left) at my new place of employment (as much as any noisemaker is ever employed). And of course, the new Sound Guy gets shoveled right into building maintenance. But dutifully, I have taken measurements of the interior, snapped lots of uh, snapshots, drank some free beers which I immediately sweat out. I think I am a bit sunburnt. The outside stage is halfway built. I am told when it is done it will be the only rectractable rooved music venue in Texas. I did not verify that factoid. In theory, all this talk of plugging cables in and twisting knobs should inspire me to install all that wonderful insulation into my living compartment ceiling and walls, thus clearing the floorspace by default and suggesting that maybe I should rebuild my noisemaking workstation. My, wasn't that a wonderfully long sentence?

23 06 2020 17:05

Me

Now that is theory, a hypothesis at best. Objective reality finds that I haven't moved or cleaned a single object inside of my Obblonge Box. So. There is that.

23 06 2020 17:07

Me

More later. So much more. Texting you as many verbs and nouns as possible daily has become a necessity, far past a mere mission

23 06 2020 17:09

Me

An armadillo pantomimed that you were lonely. Several gibbons gestured with semophore flags.

23 06 2020 17:10

Me

Who am I to deny direct communication from the Gaian Mind?

23 06 2020 17:11

Me

"Here I am now, entertain me!" Bonus boners for you if you can name that iconic musical group. Do you remember that gameshow Name That Tune? The object for the contestants was to, ah, you guessed it. From notes played, singly, onna piano by one incredibly overpaid session musician. Like fucking wow. Nice job if you can get it, man. Do you know any pilots, 'cause your drooling slightly and slurring your phrasing. Coincidentally, that's how you know when the drum riser is level. The drummer drools out of both sides of his/her mouth. And of course, every show, some asshole would proclaim to the host that they could Name That Tune in one note. One. Note. I have some of the absolute first audio recordings the human race assa whole have produced. They are technically the fourth things humans recorded, actually. In Philadelphia, sponsored by Edison. He was too busy shoving light bulbs up his ass to do it himself apparently. It may amuse you, as it does me, that one of these resultant recordings clearly (well, sort of) contain a man saying " Aw, Fuck! "

24 06 2020 17:15

Me

I second that timeless sentiment. Assa verb. Since I refuse to take hints I feel I should treat you as I wish to be treated and suggest, not even close to humbly at this point (ever?), that humans enjoy this activity, when treated assa verb.

24 06 2020 17:19

Me

One hundred and sixty years later Joe The Fucking Telemarketer says, " One note, man! "

24 06 2020 17:21

Me

" Lay it on me! That Hyundai has my name written all over it! "

24 06 2020 17:22

Me

There are duck carcasses (slaughtered because they had penises!) chilling (hanging out?) in my refrigerator. Unfortunately for my stomach, I stayed up upon return from the toothless hill country of Texas to stuff Rockwool insulation in a four foot section or so of my wall and screw MDF over it. (Um. Not Martha Deleno Frankenfurter, she was at an Oprah Book Club. Medium Density Fiberboard, commonly referred to as IKEA shelving)

24 06 2020 17:27

Me

Where was I? Oh, Martha.. So. Dead birds staying cold forra nother day. Well. I have Pall Mall Black 100s anda nother gluten-free pizza crust.

24 06 2020 17:29

Me

Ah! I know! I marry it with this economy size tub of hotdog chili and shred some turkey lunch meat on top. Keeping it fowl

24 06 2020 17:30

Me

I am not apologizing for that pun. If you to rate my jokes you have answer me

24 06 2020 17:31

Me

IN ONE NOTE!

24 06 2020 17:32

Me

Alright. Pizza crusts are gone. Remember. Very important: gluten. Rode down to the Lone Star and procured flammables. More cigarettes and gasoline. If the wind dies down it'll just be me and the fire again. No alcohol. No good drugs. Just me and the burnables and my never-ending pursuit of the attentions offa certain, distant someone.

24 06 2020 21:28

Me

Clear your calendar, he suggests.

24 06 2020 21:29

Me

Suggestively

24 06 2020 21:29

Me

I just received a text that my friends' sister had dropped off some excess food at my backdoor step. Upon adventuring outside, keeping an eye out for hyenas, as usual, I discovered a two liter of Big Red, a two liter of A&W root beer, and a grocery sack full of eggs, meat, canned goods, and most importantly, doughnuts. My immediate response: wanna have sex later? She declined, though it may be worth noting she had already left. So this means, my faraway friend, that you're not off the hook. Still fishing (I have doughnuts and organic berry crunch)

25 06 2020 19:36

Me

" Pull it out, turn it up, what's your favorite song? That's mine, I've been crying to it since I was young I know there's someone out there feeling just like I feel I know they're waiting up, I know they're waiting to heal And I've been holding my breath Are you holding your breath For too many years to count? Too many years to count And we waited for the sirens that never come And we only write by the moon Every word handwritten And to ease the loss of youth And how many years I've missed you Pages plead forgiveness Every word handwritten Let it out, let me in, take a hold of my hand There's nothing like another soul that's been cut up the same And did you want to drive without a word in between? I can understand, you need a minute to breathe And to sew up the seams after all this defeat All this defeat And we waited for the sirens that never come And we only write by the moon Every word handwritten And to ease the loss of youth And the many, many years I've missed you Pages plead forgiveness Every word handwritten Here in the dark, I cherish the moonlight I'm in love with the way you're in love with the night And it travels from heart to limb to pen And we waited for the sirens that never come And we only write by the moon Every word handwritten Every word handwritten And with this pen, I thee wed From my heart to your distress Every word handwritten "

25 06 2020 22:27

Me

- Brain Fallon. (It can't always be funny, can it? We wouldn't know when the punchlines were then)

25 06 2020 22:29

Me

It occurs to me that I have no idea how long your attention span is. If you simply haven't checked your phone messages yet, you might not make it this far before something shiny catches your peripheral vision. That's a chance I'm not afraid to take. See you to-morrow

25 06 2020 22:31

Me

See. I told you I'd see you to-morrow. Second to the last Pall Mall Black 100. No more change at the moment. Got an empty pocketbook I better get it to the bank, as Morphine would say. Fire going against the humid, moonless night. Burning all the grass clippings and brush from down the street. My apologies for the impatience. A'burning I am. Ahem. (Remember, only you can prevent pants fires) I let my fingers do the pleading, in hopes that a missed call might lead you...

26 06 2020 00:49

Me

I suppose I should file my taxes, eh? I hear there's stimuli involved. Personally, that is to say, assa person, I can create all the stimuli I can Randle with my own imagination. Issthat going too far? Another pun? Really, my imagination makes you say, possibly in your voice, possibly in Sandra Bullock's. My friend who builds cars like I build noise missles has informed me that he has constructed a gift for his friend since the fourth grade. A '94 BMW. Which conjures such an incongruous image that even my bitter self is rolling on the floor in the insulation. Finished the Big Red. Working on the root beer. Somebody should pass something to the left front side, goddamnit. Oh yeah, I told most of friends to suck a community sized tailpipe, possibly extended from the rear of an imported vehicle. C'mon Patricia, pick up the phone and tell me to fuck off in whatever incredibly polite words come to your head. Interesting fact: my middle name is Patrick. Another interesting fact: the first two womens' names I ever had sex with were Katherine. Also my grandmother's name. Welcome to Texas. Yeehaw

26 06 2020 01:04

Me

If you ever pick up a guitar and it goes Twang! put it down. Its broken

26 06 2020 01:05

Me

My third party phone app informs me that I missed a call from Sexychelle to-day. Part of me wants to call it back, but the remainder majority tells me that the grease-stained, cellulite-laden, furry paw of a CPS worker will pick it up on the other end.

26 06 2020 01:10

Me

And Robert Nesta Marley croons " so much trouble in the world "....

26 06 2020 01:11

Me

Since you're my most distant friend I'll share with you my genius idea from earlier to-day. Such thoughts often attack me. Remember when phones had cords that unmistakable sound offa click!/ dialtone? That fuck you you've been hung up on sound? A simple touchscreen widget would be handy to play that .WAV file

26 06 2020 01:14

Me

The unrelenting assault of internal memos such as these are the keystone to a solid foundation of an arrogant, unstoppable personality. Remember who mentioned that to you first, man. I gotta get royalties offa something eventually

26 06 2020 01:17

Me

Seriously, whenever you finally respond to this crusade, ah! - I'm the son offa preacher man - itsa holy crusade - you gotta at least gmail me a picture of the bottom of your left shoe

26 06 2020 01:19

Me

See? A religious joke. Weirdass monotheists

26 06 2020 01:20

Me

Why yes, I am the funniest person in the room. Thanks for noticing. Usually nobody gets my jests. But you, you're quick on the draw. I bet none of your friends writes an essay with your finesse. Do you live around here often?

26 06 2020 01:22

Me

I read it in Quilting Sensations! once that chicks dig guys that are funny. What do you think?

26 06 2020 01:27

Me

This makes the one hundred and fifth text message since my birthday on the fifteenth. After cutting and pasting into a gmail I learned one has to hit Send eventually. What a quick learner I am. Also, practice makes perfect, or at least means more practice is warranted. So. One may extrapolate from this data that many, many more words are gonna bounce off satellites assa billion ones and zeroes in the extremely near future. All for your attention. However long it takes, however many pasted song lyrics, however many mundane activities sweetened with adjectives and creative usage of punctuation, I am at very least assured of one thing: that it was all worth it

26 06 2020 01:48

Me

Ah. Good morning moonshine. Day Twelve or so of This Fucking Guy Who Talks to Himself (with a supposed future audience of one). Just finished listening to one of my new favorite collections of love songs, Cattle Decapitation's Death Atlas album. They have truly raised the bar in the genre. The video for " Bring Back the Plague " in particular is hilarious. It should be noted that the album was actually released before the Coronavirus announcement. Like, a year before. And life imitates art. I know it often seems like I'm writing the script. I've been trying to perfect the rapt lover character for what seems like a lifetime. When you're an artist, work gets in the way of work. Not the snake eating its tail, but its own face. Wow. I guess that band's name really got into my imagination. Lets (c'mon, lets) think of running through dandelion fields towards the ruins of the burnt out building from long ago. The brick edifice two thirds intact, part of the timbers that were the second floor still survive. That chick you talk to at the deli counter says shes been up there, but I think shes full of shit. Did you bring your flashlights? Headlamp issa must, its dark. The moon is hiding from us to-night. We'll have tons of white fluff stuck to our shoes. I found a recipe for dandelion wine inna book written by a Scotsman. It calls for three liters of dandelion fluff. Which is not how one measures a solid. Also, he didn't specify if the fluff is tamped down. Fluff is fluffy. So when the dawn hits, or maybe sooner, you're right baby, it does get hot here in the daylight, we've got plenty of batteries, we can scoop up the bounty. I went to the Salisbury Steak Army thrift store and found a couple of plastic colanders. Cut some tines into the sides. That's still allot of fluff to collect, but there's plenty to harvest.

27 06 2020 00:26

Me

(he pauses, not wanting to spoil the atmosphere thus created. The breeze is slightly less humid to-night. Beads of persperation still cling to our skin, jewel-like in the lenses)

27 06 2020 00:32

Me

Did I remember to grab our ____ from the trunk? But of course, mon ami. It never ceases to amaze me, both how amazing you look when your attention is focused on something that interests you, and how this place still smells like charred wood after at least a hundred years.

27 06 2020 00:41

Me

Too bad you're not answering. Stories like this are built two.

27 06 2020 00:45

Me

Um. For two.

27 06 2020 00:45

Me

Well that killed the smartass retort.

27 06 2020 00:46

Me

So. Choose Your Own Adventure, my target of narrative. Is this : a love scene, complete with orchestration and inverted nature creaks (I can do that. I'm a professional). Or a pulse-pounding offa different sort? The Ancient Edifice could be a worship point that is a multi-dimensional nexus for the Old Ones, if the stars are right. There does seem to be more twinkles above our heads than usual, but I keep losing count. Distracted by that unfamiliar scent. Did you switch brands of shampoo? I'm just elated that it still doesn't smell like fruits. My daughter's smells like strawberries and sugar cookies, and that would be weird, man. Almost as weird as this strange writing I've never noticed before. No, I just bumped into the corner here, must've slipped on all these dandelions. They're a bit milky when cut.

27 06 2020 00:57

Me

What? No fucking way, man. You know I charge everything obsessively. I was not drunk all day yesterday, I just drank the two beers in the fridge for breakfast.

27 06 2020 01:00

Me

Here, use this one , it has a crank on the side. Yeah, mine too. At least the headlamps have alkaline batteries.

27 06 2020 01:03

Me

This corner is on the side facing the lake. Perhaps that's why the soot and dirt caked on so thickly. I sheared off a good chunk with my clumsiness. This doesn't look like anything kind of written language I've ever seen, not that I'm an expert. You? Really? Your grandfather had a small, crumbling collection of pages with sigils like these?

27 06 2020 01:07

Me

Why, I am getting kind of, um, excited, now that you mention it. Did you just hear a couple of violas shrieking? One panned hard left and one approximately forty-eight percent right? Oh. Me neither, yeah.

27 06 2020 01:11

Me

(wind rustling) paaahhhteeee (theremin enters, panned hard right, slowly moving to center, run through a Cableguys®™ Halftime effect, split dual mono and rejoined, one set at 1.5x and one at 4x)

27 06 2020 01:21

Me

[feel free to join in anytime]

27 06 2020 01:25

Me

Hey, can I bum a cigarette off you?

27 06 2020 08:25

Me

No, really. I'm outta smokes

27 06 2020 15:28

Me

Itsa good thing I don't have the addiction gene. Only to people, dear

27 06 2020 15:29

Me

I have just been informed that I am to STAY HOME. Covid-19 is spreading across bexar county

27 06 2020 19:11

Me

Fuck that, I'm going to get a cigarette from somebody if I have to knock on random doors. Not because I need one. Because I want one

27 06 2020 19:12

Me

Got my cigarette.

27 06 2020 19:27

Me

American Spirit sent me a birthday card. No free samples. Smug sons and daughters of motherless goats, each and every one

27 06 2020 19:27

Me

In the space of my walk down to the mailbox someone left a metal folding chair at the end of my driveway. Now I have something to sit on when I burn stuff.

27 06 2020 19:29

Me

E. Garza it says on the bottom. No relation to E. Honda, I assume

27 06 2020 19:31

Me

Maybe it was the Tejano commercial listening neighbors that are not Pam

27 06 2020 19:34

Me

Walking back I saw Pam's " boyfriend " exit the front door, walk to the back of his vehicle in the driveway, and remove a bag of ice. Oops

27 06 2020 19:35

Me

Glad to see my whole street had the same reaction to being told what to do that I did

27 06 2020 19:36

Me

From your lovely sister Pam nextdoor:

27 06 2020 22:10

Me

What certain is glad to hear from you I was going to text you today and see how the duck meat went but I wasn't feeling too hot so I did absolutely nothing either I do have to wake up early and go to work! He was like the same kind of horn in Warm Bodies watching chilling scary movies is my cup of tea :-)

27 06 2020 22:10

Me

My response: Sometimes I feel like the same kind of horn in Warm Bodies

27 06 2020 22:11

Me

Checking my gmails I see that I have been invited to two half-hour meetings with CPS. One on July 6th, and one on July 7th. Another official record of incompetence. As if there is anything else to say. Maybe to-morrow I'll send the most unlovely Ms. Ri0s a text response, detailing that once again her incompetence at her soon to be former profession (she is too much offa liability for a successful business plan to keep) is on display.

27 06 2020 22:27

Me

Ah ha! Back for more! More response of no response! The fire is going quite well. Gentle breeze. Probably more than the local constabulary would approve of, but they're all on virus duty. Make of that sentence what you will. One day you're gonna wanna call somebody, I can feel it. And when you do you're gonna have to find your phone. Too bad its been eaten by a rare California Condor escaped from the opposite of a petting zoo on its way to Sheboygan by rail.

28 06 2020 00:56

Me

Well there's another excuse you can't creatively use. Your list of choices is getting smaller. Better hurry before they're all gone.

28 06 2020 00:58

Me

There. You now have pictures sent to you at your Gmail. Of fire. I promise.

28 06 2020 01:03

Me

I am of the opinion that Pam should start smoking again. Everybody knows that the only girls worth kissing are the ones that smoke. And then I pound of her wall until she wakes up and demand cigarettes. While sending incessant texts across the country via ComSat to a smoker I'd like to kiss. Typing of Pam, goddamnit, her duck pond is breeding mosquitoes. I'm going to call it quits here inna min

28 06 2020 01:07

Me

Alright. Fire drowned in aqua marine. Legs below knee removed of blood. Itchy itchy itchy. Back in shower.

28 06 2020 01:22

Me

5:44 onna Sunday, per the obsolete Gregorian calendar. Everyone knows by now that the Discordian calendar keeps better time. Have consumed a boxed Kraft " dinner ", the white cheddar variety, made with a few squirts of vegetable oil someone put inna spray bottle for some reason. No cigarettes. No drugs. (Alcohol counts assa drug. Cigarettes do not because they don't do anything but smell bad and taste good). Debating whether or not to mow the lawn. I still haven't cleaned or done anything inside the establishment, save for a four foot section of wall. (And a beautiful wall it is. Like yourself.)

28 06 2020 17:50

Me

Popped the Frankenbolts in the ear canals forran hour and cranked up Black Octopus radio. Kallisti has been able to read " Black Octopus " off my screens for years now. I miss her. And you. Where the fuck are you, anyway?

28 06 2020 17:59

Me

When we were up in the toothless hills of Texas, Rigger Kurt and I were given some building materials by one of the homeowners that basically share a parking lot with the establishment. I brought in some kitchen/bathroom countertops. Nice, thick replacement for the fake woodgrain paneling that is being replaced. He grabbed a dishwashing machine, the boxy, residential kind. I had one, but gave it away because I considered it a horrible waste of electricity, which could be better spent on subwoofers. So. This boxy Whirlpool issat the end of my driveway, by the end of the Obblonge Box. Have I mentioned that I am the King of the Neighborhood? My driveway has the steepest grade of the 65-70 or so homesteads here in the beautific Falconcrest Estates. Meaning, I live on the hill. Ergo. So. A friend of mine, one of the much younger ones, twenty-oneish, has just backed up what he thought was my empty driveway in his dad's car. His dad, I am told, usedta play for the Green Bay Packers. His son, my friend, wears a size sixteen shoe himself. And now, he has explain that somehow his tailight has been deeply cracked (we used the rest of my red electrical tape onnit) when it collided with a dishwasher. Not even a guy named Michael or Jose, but a Whirlpool. I suppose this also means I might have to explain why the seal on his new-for-him dishwasher doesn't seem to be watertight. Time will tell on that explanation.

29 06 2020 00:59

Me

So one day when I was driving the flyer crew around for the carpet cleaning company I managed I was feeling poetic, so I wrote this haiku: sullen turtle bitch, overflow with negative, whining uselessness

29 06 2020 04:15

Me

5/7/5 syllable structure is haiku

29 06 2020 04:15

Me

Thanks honors English

29 06 2020 04:16

Me

I know the difference between a haiku and a cinquain and twenty-five years later I can be exceptionally annoying to a girl on the opposite side of the country I live in

29 06 2020 04:17

Me

Anyway, I was listening to my aforementioned new favorite collection of love songs from Cattle Decapitation and decided I'd take a journey back through time and check out some of their greatest hits. I had a ticket to see these guys at Zombie's, a bar in SanAnto with blood splatters on the floor, when they expanded to a live music venue nextdoor. But somebody fucked something up somewhere, as usual, and the expansion got shrunk back down to bar size and I got my fifteen bucks back

29 06 2020 04:22

Me

Anyway, from their first album, all the way back from 1997, Ten Torments Of The Damned: Murderous shitbreeders
Desecrate & Pollute the earth
Nature's mistake. Humanure

29 06 2020 04:25

Me

Bravo! Bravo! A legacy of love songs from the beginning! Three cheers anda Halleberrah!

29 06 2020 04:27

Me

Yes, I know its not (my apologies for the delay, but I was laughing too hard to type) a haiku, but its close! These guys, true genre canon, have AMAZING album covers. If you're a death metal band, half of your album's budget goes to hiring the most talented artist addicted to horror movies you can source.

29 06 2020 04:37

Me

Getting weak. Need oxygen

29 06 2020 04:38

Me

Check out the next song's lyrics. Bodysnatcher. Fucking geniuses man. I don't know which one writes the lyrics but they deserve whatever they want whenever they want it. I've wanted to say these exact words to almost every one of my exes:

29 06 2020 04:43

Me

Brainwashed. Possessed
I dont even know who you are anymore
Abducted. Pod person
Even you dont know who you are
Regression

Metamorphosis for shit

29 06 2020 04:44

Me

Fuck oxygen! I want loving formaldehyde of cigarettes!

29 06 2020 04:45

Me

Here's the next track, Christ on Crack:
...FUCHRISTIANS

29 06 2020 05:08

Me

I. Can't. Breathe. Need. Cigarettes.

29 06 2020 05:08

Me

The band is known for its heavy environmentalist lyrics; they protest against the mainstream consumption of animals, misanthropy, pollution, and genocide.

29 06 2020 05:12

Me

Sometimes jokingly referred to as a post-vegetarian farm core,

29 06 2020 05:13

Me

Personally, which is to say assa person, I have taken to labelling all of my new tracks as FOAMCORE in the genre metadata

29 06 2020 05:15

Me

And so, officially day fourteen of the campaign for Patricia's attentions. The sun is up and fuck that, I don't have to be so I ain't gonna. A dessert before slumbering: large coffee mug filled with boiling hot filtered water (love that thing), few tablespoons of sugar (not NutraSweet), and tapioca starch " crystals ". In too much offa rush to go to sleep so the egg gets skipped. No milk or lactose substitute anyway, and , of course, no vanilla. The resultant mugful looks akin to mud of pearlite, though its properties are far more in line with vermiculite. Except it tastes better. Maybe. Good morning my lovely wall. One day we'll have a real conversation again. Maybe. (And yes. I'm still absolutely serious about the whole original premise mapped out in Day One)

29 06 2020 07:10

Me

Or shit. Perhaps we can dispense with silly affairs and head straight into illict relationship territory. I feel as though I know you so well now...

29 06 2020 07:14

Me

(I need a signature closing line. Something stylish. Like a Rod Serling orra Hitchcock would say)

29 06 2020 07:16

Me

Well, despite all the urgent pleadings and look at mes I still haven't touched or cleaned up a single thing inside the homestead. Just lain out on this matress and eaten random foodstuffs. Occasionally listened to music or such. Mainly slept, eaten, and taken long hot showers. Oh. And written down whatever pops into my head and hit Send. A few times. See no reason to change this arrangement for now. Back to sleep with me

29 06 2020 14:48

Me

Well, despite all the urgent pleadings and look at mes I still haven't touched or cleaned up a single thing inside the homestead. Just lain out on this matress and eaten random foodstuffs. Occasionally listened to music or such. Mainly slept, eaten, and taken long hot showers. Oh. And written down whatever pops into my head and hit Send. A few times. See no reason to change this arrangement for now. Back to sleep with me

29 06 2020 14:48

Me

Oops. One of these doesn't count.

29 06 2020 14:49

Me

Mmmm. Can of refried beans mixed with contents from half-empty economy sized hot dog chili container. Tastes remarkably like what one would pay $4.50 for atta 7-11. Just don't look attit while consuming

29 06 2020 19:02

Me

I may not be what you dreamed of, back when you dreamt of things to come. But I am some sort of dream. Sometimes a comedy. Sometimes a romance. Sometimes a crime drama. Sometimes a horror story. Sometimes I'm even boring (though not to me, I'm never bored. But I can stare atta blade of grass all day).

29 06 2020 19:21

Me

My attentions are yours, if you care to hang them from your frame. For as long as you care to let them adorn you.

29 06 2020 19:23

Me

I have been told over the years that there issa nother man with a common name that presumably writes you similar themed paragraphs. Please allow (I guess you have to, since you're not actually part of this conversation) me another moment of arrogance. If am in fact, in any way at all, able to be classified as belonging inna category with that fucking imbicile, by all means: lose my number immediately. At least I'll understand

29 06 2020 19:28

Me

Can I get a smoke from you? Nah, I gotta lighter - half the equation.

29 06 2020 19:32

Me

So. There must be an external reason why I'm not getting a response by now. Its the Jews, isn't it? Individually and assa group. Goddamn kikes. I knew it all along. They'll pay for this.

29 06 2020 20:46

Me

Or maybe not. You coulda lost your phone. Yeah. That's probably what happened

29 06 2020 20:47

Me

For the record, I have a screensaver/slideshow with pictures of Francine Drescher, Rachael Ray, Ashley Judd, and Sandra Bullock

29 06 2020 21:07

Me

I found a collection of pics of Fran Drescher on Frostwire when I was scrolling down looking for something else, probably a horror movie. More than half of the pictures were actually enhanced close-ups of her feet. Because, yeah, internet. That was the inspiration for the Hollyweird screensaver

29 06 2020 21:10

Me

One time I was scrolling and passed a torrent that said: Suicide Girls 232GB. So I clicked onnit, because that's fucking impossible. And. Twenty-four hours later I had over 300,000 high resolution pictures of chicks in various states of dress with tattoos and nipple piercings

29 06 2020 21:14

Me

After the initial shock, I found myself deleting entire folders. Not because I don't like naked girls, and not because I don't have the storage space, but because shitgoddamnmotherbitch that's allot of pictures of people I'll never meet

29 06 2020 21:17

Me

And I apologized to every one individually. " Its not you baby, you're beautiful..."

29 06 2020 21:18

Me

Heading into week three. My this IS the meaning of goodtimes, isn't Patty? Do you hate peppermint? Perhaps even a certain duchess makes a grimace cross your delicate features?

30 06 2020 00:11

Me

Well you can tell me! I'm your secret and trusted confidant!

30 06 2020 00:12

Me

No one shares the smiles we sjare in the dark!

30 06 2020 00:12

Me

Sjares are very common instruments in the modern marching band. Also, we have tuvas, tdunpets, and the heavy, heavy Sousaphone

30 06 2020 00:15

Me

https://youtu.be/lyzyz44kfSA

30 06 2020 00:35

Me

Feeling California and looking Minnesota. Breakfast for the brainpan...

30 06 2020 00:36

Me

My the stars are out to-night. They keep moving. The time must be near...

30 06 2020 00:37

Me

And. My buddy with the cracked tailens just delivered me a cigarette after his shift at UPS on the way home. Sometimes its nice to be me

30 06 2020 04:06

Me

So. As per request. You are getting more of my " Art ". Check your gmail

30 06 2020 04:07

Me

Okay. There's sommore audios. I'll actually have to plugin the Computron to access more conveniently. Gmail doesn't like .WAVs, at least a non-commercial account doesn't

30 06 2020 04:18

Me

So. Week three. This issan exciting milestone for our one-sided relationship. We haven't argued once but we've been to-gether this whole time. Must be kizmet, yo

30 06 2020 04:19

Me

Ha! Even more audial displeasures bounced offa orbital just for you

30 06 2020 04:53

Me

Alright, my lovely wall. Back to slumbage I crawl. Aren't you hungry yet? Doesn't the local Thai restaurant deliver breakfast? Yeah! Why I thought it was a great idea as well. See? We're like this (wraps phalanges around one another [sort of]). Well, itsa good thing you have a phone, just like Mr. Spock useta use! Hey! What's this? Someone across the country (or the universe, depending on which way you travel) wants to do somethings with you...

30 06 2020 05:19

Me

If nothing else, I'm your dedicated memory maker. You're welcome

30 06 2020 05:20

Me

Dear Pamela, your dumbest, next youngest sister nextdoor, says she'll see what she can do about some cigarettes. That is one of my longtime catchphrases, however, she's threatening to hold the pack of cigarettes, so I'll let the copyright infringement slide for now. Much suspicion of laborious activity ahead. How was breakfast?

30 06 2020 14:13

Me

Its looking like more refried beans and hot dog chili on this end. Wow. I think I just ventured a pun.

30 06 2020 14:15

Me

So. Scored two packs of smokes for cutting the ex-in-law's backyard. Gotta finish to-morrow. Not because I need them, because I want them

30 06 2020 20:54

Me

Checked the gmails. My favorite discount software warehouse has another #stayinstayinspired free pack of plugins (audio mangling software), courses, and samples available on Thursday. Now if only I had that only real inspiration, that fabled Girl...

30 06 2020 21:02

Me

Plugin Boutique. Love 'em. Go shopping across the pond from the air conditioned comfort (I like it cold, and I have a thing for insulation) of one's own Obblonge Box

30 06 2020 21:03

Me

You're gonna want a spinach alfredo pizza soon, I can feel it

30 06 2020 21:05

Me

Finally sent my tribute to one of my favorite authors fucking ever, Andersen Prunty. He's only two years older than I am. Hope he digs it as much as I did making it

30 06 2020 21:51

Me

A Self-Contained Walk issa piece of flash fiction from his collection The Overwhelming Urge, a play on the name of the first track on Devo's 1978 first full length album

30 06 2020 21:53

Me

Have my alarm set for 8:30 to-morrow morning to go back and finish the ex-in-law's backyard.

30 06 2020 21:54

Me

Have smoked myself into a comfortable standoff with oxygen, itself overrated

30 06 2020 21:55

Me

Quite unlike your self, my dear. There isn't a pedestal orra dais tall enough for your self, in my arrogant and well-informed opinion. No worries of loneliness, though. I'm up here as well. The view is specfuckingtacular

30 06 2020 21:57

Me

See you to-morrow

30 06 2020 21:58

Me

I, also, hate peppermint. Its not real candy. Everybody knows that. Even if one coats it in chocolate

30 06 2020 22:59

Me

My call has, again, been forwarded to an automatic voice messaging system. I never set mine up. Cell phones, devices of the Federation

30 06 2020 23:35

Me

Shit. Now I have a craving for chocolate. I'm sure Pamela has something sugary nextdoor. I can wait halfa day. " I am a patient boy. I wait . I wait. I wait. My time is water down a drain "

30 06 2020 23:38

Me

No, really, this time. See you to-morrow

30 06 2020 23:39

Me

Major score! Found a couple green apple chewy jolly ranchers on Kallisti's pink kitchen. Sort of makes this Marlboro 100 taste like a menthol. Sort of. And Wednesday finds you - oh yeah, I'm talking to myself still. Ah ha! A mexican tamarind candy with chili pepper filling! The universe just lines up for those with the eyes to see the paths, man. My cigarette experience is truly an international one!

01 07 2020 00:49

Me

I truly hope (hope is still in extant) that One Fine Day you have as much pure glee reading these words as have writing them.

01 07 2020 00:52

Me

The radar dishes mounted to the sides of my skull (aim my smiling skull at you - Alice in Chains) are perpetually perked up, like a feline's, waiting what seems eternally for your coveted response...

01 07 2020 00:55

Me

Okay. So instead of sleeping (why waste the night) I binge watched progressive metal videos on the YouTubes, culminating with me in the mirror, wearing my leather jacket (sans shirt, of course [did you know that two members of Def Leppard do not own shirts? I checked. No photographic evidence of them EVER wearing a shirt]) posing like Rob Halford. No. I did not take a selfie. But I thought about it.

01 07 2020 04:01

Me

Even though I was posing as Rob Halford (no hair) I was jamming 1984's self-titled Queensryche EP. And, yeah, I looked fucking raddtacular. You'll have to take my word forrit.

01 07 2020 04:04

Me

Another long hot shower. For all my hard work. If I keep the pressure rather low the hot water is eternal. I checked.

01 07 2020 04:09

Me

A perk of intelligently redesigning and installing my own plumbing. Totally worth the less than $300 I spent on Amazon for the parts

01 07 2020 04:10

Me

And you entertained the notion I had forsaken my quest! Good morning. So I finally, after almost a month of being depressively glued to my matress awash inna sea of insulatives, got up and cleared all the collected building materials out of my Common Area, cleared the couch and chair of items, assembled the horrible pile of dirty dishes to a soaking position in the bathtub, and loaded up the washing machine. Made the mistake of sitting down and now the lethargy has set in. My former guests left the expected mess, as usual. Haven't yet ventured to the other side of the Obblonge Box. About to seal the structure up with moving blankets at the halfway mark to save on electricity. Filled up one of the large garbage collection bins to about maximum weight. Can actually see a larger portion of floorspace in my work/living compartment. No promises to myself or My Lovely Wall, but a Computron that is actually plugged in seems an actually envisionable vista. Not to be rude, but if you'd forward that ETA on when your plane touches down I'd have all kinds of springs in my steps... Yeah, I know. I hear you. Shit. Shouldn't have sat down. Even my message looks tired. Progress report to follow. You can count on that. How are your home renovations faring?

02 07 2020 03:02

Me

Have tentative plans to pick up my new-for-me vehicle to-morrow. And hopefully sell a couple of industrial sewing machines to an upholsterer friend a street over.

02 07 2020 03:05

Me

That would ensure cigarettes and possibly some sort of food combination that didn't require a suspension of disbelief to ingest.

02 07 2020 03:07

Me

Wow. These are by far the most boring texts I've sent thus far. I'll see what I can do about adventure later to-day. Promise.

02 07 2020 03:08

Me

Alright. Up past my bedtime. Dishes are cleaned, most stacked somewhere that hands could find them. Floors have been sucked off. (I will not. That one's too easy.) Sartorial items the same. There are still two free range (its a backyard, man) dead ducks in the refrigerator, next to some of their abortions. That's pretty much the whole contents of the compartment actually, and they've been hanging out for an extended period, so in the oven they go. Been chain smoking, to ensure I look cool if you show up. I have an overwhelming urge to throw some bigger speakers together and connect them with some brains of the operation. My back hurts. Fuck that. That's bullshit. All I did was move around for ten hours or so without stopping. Body is telling me to go to sleep. And I keep reminding it that I have to do somewhat interesting things so I can embellish them in texts to My Lovely Wall.

02 07 2020 08:45

Me

Stupid body

02 07 2020 08:47

Me

Drugs would make this allot more fun. I don't have any drugs. Shitgoddamnmotherbitch. You know what else would be most certainly awe-inspiring? A Girl. A pretty one. Who can hold a conversation and even get my jokes. Ack! I think I'm getting mean again. How come nobody I kick out ever leaves drugs? Just evidence of drug usage. That's rude, man.

02 07 2020 08:53

Me

(sigh) I should probably default to the mattress again before I warm waterfowl for hours. Duck jerky onna stick at six pm doesn't sound nearly as appealing as the planned alternative.

02 07 2020 08:56

Me

Plugin Boutique launches another Covid freebie pack later on to-day. Which means if I wanna play with the new toys I have a bare minimum of a metric fuckton of more laborious tasks to perform. Stupid body.

02 07 2020 08:58

Me

Typing of stupid creatures, ducks are exceptionally low on the intelligence scale compared to other things that don't wear clothes. Every one of those birds in Pam's free range zone (the one with the eight foot fence) can fly. I have yet to witness one of them even try. Even when a large canine was actually eating every one of them.

02 07 2020 09:03

Me

Reminds me of learning about the Irish Potato Famine. Ireland, Scotland, England, and Wales all occupy the same landmass. Which issan island. Fish. Fucking fish, man. There was no plastic or other petrochemicals floating around the Atlantic back then. Way more Omega Fatty Acids in fish than potatoes.

02 07 2020 09:06

Me

Promise. I checked.

02 07 2020 09:07

Me

Well alright. One more cigarette and back to mattress. Alone. (sigh)

02 07 2020 09:08

Me

I have decided that if my digital word avalanche lasts an entire month - thirty or thirty-one days, its up to me without your input - then I am going to add actual written Snail Mail to the artillery. Don't fret, every day the increasingly heavily stuffed envelopes - all handmade, of course - will have a different return address. I've been practicing.

02 07 2020 09:12

Me

Of course, those were ransom demands

02 07 2020 09:13

Me

There. That's better. Those weren't nearly as boring as the previous efforts. Thinking of you...

02 07 2020 09:13

Me

Oh yeah. Gonna hafta plug something in soon (again, NOT going forrit, its too easy) the #stayinstayinspired gift box (no box, no chocolate) comes with three audio toys I definitely wanna play with, and another three months of courses from Producertech, which is especially cool considering I spent my last three month extra trial period with my Computron unplugged mainly. So. Where oh where is that voice of reason from the frozen wastes up north? That's right. Onna plane. Right?

02 07 2020 14:34

Me

So. I got a reply from one of my favorite authors ever, Andersen Prunty. I had sent him a couple days ago an mp3 of the track I made using a piece of his flash fiction. A Self-Contained Walk. He responded today atta bout 7pm.

02 07 2020 22:58

Me

Hi Michael,

Thanks for doing this (and sharing)! Good stuff... Hope all is well.

Best,

Andy

02 07 2020 22:59

Me

That's even better than an autograph. Which, considering I purchased about ten of his books via Kindle, would be a difficult thing to get for me personally, without purchasing a hard copy of one from his personal website.

02 07 2020 22:59

Me

So. The only Entertainment Industry experience I have left to dream of is getting a heavily lipsticked kiss (hopefully on my collar - gotta wear white that day) from Fran Drescher

02 07 2020 23:03

Me

It could be on my neck. I would immediately get that tattooed

02 07 2020 23:05

Me

Typing of dreams, do you know that the Interwebs offer fantastical flights of information? You should check it out one day. On your phone

02 07 2020 23:06

Me

To Pam: I can hear you talking to your phone, Pam. You're yelling at me, claiming that I will never sleep with your older sister. Pam. I really hate being told I can't do something

02 07 2020 23:10

Me

(blows raspberry)

02 07 2020 23:10

Me

Alright. Cigarettes are gone. You missed me at my visual coolest. Unless. I can steal one from your pack while your asleep..

03 07 2020 01:23

Me

And macadamia nut cookie dough providing the nutrients. What is providing your nutrients?

03 07 2020 08:55

Me

Looking at my phone's available Wi-Fi choices I see that RocknRollHS1972 issan available option. One of my immediate neighbors is a Ramones fan

03 07 2020 16:17

Me

Alright. The two liters or so I sucked out of Pam's box of red wine have been given at least two liters of water to hydrate themselves. After consuming another row of raw white macadamia nut cookie dough for emotional support, I have decided to open that can of tamales, which I still find an incredibly strange item to find inna can. I live in fucking SanAnto. Tamales grow on trees here on Christmas day

03 07 2020 16:24

Me

" Tamales " have been extricated from their tin prison only to find themselves freed and cooking from the inside out due to excessive microwave radiation. Such is life, as Kurt Vonnegut would say

03 07 2020 16:37

Me

The wrapper on the can actually says " Remove paper before consuming ". I fucking hate people. Have I mentioned that.

03 07 2020 16:40

Me

For the record. Never purchase tamales inna can. I'm eating donated food and complaining. You have borne witness to my variations with vegan pizza crust. These, these THINGS in my fucking bowl are offensive. Hormel Tamales Inna Can: What Racism Actually Tastes Like

03 07 2020 16:50

Me

What's this floating in the " sauce "? Issthat spite? Wow. All Natural Flavors. Including Spite?

03 07 2020 16:54

Me

Its too fucking early for this shit man. No cigarettes. Wall in Michigan won't even look at her phone. I'm fucking consuming food that has rainbow colored Exxon sheen to it. Fuck this. Fuck. This. I'm extinguishing the lights and pulling Kallisti's Five Nights at Freddy's bedspread over my head and I'm never, ever coming out

03 07 2020 16:59

Me

I am, however, taking my phone with me. So you can send me pictures of that flag themed thong bikini you're wearing to-morrow

03 07 2020 17:01

Me

Eating this has actually brought my headache back. Hormel couldn't have gotten tamales more wrong if there wassa live squid looking up at me when I opened the can

03 07 2020 17:05

Me

There are three left in the bowl. I am not doing this anymore. I feel dirty and I want a shower. Hold me.

03 07 2020 17:06

Me

So Qantas is running a blowout on airline tickets. Oh. Wait. Yeah. Nevermind. That's between Australia and New Zealand

04 07 2020 01:25

Me

And a hap hap happy Blow Shit Up Day. Remember: Stop, Drop, and Roll. I miss Cherry Bombs. One time I had one of those little tanks that are supposed to roll along the ground for about a foot and languidly pop out three little spark showers fucking just explode like a Cherry Bomb. My was my face red. Most awesome firework experience ever

04 07 2020 01:30

Me

So. War is hell

04 07 2020 01:32

Me

This is exciting. Its an American holiday. You know what Americans do on holidays? They pick up their phones and group text (why isn't that called sexting?) all their friends and relatives and say shit like Happy We Have More Bombs Than Everyone Else Day. Which means you might actually include me inna group text (on accident). Diff. Icult. To. Type. Laugh. Ing.

04 07 2020 01:37

Me

Just ate half a bowl of country gravy from a mix packet before I realized that I had made it to put ON food. I acquired this packet from a food bank who knows how long ago. I live in south Texas. What store had an aging population of country gravy packets on their shelves?

04 07 2020 04:57

Me

Have put forth the valiant effort of twitching my fingers at my phone screen and obtaining my three free plugins. Now, if I only had a box plugged into the wall plugged into some screens plugged into...

04 07 2020 05:00

Me

During our drunkenness this morning Pam, who was astounded that after consuming five times as much red wine as her I could still pass the standard field sobriety test, as if she had never witnessed this phenomenon before, asked me to call and order some drugs to be delivered (STAY HOME, STAY HEALTHY). And then I find out my friend has decided in the last couple weeks to launch into a new career field, one that does not involve the selling of black market staples. Shitgoddamnmotherbitch. What the fuck is wrong with everybody?

04 07 2020 05:08

Me

Red wine apparently does not contain nearly as many vitamins and minerals as beer.

04 07 2020 05:09

Me

Never. Ever. Eat canned tamales.

04 07 2020 05:10

Me

Well this is a bitchy start tooa holiday weekend. Maybe my luck will change to-day and my friend will whisper (scream) sweet (profusely but uncharacteristically profanity-laden) everythings (angry streams of spittle-laced vitriol) in my ears.

04 07 2020 05:13

Me

Great Northern Beans in crockpot, which my spellcheck tells me issa proper noun. Have been laying on my mattress, vehemently not hooking up my Computron yet wanting to watch a horror movie from my prodigious (about 3 TB) collection. Maybe seen about half of 'em. Seems like I'm not doing too much right now. Maybe a good time to catch up. May your day be full of happiness and independence, My Lovely Wall

04 07 2020 06:54

Me

Nearly seven in the evening. This seems to have disproved my holiday theory of exploding communication. Perhaps you're planning on the traditional fireworks on network television kind of night. Over the Lincoln memorial kind of thing. Got it. Wholesome. Way tradd yo.

04 07 2020 18:41

Me

N ot g i vin gg up

04 07 2020 18:44

Me

That sentence was exploding

04 07 2020 18:45

Me

Well alright. Sometimes its nice to be me. I have a couple spending the holiday night here and they are motivating me to finish more of my Big Boy Chores. So. I suppose that means I have someone to speak to at the moment that isn't myself. That, of course, does not mean that I would not absolutely love to hear from you...

04 07 2020 21:39

Me

And then, after skipping a day, he resumes. After seeing it was good, and saying it was good, it was good. Peoples renting a bed forra night with a pack of cigarettes have checked out before noon. Have removed the mattress from its position on the floor and actually perched it atop a box spring, opting not to use the bed frame. The recycled tire rubber mats are now lining as much of floor as possible, nailed down. Interlocking foam tiles and other flat foams coexsist with them, in hopes of absorbing the massive shock waves of my impending subbassery. Have washed the amazing pile of dishes left by my former " associates " that I neglected to touch over the last month.

07 07 2020 09:30

Me

And removed two city pickup sized cans of garbage from the Southside of the Obblonge Box. Actually, a smaller, third can is also full. They will be on the curb to-night. Most of the tools and equipment that I had been locking up in my living compartment have been rerouted to a more efficient organizational system in what is now the resultant storage space.

07 07 2020 09:34

Me

Dug through the piles of computronics and through together a backup system so I can throw on horror movies and music from the external drive while I continue to work on the walls and ceiling. Have been stuffing more of the exterior walls on this end with Rockwool and making progress with the new, thicker, denser, " paneling ". Access panels in the ceiling tiles have been cut and much foamage has been stuffed above head. Will screw up some thinner pieces over. Have a gallon of 100% silicone roofing sealant to, um, seal all the spaces where my materials meet. Creating a quieter, cooler place to be loud in

07 07 2020 09:40

Me

Am now exhausted again. Mowed most of the lawn yesterday before my body sent me the memo to get the fuck inside. Its bright outside. I'm going to shower and go to bed. And you, I'm going to guess, are....

07 07 2020 09:43

Me

beautiful. And your company is greatly desired

07 07 2020 09:43

Me

A wellspring of goodish mornings for you, faraway one. Breakfast: fish fillets (fried, pan), potatoes, corn (canned, not syruped or flaked). Still tired. Have started watching the first season of Channel Zero again to pass the crushing laziness away. I have Kallisti's blankets, towels, toys out and spread around the place now. Her dollhouse is on top of the refrigerator. It is time for this. I would love to hear your voice. I could very much use your words right now. And if you could mail me a pack of cigarettes. ..

08 07 2020 05:20

Me

Mowed the lawn instead of being completely mopey. Broke 700 sweatcoins today. Craving cigarettes and sugars, I go back to sleep anyway. Talk in your direction again soon...

08 07 2020 07:43

Me

Wow. CPS is fucking desperate. After not "attending" the virtual meeting scheduled on July 6th. And then on July 7th. They have sent me another email " inviting " me to another pointless fucking meeting on July 22nd. Wow. Whata bunch of fucking desperate children looking for approval. Sorry kids. After being human trafficers you no longer get ice cream. But most of you will go to jail, including the judge and the lawyer, where you will all be stabbed hundreds of times (each) with sharpened toothbrushes in the holding cells. Don't worry, the ice cream won't go to waste. Kallisti and I will eat it.

08 07 2020 07:53

Me

Found a bunch of envelopes when I was cleaning out the other side of the structure.

09 07 2020 00:55

Me

A friend gave me some hilariously named Playboy cologne that apparently didn't make make it to one of her sons.

09 07 2020 00:55

Me

I even have a few stamps. Classic ones. With Joe Dimaggio and other idols of yesteryear

09 07 2020 00:57

Me

Just random facts to pass the time

09 07 2020 00:57

Me

How are you, My Lovely Wall?

09 07 2020 00:57

Me

I decided to send Ms. Angela Ri0s a reply. For all her hard work:

09 07 2020 06:15

Me

A present for you and your fiends. From one of my new personal favorite collections of love songs, Cattle Decapitation's Death Atlas album. Enjoy:
With All Disrespect

You, the epicenter of my contempt I, the emperor of sweet revenge Stripped of all sovereignty, left in the ditch Devoid of a soul, evil with eyes of pitch Opportunistic, parasitic bottom feeder A plastic imitation of confidence, optimism, and competence The unknowing host now falls prey to your sociopathy Your predatory bullshit and your disgusting parasitoidism It's dark upstairs In your eyes there's nothing there Vacuous and hollow Like the relationships you hold An execration of your being A detestation of your entirety Antagonistic waste of time, a lesion on the soul and mind Self-cannibalistic and sadistic yet self-eulogistic Can you hear the end coming? The hunted now does the hunting Do you know you are worth nothing? Simply worth nothing to me Your blood, it flows with failure Can't help it, it's in your nature Do you know you're the enemy? And enemies we delete Can you hear the end coming? The hunted now does the hunting, And now we bring home the meat There's only one way that this could ever end Sooner or later to me you would be dead Narcissistic, self-flatulent inhaler A laughable charade of confidence, optimism, and opulence The unknowing host now falls prey to your sociopathy Your predatory bullshit and your disgusting parasitoidism Psychrolutes Marcidus Faccibus Hominum Cymothoa Exiguas Faccibus Hominum Can you hear the end coming? The hunted now does the hunting Do you know you are worth nothing? Simply worth nothing to me Your blood, it flows with failure Can't help it, it's in your nature Do you know you're the enemy? And enemies we delete The hunted now does the hunting, The hunted now does the hunting, The hunted now does the hunting, And now we bring home the meat

09 07 2020 06:16

Me

You would do well to look up the genus and species mentioned on Wikipedia

09 07 2020 06:16

Me

That's the cool thing about poetry, man. If you just take the time to dig in the stacks forra bit, someone's always got your Hallmark greeting

09 07 2020 06:17

Me

Post Script.
Fuck CPS

09 07 2020 06:21

Me

That's right. Someone is calling you at six forty four in the morning. Patty. My Darling Wall. Check your text messages.

09 07 2020 06:45

Me

Please? Does that help? Do you have a cigarette I can smoke?

09 07 2020 06:45

Me

Actually, if I could just borrow twenty dollars... Cigarettes, Beers, and Candy (not mint or coconut) would really make my millennium about right now. And, of course, if you could give that to me in person...

09 07 2020 08:37

Me

Text orra phone call would be a more than acceptable alternative

09 07 2020 08:38

Me

And the response from CPS, three hours later:Perhaps you can talk to my colleague and I at our virtual visit on July 22nd at 12pm on the ring meeting about your song of choice -. Why? I'll see you on August 20th? -.Each month per policy I am to meet with you in person but due to the current time of this COVID-19 it has to be virtual

Noted

-

You wouldn't have such irrelevant policies for excuses if you quit your human trafficking position and actually decided to encourage growth and happiness in humanity

09 07 2020 08:49

Me

Second bowl of microwave popcorn for breakfast. Why does anyone buy the pre-portioned bags? There's far less waste with a plate over a bowl. Although, I am getting the same amount of grease on my phone as I type. Last episode of season one of Channel Zero up on deck. (Har). Maybe sometime to-night I'll retrieve my trash cans from the curbside and burn more burnable things. I find fires are far less fun without a personal fire sticking out of one's mouth, however. Haven't been outside inna few days. I'm sure the government would be proud.

10 07 2020 00:14

Me

Sew. Have taken descriptive snapshots of two industrial sewing machines plus matching clutch motor and pulley system. One of them alone is going for $1400 USD on the eBay. These particular specimens are rusted. Downloaded the instruction manual for the expensive one, and it is just as exciting as a forty-five page industrial leather sewing machine manual might be, in German, no less. Gonna ride over one street to an upholsterer inna couple hours and see if he or anyone he knows might be interested in them. They're too heavy to be doorstops and I'm certainly not using them. Maybe I can get some dollars out of them and get some insurance and fuelage for my new for me BMW. (Which still cracks me up!) Oh. And some cigarettes and ice cream, staples of the healthy American male diet. Threw my change into a 79¢ cigar at the Lone Star. And already have over 2100 steps on my Sweatcoin pedometer at six thirty in the morning. What's making you sweat, dearest wall?

10 07 2020 06:36

Me

And. Was it worth it?

10 07 2020 06:37

Me

I received these items a few months ago in exchange for helping a neighbor with heavy items she was struggling with on her porch. Isn't it nice to be nice?

10 07 2020 06:40

Me

When I was walking back to her house she asked me if I was the little boy who walked around the neighborhood with his headphones on thirty years ago. That would be an affirmative, ma'am. Aw, shucks. I walk to go places, man.

10 07 2020 06:41

Me

Having absolutely no desire to be a salesperson, except for things of my own creation, I will happy to get rid of these things at all. In theory, I might even be able to afford that new for me motherboard on eBay for about a hundred USD that I've been needing to use this unlocked I7 CPU and seriously upgrade my workstation.

10 07 2020 06:50

Me

(He lights the other half of his 79¢ cigar, visions of Computronics dancing in the minefields, kicking up binary algorithms)

10 07 2020 06:52

Me

Mindfields. Stupid spellcheck

10 07 2020 06:52

Me

My. You are a stubborn one. Me too. Not even close to giving up. This is now the Meaning of Art. Talk with you soon...

10 07 2020 07:30

Me

Haven't counted, but I'm guessing we're (I'm) at the half million word count, well over three hundred texts, a dozen songs, maybe twenty gmails. Thank you for giving me a reason to get up off my bed at least once a day since my birthday. Now. How big does my brush fire have to be before you notice the smoke signals on the horizon? Do you remember Morse Code. Me neither. Just SOS. That won't do. Hmmm

10 07 2020 07:34

Me

An update for My Lovely Wall (before I fruitlessly call her again). Rode the Mary Poppins Mobile over to upholsterer (the importance of being) Ernest's house. Being in the know, he says he'll be over to-morrow or the next day to most hopefully remove these ungainly metallic beastuaries from my Common Area. I was pleased to see the sixty-five year old not afraid to have a conversation on his front porch without a mask. (I feel fine.) Sew. Another four rings and then bedtime for me, still craving sugar and cigarettes. There issa reason people don't crave 79¢ cigars. I just remembered that reason. Ack!

10 07 2020 09:26

Me

2,666 steps! Fucking rock on!

10 07 2020 09:28

Me

Remember The Kids In The Hall? Could it be...Satan? Evil Evil Evil! Okayiloveyoubyebye

10 07 2020 09:30

Me

Yawn. I'm up way past my bedtime. Might as well (not) bother you again. The IRS (government, not the record label) sent me a link to do my taxes. That's so, like, boring. If they included free coupons redeemable for cigarettes and chocolate confections then yeah, but shitgoddamnmotherbitch all I get is money. That's fucking lame. If money gets you a loving girl its only for the night and your wallet will be gone in the morning. I want my relationships to last, please and thank you

10 07 2020 11:58

Me

For the record, I can be bought with whispers

10 07 2020 11:59

Me

My call has been forwarded. I prefer going sideways or diagonal. If you could inform your particular carrier of these modifications in regards to my unheard ramblings...

10 07 2020 12:18

Me

Still can't sleep. This is awful. Why would anyone ever stay up this late? Want Girl and ice cream and cigarettes. In that order. And sleep. What are your afternoon fantasies?

10 07 2020 14:12

Me

Getting close to the fifteenth. That would be thirty days. What might happen then? Good things, surely

10 07 2020 14:13

Me

Shitgoddamnmotherbitch I'm awake again. Another long hot shower. Ah! A flick! 1965's Dr. Terror's House of Horrors. The classics to put one's mind at ease. What eases your mind, My Lovely Wall?

10 07 2020 20:56

Me

(Here, in this scene, we see our protagonist continuously end messages with questions to our audience, thus breaking the Fourth Wall. A comedic technique if overused, but startling if reserved forran entrance or exit. Let us continue...)

10 07 2020 21:00

Me

You are not the Fourth Wall, My Lovely. But you would be the Third Sister.

10 07 2020 21:04

Me

What do They say about charms?

10 07 2020 21:06

Me

More popcorn and Dr. Terror. Hey! Its Donald Sutherland!

11 07 2020 00:08

Me

Watching a trash fire isn't nearly as much fun during the day. It does, however, promote the accumulation of Sweatcoins. Over 2300 steps so far to-day. Sounds like a great time to go to bed.

11 07 2020 08:59

Me

And burning again. Motivation strikes, hundred plus degree weather can blister all it wants. Some fresh vitamin D production doesn't hurt. More homestead progress, more unwanted items disassembled and out. More dead wasps. I do not mourn them. About to finally take out a window, with frame, and set two smallish a/cs side by side. Wall up and insulate the remaining space to my standards. Should take a couple hours, in theory. I've been practicing. Then continue down that wall and remove the flimsy original paneling. Replace with much more dense material, and of course, more foams. Seems like I haven't done anything but stagnate and stare at Kallisti's toys forra week. Something like that. Trying to keep the workstation until last as a motivation. Must confess I'm starting to eat away at the reserves, both physical and mental. I would very much like to hear your voice, even iffits only to tell me that I'm .....

11 07 2020 18:37

Me

May to-day's messages find you immersed in your pastimes, and blissfully content

11 07 2020 18:38

Me

(sigh) still awake. Bed not comfortable. Window still in place, etc. Almost 10,000 steps today though. Kept discovering a new wasp nest every time I brought the ladder out. Past tired and thoughts too angry at the usual suspects to allow rest. Not giving up. See you to-morrow

11 07 2020 22:33

Me

Well I got my heart up in a beautiful mess, I should've known better when I took the risk, To wreck myself and to gamble while broke, Shaking something mental at a loss for the words I'd once known. I traded two steps forward for three steps back, To get to know the meaning of showing respect. I found the pedestals and burned them down, To kill my idols and to bury the thoughts underground. I'm no longer deaf to the sounds. I'm hardly feeling human anymore, Enough to drag my body from the floor. Well I got my head up in a critical mess, Fighting like a demon in a shell I possess. Gnashing my teeth and speaking in tongues, Still shaking something mental at a loss for the words I'd once known. Something's rattling my bones. I'm hardly feeling human anymore, Enough to drag my body from the floor. I'm hardly feeling human anymore, Enough to drag my body from the floor. Stand to hold steady now, Take a breath and somehow, Take a step to begin again, After all we can only do our best. I'm hardly feeling human anymore, Enough to drag my body from the floor. I'm hardly feeling human anymore, Enough to drag my body from the floor. Stand and hold steady now.

- Hot Water Music

12 07 2020 02:13

Me

(mixtape should be on its way inna few days)

12 07 2020 02:14

Me

Looking at Cibolo weather on weatherdotcom I am informed that it'll be around 104 to-day. There are also two separate ads for motorcycle accident injury lawyers and two separate placements informing me what a good rehab center in Texas should run me. Also an advert from Webster University telling me that I could be an in-demand (hyphen theirs) mental health counselor. I hate people. Individually and assa group. That's why I have been sending all these words to you. Because you're a wall. An extremely eye-catching vertical surface. And an expert conversationalist. That last sentence was not sarcastic, I promise

12 07 2020 08:22

Me

Wikipedia hassa draft page for Cthuvian. That's exciting

12 07 2020 08:25

Me

The consonants table is fucking blowing my mind. That's a sentence you don't read very often

12 07 2020 08:26

Me

It has a CCCCVCC syllable structure. Syllables can be vowel-less. I don't know what that means but I'm going to repeat that to anyone who gets in earshot for weeks, man

12 07 2020 08:30

Me

Just indulged my growing insomnia by watching a live video game music composing two hour weekly show. This guy, author offa book I purchased but have not read, was playing with an affiliate's new synth. Not to be overly noisy about it, but this guy had at least ten thousand dollars worth in additional equipment and whofuckingknows how much in software and didn't create anything more spectacular than I would have given the same assignment. To be fair, he did it in two hours as opposed to my usual six hours. This is frustrating. I'm not... I'm just angry, and waiting. And now I can't sleep.

12 07 2020 12:31

Me

Still not sleeping. Decided not to take out the window yet. Added radiant barrier (foil bubble wrap, which I can attest through experience is electrically conductive) over the sheathing Stryofoam (the actual Dow chemical brand, not just any generic extruded polystyrene!). Moved the subwoofer in place and put the guitar cab I made with the speaker from Gloria's Conn organ (that thing is over sixty-five years old - sounds great - rescued it from the curb in the rain) on top. With a layer of foam between, of course. And now I'm tired again. (sigh).

12 07 2020 15:55

Me

Say it with me. Extruded polystyrene. Keeps the hot side hot and the planet's ecosystems steadily shrinking. Fantastic insulation for us near the top of the food chain

12 07 2020 15:57

Me

This is text roughly numbered three hundred and twenty seven in about twenty-seven days. Whatever your reaction is. It isn't going to be " whatever ".

12 07 2020 16:00

Me

And the Amicus horror anthology festival continues with Asylum! (1972)

13 07 2020 06:29

Me

Alright. Two ducks in the oven. No adulterants. No seasonings nor fats (didn't have any). Covered tightly with aluminum foil and set to bake at 375° for about an hour. Pam apparently hasn't eaten any of her own fowl, so itsan experiment of sorts. The only other duck ive cooked was on Thanksgiving about ten years or more ago. That thing was so huge I had to lop part offit off and cook the pieces separately because it wouldn't fit in the roasting pan whole. There's two of these tiny birds sitting side by side with plenty of room for stuffing (which I ate separately with gravy a week ago).

13 07 2020 07:57

Me

Slaughtered and skinned because they had penises!

13 07 2020 07:57

Me

Its a hundred and three degrees outside and I just put a bedspread over me. Turned off one of the air conditioners. Its fucking cold in here. Have an oven on in the next room. Haven't even finished insulating my living compartment yet.

13 07 2020 08:07

Me

And the Amicus horror anthology festival continues with - Torture Garden! 1967!

13 07 2020 08:42

Me

Not only does this classic feature Jack Palance and Burgess Meredith (nobody names their son Burgess anymore) but the immortal Michael Ripper! I don't know who that is, but I'm envious of his last name. He shares the same credit screen as John Standing, possibly the most boring male name ever. What's that guy's name? John. What's he doing? Standing. Well that's enough about him. Let's move along then.

13 07 2020 08:49

Me

I would absolutely be the lead vocalist inna death metal band if my parents had named me Michael Ripper

13 07 2020 08:50

Me

Then where would I be? Denmark, eating butter cookies.

13 07 2020 08:51

Me

(if you want to know why that's so funny you'll have to join in this conversation)

13 07 2020 08:52

Me

And for dinner theater, roasted free range organic fed duck (I did not see a penis on the carcass, Pamela must've severed and tossed it to the dogs) with rice, saturated and infused with rendered duck fat and liquid excretia, a touch of clarified butter rescued from the refrigerator nextdoor, thyme, fresh cracked black peppercorns, and largish flakes of salt sourced from what is claimed to be the top of the world. Also the home of clarified yak butter. Some might consider this to be a culinary step up from my previous tributes to gluten-free sci-fi heroes and common Roman infantry. Some would be wrong. It is merely what happens when completely random ingredients find themselves assembled in my Common Area atta time when I no longer much care about assembling ingredients there myself

13 07 2020 09:36

Me

And now! Torture Garden! 1967!

13 07 2020 09:37

Me

Burgess Meredith really delivers an awesome monologue at the beginning of this flicker show. I'm inspired. Not inspired enough to actually get off the bed and do anything, but if I ever do I know what my first project will be

13 07 2020 11:00

Me

Decided to enlist your dear younger sister Paula in an impassioned plea for your (indeterminate number of spaces, for letters!) Sent her a text at six thirty in the morning onna Monday, which should be a workday for her. Unless to-day issa holiday of some sort. I suppose that's possible. Americans love a three day weekend. Maybe its Saint Eat Animals With Penises Day er something. Doesn't show up on the Discordian calendar. Ah. The Interwebs (not Wikipedia) inform me that indeed it is National Barbershop Music Appreciation Day (which should be especially interesting to the aforementioned sister since the last time I saw her I gave her one of your mutual grandfather's barbershop quartet songbooks), Gruntled Workers Day, International Town Criers Day, National Beef Tallow Day (I couldn't have made that up if you'd paid me), and National French Fry Day, also known as National French Fries Day (las papas fritas en Espanol - thanks halfa credit of high school Spanish).

13 07 2020 11:19

Me

Of course, these are merely examples of the larger, multi-day events taking place as I taptaptap (and you read?) this out. Such as: Lasagna Awareness Month, Horseradish Month, Lost Pet Prevention Month, Cell Phone Courtesy Month, Hitchhiking Month, Minority Tourism Month (where do I begin with the questions!!?!), National Anti-Boredom Month, National Blueberry Month, National Cleft & Craniofacial Awareness & Prevention Month (why does that sound sexual to me?), National Doghouse Repairs Month, Sarcoma Awareness Month (itself a part of Plastic Free July), UV Safety Awareness Month (I guess that's a campaign for proper care and storage of blacklights, and by association, bongs?), and it is officially an Unlucky Month For Weddings. Which is taking place during the forty-four days reserved for Air Conditioning Appreciation (starting, of course, on July 3rd). During the International Year Of Plant Health. (Hugging trees good, mowing lawn bad?)

13 07 2020 11:38

Me

Assa subcategory, National Culinary Arts Month is also home to of course, Blueberries, Hot Dogs, Baked Beans, Bison (if dead and cooking falls under this heading), Ice Cream (the absolute most important food group), and Peaches.

13 07 2020 11:51

Me

Onna slight tangent, these edibles will fit perfectly into your plans if you're celebrating National Family Reunion Month or National Picnic Month, which could be celebrated in conjunction with National Parks and Recreation Month

13 07 2020 11:53

Me

What was I typing about again? Oh yeah. Where the fuck are you anyway?

13 07 2020 11:55

Me

Did you ever watch Mystery Science Theater 3000? I'm of Joel's little robot friends. Not the one made out of the gumball machine, the one with the bowling pin forra mouth and the Lacrosse net assa head. And I run on burning tobacco (actually the two hundred plus chemicals that are commonly added to commercial cigarettes, tobacco by itself is fucking pointless and disgusting if you burn it). Can I bum a smoke off you? No one has ever put these words in this order before. I'm the first. Its fun being an artist.

14 07 2020 03:34

Me

Fine. I'll get my own then. When'd you become so.....distant? (You like that? More dots for Distant emphasis! Join us! Enter! The Magical World of! Punctuation! Read by! William Shatner!) Pamela is offering me ice cream to fix whatever is wrong with Wesley's computer. I'm thinking about it. But I'm thinking about it without ice cream or cigarettes. Interesting note: my spellcheck suggested Vigoda instead of cigarettes. Now tell me spending time with me isn't more fun than what you're doing right now

14 07 2020 03:44

Me

Did I mention this is National Ice Cream Month? I did, didn't I?

14 07 2020 03:55

Me

Abe Vigoda always did have the keenest insights on the computational vagarities of the Windows operating system. Men's ears never stop growing. The spine shrinks but ears - they just grow, hither and yon

14 07 2020 04:00

Me

What's that? Speak up Patty! Don't be shy!

14 07 2020 04:03

Me

Oooh! (Exclamation points are with it and hip this week!) To-morrow (hyphens are next week [parentheses are after air conditioning appreciation days]) is our thirty day anniversary (okay, my thirty day anniversary. and parentheses are cool with air conditioning). What will happen, says the ghost of Jack Kerouac?

14 07 2020 05:26

Me

Boom! That's right! Another pun! Another exclamatory drumroll! Crash! Goes the symbols! (Oh! He just keeps going!)

14 07 2020 05:28

Me

'cuz I got more rhymes than Abe Vigoda - Beastie Boys

14 07 2020 05:30

Me

Today's HolidaysDaily UpdatesSearch

HelpAbout UsContact Usattach_moneySponsorship

Settings

child_friendly National Nude Day

Share

Also known as

International Nude Day

Observed

annually on July 14th

Dates

July 14th, 2018

July 14th, 2019

July 14th, 2020

July 14th, 2021

July 14th, 2022

Hashtags

#NationalNudeDay

#NudeDay

#InternationalNudeDay

Sources

http://www.holidayinsights.com/moreholidays/July/nationalnudeday.htm

http://www.holidayscalendar.com/event/international-nude-day/

Today is about celebrating the human body. National Nude Day—a day when people take off their clothes and get naked—is great for a hot summer day. Getting naked exposes our bodies to more Vitamin D, and helps with circulation, as there is less restriction from clothing. There are those who are nudists or belong to nudist groups and get naked because they see it as a natural way to be. Some like to casually get naked and may spend time at nudist beaches or participate in nudist bike rides. And then there are those who take nudity a step further and like to go streaking. No matter

what kind of nakedness people embrace, they can all celebrate National Nude Day. There is some indication that the day first started in New Zealand in the early 2000s and then spread around the world after rugby player Marc Ellis encouraged people to streak in front of New Zealand's Prime Minister, Helen Clark.

Why yes, I am, in fact

14 07 2020 06:18

Me

Not that you asked

14 07 2020 06:19

Me

I am also informed its Shark Awareness Day. Not in my bathtub it isn't

14 07 2020 06:23

Me

Ack! I have been corrected! He exclaims! The previous Beastie quote actually says, " You know I got rhymes like Abe Vigoda! ". A thousand pardons to Detective Fish, RIP

14 07 2020 10:59

Me

So. Rob Brezny over at freewillastrology.com just told me that I should keep expressing myself purely in ways that make me comfortably excited. That's right. I've been encouraged to keep deluging your phone with metric fucktons of words by a real alchemist! Uncanny isn't it!

14 07 2020 12:27

Me

So my Amazon account has been hacked, er something. Apparently its real serious. So serious they can't let me read the hundred plus books I've purchased on the Kindle app until I speak with a Customer Servicing Reprehensible up to twenty-four hours later. I'm a bad man.

14 07 2020 12:31

Me

Thinking about filing my taxes before the cutoff date a little less than twelve hours from now. But not too hard. Not like, Amazon hard. More offa lackadaisical around the way kinda thinking. You dig?

14 07 2020 12:34

Me

I just answered an advertisement email and witnessed a $153,111.56 custom-order Dell computer. Bet you I can't crash that motherfucker!

14 07 2020 13:23

Me

Two 28 core processors. 3TB of RAM. Four 2TB PCIe solid state drives (I assume configurable into a RAID 0 - because yeah!). And three graphics cards with 48GB of RAM each. Shitgoddamnmotherbitch!

14 07 2020 13:28

Me

So. Taxes. Right.

14 07 2020 13:30

Me

Wow. If I'm not mistaken its got XLR inputs on the front.

14 07 2020 13:36

Me

You know what would be a favorable fortune right now? Coffee cake. No, still haven't done my taxes.

15 07 2020 02:19

Me

However, it has been called to my attention that to-day actually is the cut off date for taxes, so that gives me another eighteen hours to ignore that fact. Speaking of being ignored, Girl Nextdoor #2 (in order of first to last. That makes you Girl Nextdoor #1) informs me she spent ten hours with you on the phone yesterday. Which means you looked at your phone at least once. Just on time, I might add again. Before I start assaulting a different mailbox. You know you're smiling. Admit it. You're smiling.

15 07 2020 06:19

Me

Well alright. Progress of some sort. Cigarettes and foodstuffs obtained. Job repairing a kicked in door frame one township over scheduled at three. Another job repairing and reflooring a hallway one street over bid on and accepted, tentatively for this weekend. Also a recording client for next week, assuming I get my head to-gether enough to set up my studio equipment in time. And, a laptop to repair and a fence to stain nextdoor. Go me

15 07 2020 11:36

Me

Still not talking, eh? Okay....more words....

15 07 2020 11:37

Me

And. Cans of foam to feed my foam addiction. Because yeah. Told you. More words

15 07 2020 11:41

Me

4300 steps thus far. Looking like another 10,000 step day. Microwave beef n peppers down. Bowl of pre-cooked (cooked before it was cooked [that's a fun word to look at isn't it? cooked?]) chicken fajita (pronounced FAH-GEE-TAH) meat spinning on the glass plate next. Will our protagonist make it to the peanut butter cookie mix before he passes out to nap? Oh sure, NOW I'm sleepy. Now that I have shit to do. Fucking body.

15 07 2020 12:04

Me

Typing of bodies, I have it on so-so authority that you looked at your phone as of yesterday. This can only escalate from here. I have no-thing to do officially until August 20th, and then its a variable in the equation as to what happens next. Meaning in theory I could collect my new for me vehicular construction and road trip to Michigan, where at least four of my aunts live, for no other reason than to show up at your door and hand you a complimentary ticket to a Monster Truck rally I found on the floor offa Greyhound terminal in Gary, Indiana, dated two weeks previous. Because that's Art, my friend.

15 07 2020 12:11

Me

And so. Pre-cubed (cubed before it was cubed, to the third power) dead, seasoned chicken and the stunning conclusion to Torture Garden! 1967!

15 07 2020 12:12

Me

The academy would like to thank the fictional Ms. Crocker for all her fictional lifetime achievements towards the advancement of cookery (look at that word - beautific isn't it?). As Eddie Izzard would say, why place lovingly slaved over batter or dough into an oven. Only to have it come out - less good! Peanut buttery sludge inna bowl. Perfection of form and function. Like yourself. Yes, that's an easy one, but I'll take it. I'm getting sleepy. Finally.

15 07 2020 12:48

Me

Have my alarm set for 2:30. Then I can load my card up and purchase more audio mangling programs. Why? Because what else is there in life? Exactly

15 07 2020 12:50

Me

Plugin Boutique has izoTope's Vocal Synth 2 on sale for $49 USD (they're located in the UK, important distinction). I'm sure I'm not getting over a hundred USD to-day, so a new for me motherboard is out. Maybe this weekend.

15 07 2020 12:53

Me

That's $150 off, man. I am always the consumate value shopper. Old age does that to a personage. But enough about me! What is Jack Palance's fate!?!

15 07 2020 12:54

Me

Like most things that are ultimately mind-numbingly awesomatic I was not immediately impressed with VocalSynth2. izoTope knows the software they produce is The Shit, (and shitgoddamnmotherbitch they price it accordingly) so they let anyone demo their 'wares forra full two weeks. Yeah, about thirteen days into my trial period I finally got the hang offit (instruction manual!?! Bah!). And now, just gotta have it. Rice and beans for the rest of the month? No problem! As long as I've got enough strength to whisper into my Focusrite condenser mic...

15 07 2020 13:04

Me

You're onna plane, I can feel it

15 07 2020 13:06

Me

Alright. Sleep is out, of course. That issa lot more fun with drugs, which I do not have. Time to scrape a razor across my skull. Got to look primed to secure a backdoor. For the adoring public!

15 07 2020 13:24

Me

Still no word from the Amazonians. Told you I was a bad man

15 07 2020 13:26

Me

There! Bruce Willis is back! As The Handiperson!

15 07 2020 13:54

Me

[obblonge] would like to thank W.A. Productions (United Arab Emirates still keep the gas in my car - Helmet), Infected Mushroom and Polyverse (Israeli Gears), 99 Sounds UK, and of course Plugin Boutique for their invaluable help in furthering my self-employment. And of course, My Lovely Wall.

15 07 2020 14:52

Me

Alright. That was fun. Have a few dollars forra discount program er something - har! And. Filed for three years back taxes. Aren't I such a producer?

15 07 2020 18:50

Me

My recording client issa female rapper who actually has some cash in hand to pay for services. And has listened to my back catalogue so there that's a plus. Now if I can only keep getting myself off my bed long enough to set my equipment back up

15 07 2020 18:53

Me

But now. More foodstuffs for my face. Shitgoddamnmotherbitch its hot outside. And the Amicus horror anthology festival continues with From Beyond the Grave! 1973!

15 07 2020 18:56

Me

Okay. 9673 steps. Almost. Well, my stupid body tells me to go to sleep. Belly full of belly stuff probably has something to do with it. Three expansions for Union, a particularly CPU hungry but fun synth awaiting installation, hiding on my telephono's SD card. Also a set of 24bit/96khz nature and urban ambience recordings from central Florida, including one recorded inside a house during hurricane Irma. Because that's what money is for. Two They Might Be Giants albums enjoyed. Have to begin the flicker show after the oppressing insomnia sets in. And. My Lovely Wall is still playing hard to get. Why couldn't Pam raise pigeons? Ridiculous lazy non-flying ducks. Fine. I will continue to underwhelm you with my personal (that is to say, assa person) journal entries to-morrow.

15 07 2020 21:52

Me

" I'm not a baby. I'm a tumor. " - first Hellboy movie

15 07 2020 21:55

Me

This is fun. Issit fun for you? Text your response to - oh wait you have the digits

15 07 2020 22:02

Me

Why yes. I am unbelievable. Alice always tried to believe three unbelievable things before breakfast. And she was a little girl

15 07 2020 22:04

Me

" But you don't know anything ABOUT holding a seance! ". Mmmm taco shells.

16 07 2020 00:35

Me

Ack! Taco shells in the bed

16 07 2020 00:35

Me

" FEEEEED MEEEE "

16 07 2020 00:37

Me

" BLOOOD "

16 07 2020 00:37

Me

How about a V8? You're looking rather two dimensional, man

16 07 2020 00:40

Me

As Mitch Hedberg would've said, calling something an antique is just a way of covering up the fact that nobody bought it

16 07 2020 00:52

Me

A forward, er, forward

16 07 2020 11:03

Me

Just jammed Alestorm's immortal album No Grave But The Sea. Rode up to the Lone Star and procured four, count 'em four 24oz cans of Earthquake! 10%alcohol horrible lager. So. You're avoiding my conversation because Patty is so completely overwhelmed by my earnest yearnings (yar!) that she has instructed you to complete radio silence, lest you give away the big reveal. I gettit. Shhh. I know no-thing. Still. Wesley's laptop needs my invaluable assistance. My suspicion is that it has been reset. Which means it has been reverted to Windows Stupid mode. Gimmie the computron. I do this shit in my sleep at this point. Also, doesn't your back need a good rubbing? Who's back doesn't? Mine does. Nobody ever rubs my back. Death Atlas I am. (An amazing album by the way). So. I have inspired myself (because I have to) to make progress on my workstation. Have a client coming in in. And she expects genius. And genius she shall have! Hello?

16 07 2020 11:04

Me

My message to CPS: I really hate you Stop getting in my way I've lost my patience When are you gonna decay? I want to throw you out Just like my broken TV If you'll come back once more It shall be painful you'll see! I hope you die in a fire! Hope you'll be stabbed in the heart, hope you'll get shot and expire! Hope you'll be taken apart Hope this is what you desire! It's almost over Why can't you just let it fly? Don't be afraid It's not the first time you'll die Your mechanical parts click Sounds like when I broke your bones Once I get my second chance I won't leave you alone! Oh yeah! I hope you die in a fire! Hope you'll be stabbed in the heart, hope you'll get shot and expire! Hope you'll be taken apart I hope you die in a fire! Hope you'll be stabbed in the heart, hope you'll get shot and expire! Hope you'll be taken apart Hope this is what you desire! I hope you die in a fire!,

16 07 2020 13:44

Me

For the record, From Beyond the Grave! 1973! is fucking raddtacular

16 07 2020 20:59

Me

That is one of Kallisti's favorite songs. Its a fan tribute to the Five Nights At Freddy's video game franchise. I'm currently sleeping under a FNAF bedspread

16 07 2020 21:03

Me

My friend who works atta group home for adult autistics just dropped off some cigarettes for me. Which means I can ride up and spend my last three dollars on horrible beers if I want. Have a job over on Falcon St this weekend doing floors.

16 07 2020 21:03

Me

I am a PhD level Art Historian. I'm gonna keep sending them song lyrics like these until I see them in court. And they can't officially complain. Because I'm just sharing song lyrics

16 07 2020 21:04

Me

Paaaaahhteeeee. I need you. I need you to choose the next Amicus anthology horror flick

16 07 2020 21:06

Me

I just lied. Did you see that? I just lied to you. But you knew that. You always see right through my bullshit. The next flicker show is The House That Dripped Blood!

16 07 2020 21:08

Me

1970!

16 07 2020 21:08

Me

Seriously though. This is cute, but you could send me a fuck off er something

16 07 2020 21:11

Me

Or. Show up at my backdoor

16 07 2020 21:12

Me

Boo!

16 07 2020 23:28

Me

Did I scare you?

16 07 2020 23:28

Me

Only 6918 steps today. Yawn.

16 07 2020 23:30

Me

Wow. Straight Everclear with diet peach iced tea mix didn't give meea headache like four Earthquakes. Gross. Gluten good. Malt liquor bad.

17 07 2020 07:59

Me

How're you this bright and cheery morning? You got ivy growing on ya? That's more iffan East Coast thing, eh?

17 07 2020 08:00

Me

And. My digital sundial informs me that in about three and a half hours I am scheduled to ride the Mary Poppins Mobile over and start ripping out and reinstalling a hallway and laundry room floor. I have been up all night, of course. Only this time I wasn't paralyzed with hatred. Go me. Continued work on exterior wall of living compartment/workspace. Ripped out more of the shitty original cardboard paneling. Watching it burn triumphantly now. Screwed many pieces of former countertops and shelves to replace. Much more dense. Filled spaces between wall studs solid with foam. Ran out of Rockwool. Have a couple cans of Great Stuff to seal it truly solid. With every can it gets a little quieter.

18 07 2020 06:45

Me

Itchy from fiberglass. Pretty sure I neglected to ingest proper nutrition. That's okay. There issa half gallon of Cookie Two Step ice cream in the icebox.

18 07 2020 06:49

Me

I don't mind bleeding for my speakers. Even iffits from my lungs. Which reminds me, ah! cigarette lit. Now there are two fires smoking in the backyard.

18 07 2020 06:50

Me

Even crawled somewhat underneath the homestead and continued wrapping all that bubble wrap I've been saving up around my pipes to insulate them. Yes. I do speak of insulation often. Have I mentioned I hate people? Individually and assa group?

18 07 2020 06:53

Me

Luckily for your snail mail box I've actually been exhausting myself innan attempt to Be Productive. And to attempt to curb the awful, gnawing pain of being frozen out by a wall half the country away. (That might be a bit offan exaggeration. Maybe.)

18 07 2020 06:56

Me

Laundry is done, folded, stored neatishly. I'm a domesticated animal. Hard, reflecting items slowly making their way out of the recording booth/linen closet. Getting very slothlike sitting on this chair I found at the end of driveway. Shouldntve sat down. I know better. Perhaps a shower and an hour nap. Maybe.

18 07 2020 07:01

Me

3641 steps to-day thus far. Well alright. Enough of this chit-chattery. Back to work. Talk at you later, I promise.

18 07 2020 07:03

Me

Over 11,000 steps logged in yesterday. Going back to finish the job with my friend, Michael to-day, innan hour er so. (There's an army of us.) Didn't get hone til about eleven pm. Started back on my exterior wall. Almost done, but ran out of batteries for the power tools. Left some at the jobsite. So. Started assembling the next incarnation of speakers. This does not mean radio silence from my end, of course. I'm on a mission of Art.

19 07 2020 08:19

Me

Ice cream for breakfast. Because I'm an adult. Cigarette burning. And I'm scanning the values, the ebay's and the software houses. Can I get an upgrade? I would certainly be accelerated if you would type some at me...

19 07 2020 08:23

Me

Uh, words. Not fully awake yet.

19 07 2020 08:23

Me

I am exhausted. And alone. The trial is less than a month from now

22 07 2020 23:11

Me

Haven't left my bed in days. Just hatred and anger. Feel exhausted. Sweatcoin tells me I logged in over 40000 steps last week. Less than 300 yesterday.

24 07 2020 05:29

Me

The Parable of the Gong
As told by Professor Cramulus, OBNOXIOUS JERK cabal

There was once a young Discordian called Golden Rod. Early in his illumination, he wondered what season his country was in.

Perhaps it was in the season of Discord, on the cusp of Bureaucracy. Surely, Order was rising to noxious levels.

Or perhaps it was already Bureaucracy, on the cusp of Aftermath. Surely, Disorder was rising to obnoxious levels.

So in his quest for An Answer, Golden Rod sought out the Discordian monk Nopants. Nopants dwelled in a basement because it would be obscene for him to go outside. Golden Rod freed himself from his leggings and descended the stairs. Below, Nopants sat on a cushion in a gross lotus position.

"My wise friend Nopants, I have come to ask you a question,said Golden Rod, What is Bureaucracy?"

In India,said Nopants, they tie elephants to trees using thin cords. An elephant could easily snap the cord, yet they remain tethered in place. Why do you think this is?

Golden Rod itched himself and shrugged.

When the elephant is young, intoned Nopants, she is too weak to break the cord. She tries, but eventually she gives up. When the elephant grows up, she does not try to escape her puny bonds because she believes she will fail.

So the cord isn't the thing keeping the elephant in place, said Golden Rod. He squinted at Nopants, That's very interesting, but what does that have to do with Bureaucracy?

Bureaucracy, said Nopants, is waiting for a red traffic light in the middle of the night when no one is coming.

Across space and time, a gong sounded.

27 07 2020 01:49

Me

Golden Rod left the basement and returned to the real world, thoroughly confused. As he drove home, he ran five red lights. His mirth rose with each light. By the end of the voyage he was giggling like a ninny at his newfound freedom.

27 07 2020 01:50

Me

Years went by and Golden Rod continued drive towards Aftermath. He ignored stop signs, blew through red lights, and opened his moon roof despite danger of falling rocks.

Sweet Merciful Ass! cried out Bung-Fu the Fool as he clawed at the dashboard. You're gonna get us both killed!

Nonsense! I am self-emancipated from these mundane traffic laws, cackled Golden Rod. I am a harbinger of Aftermath!

Do you always drive like this?, said Bung-Fu as he buckled his seat belt.

Golden Rod nodded. "Always."

Meanwhile, the monk Nopants was wheeling his gong across the street towards his basement. He patiently waited for the light to turn red, then pushed the ponderous percussive instrument upon the pavement.

The collision made the exact sound of enlightenment.

27 07 2020 01:51

Me

One day, a young man set out to understand the mystery of destiny. He went to visit many wise men, but none of them could answer his questions. So it continued, until the day he visited the Discordian monk Nopants.

"Master," the young man said, "Can you tell me the mysteries of destiny?"

Nopants smiled. "Destiny, you say?" The elderly monk stood up and brushed the dirt from his knees. He pointed up, at one of the many leaves that hung above his head. "What is this leaf's destiny?"

The young man looked at it. It was a broad, strong leaf, vibrantly green with life. He thought for a few moments, before saying: "To provide food for the tree that bears it, and to shade any who might come under it."

Nopants nodded approvingly. Reaching up, he plucked the leaf and twirled it in his fingers. Then suddenly, to the young man's horror, Nopants dropped his pants, reached around, and began to wipe his ass with the leaf vigorously. The man could only watch in ever-growing shock as the monk continued to desecrate the beautiful leaf, using it as he would a normal piece of toilet paper. When he was finished, Nopants tossed the leaf to the ground with an irreverent flick of his wrist.

"You were right," Nopants said, "That leaf's destiny was to live quietly and peacefully." He pointed down at the leaf. "But what good has it's destiny done it? Look at it now. It lies crumpled and broken on the ground, covered in someone else's shit. Such is the way of the world."

And the young man was enlightened.

27 07 2020 01:56

Me

One day, Nopants the monk was visited by a young Discordian scholar, who had come seeking his counsel.

"Master," the scholar said, "I am uncertain, and I had hoped that you could help me." The young man described all of the Discordian works he had read, such as the Principia, the Illuminatus Trilogy, and the Black Iron Prison. He told tales of the Popes he had learned from, and the many thousands of people he had mindfucked. He continued in this manner for half an hour, explaining how he had done everything a proper young Discordian should do.

"But Master," the young scholar said at the end of the half hour, "You must tell me this, for I am uncertain: Am I enlightened?"

Nopants smiled sadly. "My son," he said, "Enlightenment is like virginity. If you have to ask, the answer is no."

27 07 2020 01:57

Me

Before the beginning,

there was a 50% chance that nothing would exist

and a 50% chance that something would exist.

In order to determine whether something or nothing would exist,

they decided to flip a coin.

However, in order for there to be a coin to flip,

the coin had to exist, so something had already won.

Therefore, we exist because something is a lying, cheating bastard.

27 07 2020 02:00

Me

27 07 2020 02:00

Me

A public service announcement: went searching for the cheapest pack of smokes locally with my ex-sister-in-laws car. $4.75 w/tax at the Don's and Ben's Liquor Store across from WallyWorld on 1103. CLASSICS

27 07 2020 19:43

Me

Mmmm. The taste of ... Encyclopedia Brittanica

27 07 2020 19:43

Me

Or maybe Penguin

27 07 2020 19:44

Me

Did you know that Thomas Ligotti is one of only ten living authors that has been published by Penguin Classics? You do now. Impress your friends with your vast literary knowledge!

27 07 2020 19:45

Me

Fried fish (lemon pepper is all I have that was appropriate unfortunately) and rice for breakfast. Apple jelly straight from the jar for dessert. Ingredients: applesauce, corn syrup, pectin. And menthol 100 cigarettes. That taste like ancient wisdom. Next movie up on the Amicus anthologies: (watched The House That Dripped Blood 1971 and From Beyond The Grave 1973 and Tales That Witness Madness 1973 in your absence, my apologies) the CLASSIC The Vault Of Horror 1972! Only one left after this one. Saving the most popular for last - Tales From The Crypt 1972!

27 07 2020 19:53

Me

I swear there's more sugar in this jar than apples. Even if measured by weight. Especially if measured by weight.

27 07 2020 19:55

Me

So. Passionate affair?

27 07 2020 19:57

Me

Really? Why thank you!

27 07 2020 22:37

Me

And on to the finale of the Amicus horror anthologies - 1972's Tales From the Crypt! Starring Joan Collins!

27 07 2020 22:38

Me

That was fun. More horror! the crowd screams, appropriately. Well alright. Hmmm. What next? Any suggestions?

27 07 2020 23:49

Me

(make it good, show him you're a real inspired movie critic, that'll impress him)

27 07 2020 23:50

Me

The trial is three weeks from now.

28 07 2020 12:16

Me

Checked my mail after mowing the lawn before the next rainfall hit. Happy to see the latest issue of Parents magazine, as well as the August edition of Better Homes and Gardens. Oh, and apparently Prissy is about to get a warrant forra traffic ticket in Universal City. Just passing that along..

28 07 2020 18:35

Me

Wow. Prissy's tickets are no insurance, expired driver's license, no license plates, and failure to display driver's license. Totalling $1710.80. If she pays it to UC before they issue a warrant. That would be at least another $300, I think. Somebody should tell her. In case she's forgotten.

28 07 2020 19:02

Me

Laundry done. More fish and rice. More horrifying reports of abuse, rape, death, pregnancy amidst the incarcerated children of Texas Child Protective Services, one of the worst statistically in the nation. What? Relax somehow, if possible? Ah, a horror movie suggestion. Excellent! I'm a huge fan of Dario Argento's directing techniques. How about Four Flies on Grey Velvet. I know. Someone told him he should write the stories as well. Then we'll watch it backwards in the original Italian. Right after I wash this meal's dishes

28 07 2020 20:10

Me

" You're missing your cues, man. Don't worry about it. We're so far out who's gonna notice "

28 07 2020 20:21

Me

" What are you after, man? What's your trip? "

28 07 2020 20:22

Me

Classic. Like these cigarettes

28 07 2020 20:23

Me

For the record, one should not smoke old knowledge. Heed the warnings of Bradbury's Fahrenheit 451

28 07 2020 20:23

Me

Sweatcoin says I took 11,577 steps to-day. I feel a little toasty. CPS has scheduled a virtual face to face meeting for the eighteenth of August, two days before the trial, which is probably going to also be held on our cell phones. Wow. I think I successfully moved enough to-day to fall asleep. I hope so

30 07 2020 18:18

Me

Over 13000 steps to-day. Still haven't slept. Been laying here forran hour. I want them to suffer, and I can't stop thinking about that. I know where they live. I know their ss#s. I can't focus on anything else

30 07 2020 23:48

Me

Your dear sister Pamela has not complained once that I have disturbed her or her grandchild with my vibrating speaker cones. Her bedroom is across from mine, maybe fifty feet? She says she didn't hear anything. It was just loud enough in here to send my ears into temporary self-protection mode (our heads are kind enough to do that forrus, otherwise our stupid concertgoing asses wouldn't be able to hear anything at all by the time we're twenty-five). Upon inner reflection, aided by the quietude my ears are temporarily affording me, this means several things. My insulative attempts are getting more efficient in both materials and labor, and dear Pamela is not only the dumbest Roberts sister but also experiencing hearing loss attan advanced state inna spectrum located far, far below the typical loss of aural acuity. I was going to spare you the details, but it occurs to me I haven't really typed at you inna while. So. The lecture. Ah. Better hit send.

31 07 2020 18:22

Me

,

31 07 2020 18:22

Me

Before we begin in earnest, Pam tried to defend herself against charges of being the familial idiot recently by attempting to throw Paula under the bus. As if I had not fully weighed all the options before coming to a logical conclusion. True, it was a close race between the two. And then, innan attempt to offer more evidence to support her claim, Pam made a horrifying mistake : she opened her mouth and started speaking. Paula, to her, um, "credit", will argue vehemently her position (at least she will with me, apparently with strangers this may not be the case), which may or may not be fully informed, like anyone else's. That is what makes someone truly intelligent, the ability to learn. To realize what information is coming in, how it is being received, and process it independently. Then making a decision, realizing that, of course, new information may change the synopsis of the produced story, and the process will most likely be repeated until brain death. Over the near twenty years I have known your family onna, um, familial basis, this is not what Paula ever does. While we're taking conversational sideroads and backalleys (gotta make up for all those words I haven't sent you recently inna text [hey, do you like brackets? I think they're endearing]), I think Paula is frustrated that I no longer have hair to pull on the playground. Someone in elementary school told her that boys will like you if you yell nonsensical things at them. At this point I'd like to board the literary subway (here's my token, it has a bas-relief of Charles Bukowski onnit). Every time I have seen her since those days of sitting next to each other on the school bus Paula has handed me a case (or so) of beer, stored next to her case (or so) of beer in the local refrigerated compartment and immediately launch into an exasperatingly silly argument which she will inevitably lose because the viewpoint on which she has chosen to be the protagonist thereof seems to not be her own, but rather something she has overheard at the proverbial watercooler. (I love my actual watercooler. It has a boiling function as well. [brackets are cool-er].) For future reference, I often do this as well, assa form of entertainment for myself. But I am having fun (with myself, the cool-est guy in the room). Apparently her life decisions have led her to the conclusion that sex is better after an argument. I wholeheartedly disagree with that. Those hundred or so times you have sex with somebody before the argument are way better, individually and assa group. If she ever stops yelling at me because of This Current Idea That Is Totally Wrong maybe one day she'll find that out. Ah. Better hit Send

31 07 2020 23:14

Me

That one took awhile. Like, a whole thirty seconds to get to Michigan

31 07 2020 23:15

Me

Where was I? Right. Going back to sleep. Lecture to-morrow

31 07 2020 23:23

Me

The latest in my song lyric inundation of CPS: First World Problems / "Weird Al" Yankovic

My maid is cleaning my bathroom, so I can't take a shower When I do, the water starts getting cold after an hour I couldn't order off the breakfast menu, cause I slept in till two Then I filled up on bread, didn't leave any room for tiramisu Oh no, there's a pixel out in the corner of my laptop screen I don't have any bills in my wallet small enough for the vending machine Some idiot just called me up on the phone, what!? Don't they know how to text? OMG! I got First world, first world problems (First world problems) First world, first world problems (First world problems) First world, first world problems I bought too many groceries for my refrigerator Forgot my gardener's name, I'll have to ask him later Tried to fast forward commercials, can't - I'm watching live T.V I'm pretty sure the cookies in this airport lounge ain't gluten free My barista didn't even bother to make a design in the foam on the top of my vanilla latte First world, first world problems (First world problems) First world, first world problems (First world problems) First world, first world problems Can't remember which car I drove to the mall My Sonicare won't recharge, now I gotta brush my teeth like a neanderathal The thread count on these cotton shes has got me itching My house is so big, I can't get WiFi in the kitchen Uh, I had to buy something I didn't even need just so I could qualify for free shipping on Amazon First world, first world problems

31 07 2020 23:43

Me

As Buffalo Springfield would say, For What Its Worth, I don't think they're going to get this one

31 07 2020 23:45

Me

Its off his last record label album Mandatory Fun, which is just what the title suggests. It also has a track called Mission Statement, which is musically themed off of a Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young song, that is an indictment of how hippies became yuppies.

01 08 2020 01:15

Me

Maximum gnarliness

01 08 2020 01:15

Me

I'm making country gravy with the goal of actually putting it on food this time. Have a bowl of green beans ready to go. We'll see if the two shall meet

01 08 2020 01:15

Me

How do grocery stores not sell out of packets of country gravy mix in Texas, land of Dairy Queen?

01 08 2020 01:16

Me

Listening to mixing tutorials on YouTube like I should have been doing all this year, before I watch another classic Dario Argento flick. Haven't decided whether or not to watch it backwards in the original Italian yet. Decisions, decisions

01 08 2020 01:16

Me

Still no response. Going to have to step up the efforts and verbiage. Over half a million words so far fer sure. Maybe I'll make it to a solid million before you notice. That's the milestone I'm shooting for now.

01 08 2020 01:17

Me

Four Flies on Grey Velvet was cool. Hadn't seen that one before. Think I'm going to travel all the way back to the first one this time, Cat o' Nine Tails. Haven't witnessed that one either

01 08 2020 01:19

Me

Oh shit. Actually I think The Bird With The Crystal Plumage was his first one. Dario Argento issa vegan (I think he's still alive, no one has told me differently), loves his animals. His (ex)wife and two daughters, on the other hand, have all been killed onscreen

01 08 2020 01:22

Me

As far as I can tell Italy is the rape capital of the world, in case that influences your travel itinerary any. I extract this information solely from my vast knowledge of the horror genre and free porn sites

01 08 2020 01:24

Me

So. Green beans with peppered white sauce. Mmmm

01 08 2020 01:25

Me

Peas porridge hot. Peas covered in peppered white sauce. Indeed, Cat o' Nine Tails is his second flick. Still alive at the age of seventy-nine. All those peas probably. Oh, and rape. Born in Rome, which incidentally houses the independent nation of Vatican City. Any connections are the sole responsibility of the user

01 08 2020 02:05

Me

So this year I found out that Mongolia is a country. Not sure how I missed that. I'm going to be lazy and blame the SCUCISD (Schertz Cibolo Universal City Independent School District), which looks like suicide if you pronounce it assa word. I had previously thought it only referenced the Mongolian Empire (which I learned about outside of my tenure in grade school), in the past tense. Nope. Its an independent glob of artificial lines drawn onna map with its own autonomous government. A rather large glob of lines, I might sheepishly add. Like, within the top thirty of the largest countries in the world large. Oops. Which brings us to Ghengis Khan. I am actively searching for a full-size poster of Ghengis Khan. He was The Man. When I sign documents, such as for CPS, for example, Ghengis Khan is my main go-to moniker. I also enjoy Colonel Sanders, Colonel Mustard, and Professor Plum. It has been brought to my attention by visitors that there issa performer named Nikki Minaj that claims to have The Pussy [sic]. It issa tragic accident of chronology that these two examples of the species never met. Genetic research has shown that a full one-sixth of the world's population are related to Ghengis Khan. That Fucker made it all the way to Europe, man! Yes, I am aware the Earth's population was far less back then before modern scientific methodologies boosted the human genome to its current proportions. Still. I hit puberty at twelve. A bit early forra male, but certainly not impossible. So we'll start him out as reproductively viable on his twelfth birthday. He lived to be somewhere between sixty-five and seventy-two. One sixth of the Earth's population. Currently at 7.8 billion, last time I counted. Ghengis was all about The Pussy. Oral and anal stimulation may be fine for some men, but not for The Man. Shitgoddamnmotherbitch. Even if he sired quintuplets every single time he ejaculated into a vagina, which must have been every half hour of his life since his twelfth birthday....

01 08 2020 02:47

Me

Wikipedia insists on spelling his name Genghis. I do not think he would mind. He was The Man. Such a triviality would not possibly bother Him

01 08 2020 02:48

Me

And I shed a tear, a mere humble shadow of The Man, that he and Ms. Minaj never met

01 08 2020 02:49

Me

Second can of peas. Gotta finish the secret peppered sauce. (wipes tear)

01 08 2020 02:57

Me

Nothing huh? My folksy rendention of important historical facts does not inspire a response from your breast? I swear! An oath! When I conquer Michigan it will be in the name of the First Great Khan!

01 08 2020 03:02

Me

Fear not, My Lovely Wall. I am not Italian

01 08 2020 03:04

Me

Radd soundtrack on this flick by Ennio Morricone. Argento would also have Giorgio Armani do the costumes frequently as well. His films always look amazing. But the dialogue...

01 08 2020 21:02

Me

" Isn't there something fishy in all our lives? " Seriously

01 08 2020 21:03

Me

That was cool. Onto the rest of to-night's festivities. Full moon. A plastic cupful of Pam's horrible tasting brownish firewater that reminds one of lemons after the heartburn sets in. Actually, come to think offit, she has nearly perfected Douglas Adams' Pan-Galactic Gargle Blaster, iffin yer a fan of The Hitchiker's Guide to the Galaxy. Have allot of grass to throw in from edging the sidewalk by hand a few days ago.

01 08 2020 22:54

Me

There is country music coming from nextdoor. The perfect soundtrack for watching the world burn

01 08 2020 22:56

Me

And how is your weekend, My Lovely Wall?

01 08 2020 22:56

Me

The Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster is an alcoholic beverage invented by ex-President of the Galaxy Zaphod Beeblebrox, considered by the Guide to be the "Best Drink in Existence."[1] Its effects are similar to "having your brains smashed out by a slice of lemon wrapped round a large gold brick."The Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster is an alcoholic beverage invented by ex-President of the Galaxy Zaphod Beeblebrox, considered by the Guide to be the "Best Drink in Existence."[1] Its effects are similar to "having your brains smashed out by a slice of lemon wrapped round a large gold brick."

01 08 2020 23:29

Me

Oops. Frankenbolts in. Alestorm's immortal album No Grave But the Sea. Alestorm are from Scotland, like my namesake. They are heavy metal pirates. No. Really. Four albums plus of plunder, wenches, and mead. Every song. You know, except when they get serious and discuss when they went back in time and fought the sea monster for the benefit of all humankind

01 08 2020 23:36

Me

And yes, there is accordian in every song. "Rum, beer, quests and mead These are the things that a pirate needs Raise the flag and let's set sail Under the sign of the Storm of Ale"

01 08 2020 23:39

Me

I recommend the classic " Fucked with an Anchor " assa gateway. No. Really. Listen to that song on the YouTubes and tell me you didn't want to listen to the rest of the album

01 08 2020 23:40

Me

One night I sailed the seas Of dark Thuringia I thirsted for an ale So I headed to a bar Schlumpfi was the name I saw above the door A curious smell came flowing out So I went inside for more I see the man called Schlumpfi Behind the oaken bar "Welcome to my tavern!" He cries with open arms "Schnitzels by the dozen We have for you to eat Sausages and local beer It's quite the gourmet treat" Cold winds are blowing The night is dark and long Raise up a tankard And join in our song Plunder with thunder, kill for the thrill Drink up me hearties 'til we've had our fill Raise up your tankard, into the sky Pirates forever from now 'til we die Fighting together with swords in our hands Stealing their wenches and scouring their lands Plunder with thunder, kill for the thrill Drink up me hearties 'til we've had our fill

01 08 2020 23:44

Me

For 30 odd years I have lived with this curse My vocabulary was stunted at birth By a witchdoctor from over the seas Casting a strange voodoo magic on me Now when I speak, it's rather absurd An endless tirade of four letter words I lash out in anger at all in my way Shocking, unspeakable things that I say

01 08 2020 23:46

Me

Long I have waited to have my revenge To bring that witchdoctor to his bitter end So I have gathered a ship and a crew We're sailing to find him, we know what to do On a dark moonless night, when he least suspects We'll creep up behind him, so hard to detect We'll bring out our anchor by the light of the stars And shove it inside of his big fucking arse

01 08 2020 23:47

Me

And the chorus: Fuck you, you're a fucking wanker We're gonna punch you right in the balls Fuck you with a fucking anchor You're all cunts, so fuck you all Fuck you, you're a fucking wanker We're gonna punch you right in the balls Fuck you with a fucking anchor You're all cunts, so fuck you all

01 08 2020 23:48

Me

Purest fucking geniosity. No. Really. You try writing a song that undeniably awesome. I haven't done it yet.

01 08 2020 23:50

Me

From Pegleg Potion: Drink 'til the end of time!

01 08 2020 23:51

Me

Rage of the Pentahook: So we'll raise our hooks up to the sky And drink to absent friends Those far away and those who died Still fighting to the end Have no fear for life is short And death will take us all So when that bastard comes for us We'll meet him standing tall Set sail for the twilight hall

02 08 2020 00:04

Me

Are we not good enough? Are we not brave enough? Is the violence in our nature Just the image of our maker? Are we not good enough? Are we not brave enough? To become something greater Than the violence in our nature? Are we not good enough Or is it all a dream? To a predetermined fate are we condemned Or maybe we're a book without an end We're not stories, we're not actors We're awake and in control And this is not a dream So can we break this mold And set in motion something new Forgetting what we know An evolution overdue Fight the current Pull the ripcord Get away!

02 08 2020 00:29

Me

Good morning.

02 08 2020 00:30

Me

Switched to Rise Against

02 08 2020 00:31

Me

Could really use some words right about now

02 08 2020 00:32

Me

Keeping up appearances, don't break now We're buckled from the weight Pretend to laugh, but don't laugh too loud Do you feel the pressure building? The anger spilling out now Meanwhile, the cracks have formed on the masks we've worn up 'til now We are far from perfect But perfect as we are We are bruised, we are broken But we are goddamn works of art Works of art Pieces of our hearts are gravitating together but Before we could be part of this mosaic We had to break apart like glass We're falling faster than stars Meanwhile, the cracks have formed on the masks we've worn up 'til now Take a look We are far from perfect But perfect as we are We are bruised, we are broken But we are goddamn works of art With every color, we shine! A tapestry of scars! Without regret we're Growing stronger and moving onward Finding right ways, despite the wrong ones We're clearing paths, we're locked by storms We're finding the beauty In what you've ignored We are far from perfect But perfect as we are We are far from perfect We're perfect as we are We are bruised, we are broken But we are goddamn works of art Yeah, we are perfect as we are Perfect as we are

02 08 2020 00:47

Me

Stand by to switch on We fire out all pistons We're singing along But no one is listening From dusk until dawn We stay up to carry the flame And when it's all said and done In these alternate endings When nothing is love But the stragglers and empties We're sleeping it off Just to wake up and start it again So burn the statues to the ground Start to lay your weapons down Bound for glory on this street But there's a bridge up overhead Noise cancel, drown the signal out Change channels, manufactured doubt When the only thing we'll fight for every day Is a better seat on a crashing... Plain to see, but hard to breathe The streets are full of tumbleweeds And now it's morning in the streets of Amerika But we don't go outside anymore The radio blasts hysteria While the television's sideways on the floor Under moonlit skies and surveillance As we cheer from the stands in the stadiums On a jumbotron we all sing along to escape Once we were the lighthouse To the world's most desperate ships But what we became was a towering flame Leading the moth right into it Now we are waking up to the phone lines cut 'Cause it's morning in the streets of Amerika And we don't go outside anymore The radio blasts hysteria While the television's sideways on the floor With a teleprompter in our faces Yeah, we don't even know what we're saying Car that's slowly crashing And we can't look away Parading to the edge of the cliff now We're trying to figure out how to get down While the night is fast approaching Would we even recognize our former lives in this artificial light? Morning in the streets of Amerika But we don't go outside anymore There's something wrong with the stereo And the television's sideways We're mourning in the streets of Amerika

02 08 2020 01:12

Me

So (I have to at this point). Passionate affair?

02 08 2020 01:15

Me

The CPS chronicles, Tool's The Pot Who are you to wave your finger? You must have been out your head Eye hole deep in muddy waters You practically raised the dead Rob the grave to snow the cradle Then burn the evidence down Soapbox, house of cards, and glass So don't go tossin' your stones around You must have been high You must have been high You must have been Foot in mouth, and head up ass So what you talkin' 'bout? Difficult to dance 'round this one Till you pull it out, boy You must have been so high You must have been so high Steal, burrow, reefer Save your shady inference Kangaroo done hung the juror with the innocent Now you're weeping shades of cozen indigo Got lemon juice up in your eye When you pissed all over my black kettle You must have been high, high You must have been high, high Who are you to wave your finger? So full of it Eyeballs deep in muddy waters Fucking hypocrite Liar, lawyer, mirror show me What's the difference? Kangaroo done hung the guilty with the innocent Now you're weeping shades of cozen indigo Got lemon juice up in your eye, eye When you pissed all over my black kettle You must have been So who are you to wave your finger? Who are you to wave your fat fingers at me? You must have been out your mind Weeping shades of indigo Trapped without a reason Weeping shades of indigo Liar, lawyer, mirror for you What's the difference? Kangaroo be stoned He's guilty as the government Now you're weeping shades of cozen indigo Got lemon juice up in your eye, eye When you pissed all over my black kettle You must have been high, high, high, high Eyeballs deep in bloody waters You're balls deep in muddy waters Ganja? Please! You must have been out your mind

02 08 2020 01:47

Me

I have the lead investigator on perjury. I have their lawyer on witness tampering. And at the trial I will call the judge out on what profits he makes off of his parody of justice. I have had a year to prepare for this. I have, count 'em, four spies in their organization. I speak the truth and all they have are lies.

02 08 2020 02:03

Me

You know, if you would respond I wouldn't have to dump all this negative shit on your inbox. I'm really quite amusing

02 08 2020 02:07

Me

Alright. Well. I'm finished with my chicken n dumplings. What's next on the track list?

02 08 2020 02:15

Me

PAAHHTEEE. Where are you?

02 08 2020 02:16

Me

Patricia. Please don't leave me like everyone else did. All you have to do is say something. Anything.

02 08 2020 02:26

Me

I am laying on my bed inna dark room again. Haven't slept. Can't sleep. Another 11550 steps counted. I am most definitely sunburnt. Craving a cigarette, a whole carton of cigarettes. Reading over what I sent you I find that I claimed to have four spies in CPS. Wow. I don't remember typing that. I am disappointed in myself for lying, especially to you. I am ashamed. Everything is starting to feel like static. The moments are slipping out of order

02 08 2020 20:26

Me

And its raining again. I rode down and spent my last sixty-five cents on gas to start a fire. Then I started a fire. Then I went inside and ganked old pulp magazines offof Frostwire for awhile. Then, returning back outside to throw some scented wax on my scrap wood fire, being a civilzed being, I discover it is raining. Again. Oh no, my fire is still burning. I was a Cub Scout after all. I stopped before the last year of Cub Scouts. The one that sounds like We Blow

04 08 2020 05:11

Me

Clear with periodic clouds. I guess that means the sky is going to be bitchy and hemorrhage liquid

04 08 2020 05:11

Me

That was an insensitive statement. I have no cigarettes or other drugs to speak of. I am feeling insensitive.

04 08 2020 05:12

Me

How is your day? Everything alright?

04 08 2020 05:12

Me

Received another demand from CPS just now. Sent them a sample of lyrics from the latest Tool album. And then an actual threat. I do not feel like coming outside and playing right now.

07 08 2020 08:52

Me

Thirteen days to go

07 08 2020 08:53

Me

Absurdist glossalia. The siliconic fumes of airplane glue. Listen closely. Are the voices coming through the speakers talking directly to you? A moebius mountain of dialogue with theatres both empty and round. The audience huddles in the centre, clutching and shivering. This is difficult to do alone. Eleven more days.

09 08 2020 03:57

Me

Good morning, My Lovely Wall. Just checking in, so to speak. Been asleep for days nearly. Eat. Watch half of horror flick. Insult CPS. Repeat. Yesterday I called their liaison a brownish-red rancid cuntswab. See? Told you I was an artist.

10 08 2020 11:54

Me

Where oh where has My Lovely Wall gone? Where oh where can she be?

11 08 2020 03:13

Me

Nine days to go. Haven't seen the sun since Friday. Not missing it. Am missing you, however. Again, Kurt Vonnegut. Such is life.

11 08 2020 03:23

Me

Can I bum a smoke?

11 08 2020 03:24

Me

Doctor Sleep is one of the rare instances of the movie being better than the book. Unfortunately, the movie isn't that great either. Like the book, its fine while you're reading/watching it. Then, when its over, ...Stephen King got soft over the years, man. Whaaah

11 08 2020 06:24

Me

From Ms. Rios, of CPS: Good morning Mr Mackenzie I am aware when court is thank you. Please let me know either via text call or email if you will be able to meet with me virtually on August 18th at 12pm

11 08 2020 09:40

Me

To which I responded: Sure

11 08 2020 09:40

Me

(she's still getting a countdown)

11 08 2020 09:41

Me

I'm officially existing off of too much food, horror movies, not shaving, and hatred now. Passionate affair?

11 08 2020 09:49

Me

Seriously, can I bum a smoke?

11 08 2020 09:49

Me

I have my equipment set up and running. And no desire to make noise. Where are you, Nightwish? Michigan, right.

11 08 2020 09:53

Me

Fantastical fondue! Hark! What light doth yonder window break? Always avoid alliteration! Always!

12 08 2020 03:35

Me

Good morning. I'm a cordial reminder to not look at your phone. That's right. Do not read me. I am only words, like a demon summoning spell orra restaurant review from an out of print newspaper yellowing with age. Exactly. Do not look at these consonants and vowels. Or the spaces between the syllables. Those especially are heinous.

12 08 2020 03:38

Me

Rob Brezny has instructed me this week to dive in and swim around in my most dark, twisted fantasies. He's the bestest astrologer ever! My personal one for over twenty-five years now.

12 08 2020 03:44

Me

Eight days left. That'll give me something appropriate to spend my time doing. Oh, and sending you text messages as if you read them. Dark, twisted text messages.

12 08 2020 03:45

Me

So. Cigarette. Right.

12 08 2020 04:04

Me

Alright. St. Agatha - C+. Directed by Darren Lynn Bousman, so its visually got lots of little camera tricks that a degree from film school will fortify one with. But really, I've seen all or most of his work and by far least favorite. Of course, he didn't write it to be fair. The plus is because nuns get killed. The C is because they were killed by other humans for being Bad People and not demons or even truly random pychopathic serial killers. Yawn.

12 08 2020 06:20

Me

What's next? More sleep, perchance to dream (of dark, twisted fantasies)? Seriously. That's exactly what he said. Indulge in dark, twisted fantasies. Freewillastrology.com A little story about the twenty-fifth year anniversary of me and The Brezny. So I'm seventeen and my buddy and I sit down atta table attan off hour, like two - between meal rushes, at Tutto's pizza off Pat Booker. The establishment itself has long since given way to a string of other incarnations, but the building remains a restaurant. And the waiter asks if his only two customers would like to start off our late lunch with a pitcher of beer. My friend being the same age as I we agree that indeed a fine idea hath been presented. So over the ensuing mounting pile of pizza crusts and pitcher refills I grab a copy of the San Antonio Current, the free weekly Who What When Where How periodical, and explain as I'm paging towards the end leaves that Mr. Brezny's weekly horoscopes are uncanny in accuracy, so to speak. And as I find the place in that particular issue where his weekly column has wound up it is revealed that the word uncanny makes an appearance in my Geminian horoscope.

12 08 2020 06:36

Me

But really, that's what a coincidence is, isn't it? The definition of the word?

12 08 2020 06:38

Me

How do you define words? Send all replies to:

12 08 2020 06:39

Me

Which of my gmails did you send those pics to, anyway? obblonge@gmail.com, obblongemusic@gmail.com, or obblongesounds@gmail.com?

12 08 2020 06:40

Me

Patty, you told me to call you if I needed you. I need you now.

12 08 2020 07:04

Me

Especially because you have cigarettes

12 08 2020 07:04

Me

Alright. Got out of my house. Did some work. Procured cigarettes and foodage, including the all important ice cream. Ran the lawnmower around a few laps. 4000 or so steps counted. Sweaty steps. See? I'm almost viable assa human being. Almost. Back in my darkened living compartment. Toasty and sore, a bit. Going to have another good cry and hopefully go to sleep for days. The hopelessness is setting in ever quicker now. And the hatred. Running out of things to prop myself up with. My equipment is sitting unused. No inspiration or drive to create anymore. No anything. Shit.

12 08 2020 15:55

Me

Tax return still being processed. Like I give a shit about money. I should stop writing now. My apologies.

12 08 2020 15:58

Me

As much as I hate people I wish I had someone to talk to. Haven't even seen Kallisti onna screen since late May. Just her picture every time I touch my phone. I need help

12 08 2020 16:01

Me

Everything is sickness. My stomach is eating itself. All my focus is gone. Just exhaustion. Feels like all that is left is pain

12 08 2020 16:32

Me

Received an email from CPS at four this morning stating that the trial that every single person I've spoken with (except you) says is going to permanently take my daughter away from my life is going to be held on the Zoom app on my phone because every single person involved besides me issa fucking coward on every conceivable level. Thursday.

14 08 2020 12:17

Me

Spent all day yesterday properly assembling my computron, taking out the string holding down my heat sink and upgrading the CPU, running the cables under the recycled tire mats on the floor, twisting the speaker wires and installing ferrite core magnets, setting up the condenser mic in the completed recording booth, uninstalling shit I don't use. Only to sit in front offit all many hours later and of course realize that I'm too angry to engage in the process of editing, sequencing, mixing, and otherwise recording anything. I don't know what to do anymore. Just waiting to flip a switch in the back of my brain stem that completely changes my life to one of vengeance. Realized an hour ago that I didn't eat or drink anything yesterday, just focussed on the technicals. The technicals are done. And that's that

14 08 2020 12:26

Me

Learned a new word. I don't have a child here to tell so I have to tell you. I'm reading the works of Edward Gorey, a man whose distinctive handwriting I have used assa font on my computers for a decade or seven. Epergne - a large table centerpiece consisting offa frame or branches supporting holders, as for flowers, fruit, or sweetmeats. (I think I have a new affectionate term forran intimate partner, if ever that exists again - bonus!)

14 08 2020 13:58

Me

" Mr. Earbrass returned from a walk to find a large carton blocking the hall. Masses of brow [sic] paper and then tissue have reluctantly given up an unnerving silver-gilt combination epergne and candelabrum. Mr. Earbrass recollects a letter from a hitherto unknown admirer of his work, received the week before; it hinted at the early arrival of an offering that embodied, in a different but kindred form, the same high-souled aspiration that animated its recipient's books. Mr. Earbrass can only conclude that the apathy of the lower figures is due to their having been deprived of novels. "

14 08 2020 14:07

Me

To-day's continuing CPS chronicles:

THE HAPLESS CHILD by Edward Gorey

There was once a little girl named Charlotte Sophia.
Her parents were kind and well to-to-do.
She had a doll whom she called Hortense.
One day her father, a Colonel in the army, was ordered to Africa.
Several months later he was reported killed in a native uprising.
Her mother fell into a decline that proved fatal.
Her only other relative, an uncle, was brained by a piece of masonry.
Charlotte Sophia was left in the hands of the family lawyer.
He at once put her into a boarding school.
There she was punished by the teachers for things she hadn't done.
Hortense was torn limb from limb by the other pupils.
During the day Charlotte Sophia hid as much as possible.
At night she lay awake weeping and weeping.
When she could bear it no longer she fled from the school at dawn.

15 08 2020 05:38

Me

She soon lost consciousness and sank to the pavement.
A man came and took the locket with her parents' pictures inside.
Another man came from the opposite direction and carried her off.
He brought her to a low place.
He sold her to a drunken brute.
Charlotte Sophia was put to work making artificial flowers.
She lived on scraps and tap-water.
From time to time the brute got the horrors.
Charlotte Sophia's eyesight began to fail rapidly.
Meanwhile, her father, who was not dead after all, returned home.
Every day he motored the streets searching for her.
At last the brute went off his head.
Charlotte Sophia, now almost blind, ran into the street.
She was at once struck down by a car.
Her father got out to look at the dying child.
She was so changed, he did not recognize her.

15 08 2020 05:39

Me

Do you recognize yourself in the story? I spared you the full page illustrations. You are the brute. You are a dis-ease upon society. And like a virus, money will attempt to pay for the pain you have caused. But only your death will end it.

15 08 2020 05:41

Me

And I tell you the exact same words you told me the day my child was forcibly taken, under threat of gunpoint and ultimately death, from our happy home.

" Have a nice day. "

15 08 2020 05:41

Me

I have been informed, at four in the morning no less, that the trial for my daughter will be held via the Zoom app on my phone. Fucking cowards can't even show up to work.

16 08 2020 08:46

Me

I have been attempting to follow Mr. Brezny's advice. It turns out ny darkest, most twisted fantasy is to have someone give a fuck.

16 08 2020 08:50

Me

I have finally shaved. I have the last video chat with CPS to-morrow. Wouldn't want them to look younger than me, even though they are.

17 08 2020 11:43

Me

So far my horror festival over the past twenty-four hours has taken me from Staten Island to Ireland to Indonesia. Now I am in Korea. I presume South.

17 08 2020 16:42

Me

And I hear thunder. A good day for horror. The Wailing, from Korea (South, I presume) was awesome, by the way.

17 08 2020 16:42

Me

Issit raining where you are? Jane Siberry says it can't rain all the time, but she might not even be real. Tom Waits always feels better after it rains, and he's definitely real.

17 08 2020 16:49

Me

Who else would record a performance in El Paso?

17 08 2020 16:49

Me

So. Passionate affair?

17 08 2020 16:51

Me

It may be time to take advantage of this revolutionary offer

17 08 2020 16:51

Me

Supplies may be limited. And limited editions always go up in value

17 08 2020 16:52

Me

Always

17 08 2020 16:52

Me

May your peace always remain in your heart

17 08 2020 16:54

Me

With my love

17 08 2020 16:55

Me

Alright. There goes the good vibes. I am shaking and ready to vomit. These fucking rancid cunts are too much to be believed. Am getting in the shower to try and wash away the thoughts in my head. Fuck. After a solid year of this it still hurts the same. Thursday at 11am, on the fucking phone app.

18 08 2020 12:24

Me

It is 12:50 in the morning. I just checked my email, which I do frequently throughout an average day, being an important international legend, and noticed that sometime yesterday, but in the past three hours, Kallisti's trial has been rescheduled for September 2nd at 9am. Fucking cowards. I have a friend that has to go to court in Castle Hills tomorrow forra speeding ticket. By CPS and the judge can't be bothered to show up to a building anymore. And then they flake out twelve hours before they collectively have to roll out of bed and press virtual buttons on their stupidsmartphones. Fuck!

20 08 2020 01:02

Me

September 2nd is Kallisti's ninth birthday. They cut off my visitations on my birthday and now they're trying to take her completely on hers. Fucking rancid cunts

21 08 2020 10:28

Me

Its assif their only strategy is psychological torture. Like they're hoping I'll be too distressed to properly engage them.

21 08 2020 10:33

Me

And, as promised so long ago, I have extracted the audio from a newly downloaded higher quality cut of Torture Garden and edited out all my favorite parts, showcasing Burgess Meredith's stellar performance as The Devil. I think he would approve. Also some cool carnevil musicks, bopping jazz, and piano lines. Taking the ear goggles off and letting the body out of its intense claw-like position. Even with two three-button footswitches and the , editing audio is the most physically taxing part. Very into my work I am. Always hold onto the controls like a blizzard is expected at any moment in the room. Step one of what promises to be an EP's worth of tracks. Been nearly a full year since I've been productive.

21 08 2020 13:42

Me

So. Dragged myself out of bed and ate my weight in rice and beans. No more cigarettes. Watched Hereditary and A Quiet Place. I found the latter to be extremely lame. But I'm a bitter old man. Got amusement however out of checking my email. On what it says was July 16th I sent a number of tracks in letterbomb fashion as I did you to a woman I'd met that lives next to the Country Club I am officially the Sound Guy at. Today she finally opened them up and began listening to them. Makes me wonder how long it'll take you. In true genius form, mine will only be recognized when I'm dead.

22 08 2020 17:59

Me

Found a packet of corn seeds at the bottom of my dwindling food supplies. The package claims they are Bi-Licious Hybrid, which sounds both incredibly racist and sexual to me. They're still seeds, man. Let 'em grow however they wanna grow.

22 08 2020 18:00

Me

Ah! Linda, the sixty-one year old former CIA communications specialist whom I just mentioned, says I am more entertaining than Frank Zappa. That's pretty radd. Frank Zappa had fifty-three albums to his credit when he died. My friend's dad told him to take the day off from school when he found out. Said it was a death in the family. I think I'll listen to Peaches en Regalia now.

22 08 2020 18:00

Me

So. A fine shred of happiness to report from someone eating a can of spaghetti sauce for supper and is soon returning back to sleep: Alestorm has a new album out. Curse of the Crystal Coconut. Downloaded it. Don't know when I'll listen to it. But its sure to be genius.

23 08 2020 20:52

Me

Alright. Finally got out of bed long enough to go to the IRS website. Only to be told that I'm going to have to call them since I have a debit card instead of a credit card and no loans or mortgage. I'll see what I can do about getting a call in. Received a call from the water company this morning. My water may be turned off. Still on at the moment. Called my aunt to see if she could help, but no response. Nine days until Kallisti's trial, or something. Went digging through my trash can hoping I was an inefficient smoker. I am not. Right down to the filter, every one. May your day return more smiles than mine seems to be

24 08 2020 12:32

Me

It just keeps getting better. Went down and checked my mail to find a letter from the State Attorney General. It states that Prissy made a $1200 payment to child support in July. Which the the state took every penny of. Thanks guys.

24 08 2020 13:33

Me

Wow. You are going to get absolutely slaughtered in court. What happened to Dolezal? Is he frightened that I'll bring up his obvious witness tampering at the hearing? By the way, I have a friend who actually went to a courthouse, in Castle Hills, for a traffic ticket. On the 20th. Makes all of you and the judge look like the cowards you are. None of you can stand to face me. Human trafficking of children. How much lower in the gene pool can vermin such as you sink? How much money have you and your fiends made off of the suffering of my family? We will calculate that number in court together. It will be a solid base figure to start my civil lawsuits with. Individually and as a group. No matter what happens, none of you will ever be rid of me. That is a promise. Isn't the internet wonderful? So much information...

24 08 2020 16:13

Me

Scheduling this on my daughter's ninth birthday absolutely shows off just how classy you all are, by the way. As if the that wasn't already known.

24 08 2020 16:15

Me

Onna lighter note, Alestorm's Curse of the Crystal Coconut is certainly the best recorded Alestorm album, but so far the lyrical geniosity of Nancy the Tavern Wench or Fucked with an Anchor hasn't made itself present assof yet. Only halfway through. It does include a second, sixteenth century (acoustic?) album.

24 08 2020 17:12

Me

No. Wait. There it is. Shit boat. That's the track I looking for. Oh yeah. Followed up by Pirate Metal Drinking Crew. There we go.

24 08 2020 17:12

Me

Nope. I was wrong. The 16th century version of the album is chiptune, with the vox processed through a bitcrusher

24 08 2020 17:36

Me

Wow. My friend's sister picked me up, insisting that I get out of the house, and bought me a pack of smokes and a beer. She's coming back innan hour or so to take me to the grocery store. I was crying when she dropped me off. Its usually me that has my shit together and is helping everyone else out.

24 08 2020 18:46

Me

I was given a box of organic macaroni and cheese. Like there are pesticide free elbow pasta farms dotting the midwest

24 08 2020 22:04

Me

One of the best television series ever got a reboot recently. Just got wind offit. Growing up my best friend off of Haeckerville was/is my man Mark. He's from upstate New York, where a statue of the series creator Rod Serling stands, I'm told. Twilight Zone episodes always have a presenter, no matter which incarnation. And I smoke one in solidarity for the spirit of Serling...

25 08 2020 04:11

Me

Waiting outside of WallyWorld for to-day's employer to finish up. Have more food, cigarettes, and a twelve multi-pack of Shiners in the cart. Also got a full-size Crock-Pot as part of the deal. Over 7,000 steps counted by Sweatcoin so far.

25 08 2020 20:07

Me

See? Sometimes I do things still. When someone needs something and drags me out of the homestead

25 08 2020 20:07

Me

And so. Don Miguel Quixote has returned to his casa at the edge of Ciboloization with cervesas and corned beef briskets for his shiny new-for-him Crock-Pot. I have also received words from a new paying recording client. Meaning I have work here should I ever become focused enough to be creative again. So, this time selfishly, I plead in earnest again: passionate affair?

25 08 2020 20:08

Me

Alright. Two corned beef briskets in four Shiner beers with a splash or three of Worcestershire sauce. With a can of sliced potatoes because I spaced off vegetables. Set low n slow, like a lowrider over speedbumps. Should be ready in 68 hours. Like mail delivery usedta be when we were kids. Please allow 68 weeks for delivery

25 08 2020 20:09

Me

10,111 steps counted towards me Sweatcoins to-day. So far. Did you indulge your ears in my back catalogue, by any chance? Headphones or speakons I wholeheartedly recommend. Anything but a cellphone or laptop 1cm noisemaker. Ack!

25 08 2020 20:09

Me

Corned beef issa very fatty, greasy meat. There's a line in MC 900ft Jesus' " Adventures in Failure " that goes " what do you think this is, some kind of joke? Gimmie ten Big Macs and a small diet Coke! ". So, oh so many years ago I had a living compartment off of Broadway and Brother Mark had one off of E Rector, which is still funny to this day I don't care if that's juvenile, and after consuming our customary too many beers one night we thought it'd be funny to honor emcee nine oh oh and buy just that from the MacDougal's down the block from my humble studio compartment and distribute them to random people at three thirty in the morning down Broadway. After convincing the employees with money that yes, that is actually what we want, we continued on our merry path all the way to the Greyhound station at, like, 100 block on San Pedro until we found ourselves sitting there on the benches eating the last four with some houseless people, who were just as drunk as we were I recall. That feeling of oh no I have just consumed too much animal fat then matched the one in my stomach right now. Good times. Cool. Three beers left.

26 08 2020 04:25

Me

I've already consumed an entire brisket to myself, so I'm bloated on beery, fatty meat. Also procured a Corsair keyboard not only looks specfuckingtacular in the near dark, but it has six dedicated macro keys and media keys that correspond to FL Studio. That's way handy, and frees up a couple buttons onna footswitch for even more macros. That's so fucking cool man. Now if only I had any will to use these innovations. More than halfway through the first 2019 Twilight Zone season. A very passive way of spending time. I think we're over the one million word milestone by now. Celebrate. Not only are you art, but you're part offan as of yet ongoing art project. Exciting, isn't it?

26 08 2020 17:45

Me

Need I remind you, I never give up and I never take hints

26 08 2020 17:46

Me

Well alright. I got a call yesterday from an employee of the water company who said he was showing up at about 4. Then he rescheduled to 5:30. Nobody showed up, nobody called. Office is closed until Monday. Have I mentioned I hate people? Waiting outside. After three tries got through to an answering service. Who called a guy who called a guy. (sigh)

29 08 2020 14:31

Me

It is less than twelve hours from the beginning of Kallisti's CPS trial. I am alone. I am shaking and there issa tightness in my chest that I've never felt before. I am laying in bed because I don't know what else to do

01 09 2020 21:17

Me

I will be issued an email with the judge's decision by noon Friday. I do not expect to see Kallisti ever again

02 09 2020 10:56

Me

Still no decision from the judge. By noon tomorrow

03 09 2020 20:28

Me

The judge has taken away my child. I will never see Kallisti again.

04 09 2020 14:54

Me

Been difficult to stay awake. The tightness in my chest hasn't left since last week. Shaved. Washed the dishes. Haven't made it outside to take out the trash. Cans overflowing. Still collecting samples for the next project. Several tapes from Jim Jones' People's Temple, including the last Guyana " death tape ". EVPs. Children's records from the fifties and sixties. A Russian exorcism. NASA recordings of the magnetospheres of Saturn, the Sun, and Jupiter. One absolutely creepy children's record from 1922 titled SANTA CLAUS HIDES IN YOUR PHONOGRAPH attributed to Harry F. Humphrey. A recording labelled Worst Singer Ever by Florence Foster Jenkins. A friend dropped by yesterday and pulled me out of the house. Took a long drive at night to Nowhere Texas. Had to use GPS to get us back. Have a few beers and a pack of cigarettes. Don't really care for either at the moment. Feel sick and alone and pointless. My car should be ready by next week or so. Then I can drive nowhere to do nothing. I don't know what else to do

05 09 2020 19:02

Me

My daughter is gone. I am surrounded by her artwork and toys and I will never see her again

05 09 2020 19:09

Me

After nearly a year I finally got a hold of my ex. She's coming by tonight inna few hours. In theory.

05 09 2020 19:20

Me

No show from your dear sister, of course. At least my laundry is finishing and my trash is taken out. If you're not watching Lovecraft Country, its fun. JJ Abrams kind of fun, but fun anyway.

06 09 2020 02:54

Me

So. Now more than ever. For the reals, man. Passionate affair?

06 09 2020 02:55

Me

Since I'm by myself, as usual, and taptaptapping to my Lovely Wall: I mentioned the World's Worst Singer earlier. The World's Worst Poet is generally accepted to be William Mcgonagall. I first heard of him when reading a collection of Ramsey Campbell stories. One was titled " Mcgonagall in the Head ". Fortunately, unbeknownst to most of the world, the second worst poet(ess) is my long lost friend Coby's ex-girlfriend. History forgets her name. But I'll never forget sitting at Jim's staring at those awful brass colored blinds while the waitstaff increasingly got frustrated with our pretentious clove cigarettes (that's how long ago this was - smoking sections in restaurants) listening to her regale us with her heartbreak via poetic line and verse. Oh so hard concrete verse. To be fair, though her poetry was indeed monstrously horrible, he was well deserving of hearing it. She was by far prettier both physically and emotionally than the black hole of humankind that her replaced her with. I endured it for The Sake of Art, of course. And now I have this cool story to write to no one at three in the morning across the country.

06 09 2020 03:11

Me

You're shaking your head in disbelief. Surely yesterday was the end of this barrage?!? And again I remind you that I never take hints and I never give up. Especially when Lovely Walls are concerned. (Re-reading this I realize that the last sentence may be interpreted assa juvenile joke in extremely poor taste. Please let me reassure you that all of my juvenile jests are in extremely good taste. Mmmm.)

06 09 2020 03:17

Me

Upon a third listen SANTA CLAUS HIDES IN YOUR PHONOGRAPH is even more disturbing. Reminds me of that framed meme I saw onnan office wall once: TRADITION - Just because that's the way everyone else did it before doesn't mean that it isn't incredibly stupid.

06 09 2020 03:21

Me

Legend hassit that William Mcgonagall is the first person to actually have rotten tomatoes thrown at him.

06 09 2020 03:29

Me

So what's the new goal? Million five? Surely this is entertaining someone somewhere sometime. Yours truly-[obblonge]

06 09 2020 03:30

Me

Can't sleep. What? With all this excitement? My computron tells me that I'm starting on my 2,600th separate calculation job for the Large Hadron Collider at CERN. After forty-five minutes of no input from either the mouse or keyboard its instructed to ramp up the ol' i7 to maximum 100% overdrive and crunch the data that overflowed the banks in Europe. That's right, not only am I a doctorate level art historian, a mind-numbingly awesomatic (it was the next word recommended, sure, why not?) musician, but also a forward-thinking crowdsourcer helping the entire planet understand the subatomic makeup of existence. No. Really. What else do I have to do to catch your attention?

06 09 2020 04:37

Me

I'd tell you to name and I'd do it but I don't think you'll fall that.

06 09 2020 04:39

Me

Wow. My. Where are my words? Longing for your input, dear

06 09 2020 04:39

Me

Up on deck - microwave bag of quinoa. I assume butter will enhance the quinishness of the dish

06 09 2020 04:47

Me

In the dark and the tears are starting to set in again. Only so long the solitary bravery.

06 09 2020 07:12

Me

Still no immersive blackness. The hum of the air conditioning and the glowing, pulsing blues of the keyboards. And the heartburn I keep downing baking soda to keep at bay.

06 09 2020 10:03

Me

I dreamt I could hear Kallisti crying in a crowded building. Finally I found her inna corner. She was emaciated. When I finally cleared all the other children away and picked her up her body folded inwards upon itself

06 09 2020 17:19

Me

Prissy has blown me off completely. She probably regrets answering her phone yesterday on accident. Or at least she did until she shot up again. To-day was a blur of horror movies and... blurriness. Opened up FL Studio, stared at the screen, and shut it back down. Haven't spoken to anyone inna while, I guess I'm still not. Laying in the dark again. I don't know what else to do

06 09 2020 22:48

Me

After assaulting my keyboard forra minute or two I called up who my playing reminded me of on the YouTubes - Judy Tenuda

07 09 2020 02:39

Me

I have changed the logon message at the command center to the three laws of Puscifer:

07 09 2020 19:54

Me

DO NOT SPEAK TO PEOPLE LIKE SOMEONE WHO HAS NEVER BEEN SMACKED IN THE FUCKING MOUTH

07 09 2020 19:55

Me

Life is Short. Create Something With Every Breath You Draw

07 09 2020 19:55

Me

Comedy First and Always. Lighten Up or Jog On.

07 09 2020 19:56

Me

https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=2bbjyRmmMLI

07 09 2020 20:06

Me

Bigger than the ASCAP check for Burt Bacharach. Unholyfuckingshitballs that's hilarious

07 09 2020 20:39

Me

And. Membership has its privileges. Especially when the membership is free for the asking. Just downloaded 1.1GB of field recordings from 99Sounds, a great place to get, well...
Underground Sounds is a set of field recordings that were captured using the LOM Geofón. It is a rather sensitive geophone that is calibrated for field recording purposes. “But what is a geophone?” you may be wondering.

Simply put, a geophone is an unusual recording device that picks up the reverberation of seismic waves. It isn’t a part of any standard audio recording kit, which is the exact reason why the recordings in the Underground Sounds library have such a unique sonic vibe.

Marcel visited various locations all across Iceland. He captured a range of field recordings in some very unusual places, including old lighthouses, caves, fjords, riverbanks, and even the remains of a wrecked airplane.

The result is Underground Sounds, a freely downloadable sound library that you can use in video projects, game development, sound design, and more.

There are unlimited ways to get creative with these sounds. Use them as provided, or apply some processing to create unique sound effects. The best part of Underground Sounds is the massive energy in the sub-bass region. Be sure to use a proper pair of headphones or good quality studio monitors to fully appreciate the complexity of these recordings.

07 09 2020 21:35

Me

The last sentence of the previous message is extremely important all the time, everywhere. No. Really. You have no idea until you've put some effort into quality audio just what you're missing. For example: (I share a disease with Stephen King, diarrhea of the word processor) I have been listening to the only three albums released by Machines of Loving Grace before they imploded for over twenty years. Closer to thirty. Originally purchased on cassette assa teenager and later CD and later still FLAC download (separate lecture). Imagine my surprise a scant few years ago when I listened to one of their songs in front of the then-current speakers I had built and not only understood the lyrics of one the verses for the very first time BUT HEARD AN ENTIRE INSTRUMENT THAT I HAD NEVER HEARD BEFORE. Not a remix orra remaster (two entirely separate things, another lecture) BUT THE SAME EXACT RECORDING I FIRST HEARD IN ABOUT 1993. Thus concludes this lecture.

07 09 2020 22:13

Me

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07 09 2020 22:37

Me

Oops. That one doesn't count either

07 09 2020 22:38

Me

It de"lights" me to report that half of the bag of Trix cereal I am currently ingesting dry glows quite obscenely under the LED blacklights

07 09 2020 22:55

Me

Trix is no longer round spheres. Which is also obscene

07 09 2020 22:58

Me

Google keeps one's personal history of videos played if one is logged in to one's account. Kallisti was always logged into mine, because Google insisted on censoring YouTube based on her age, which is insulting, considering YouTube is already censored. I just scrolled down to a year ago and there it is. Every single video Kallisti watched on YouTube day by day going back years

09 09 2020 02:06

Me

I just fished three not quite smoked cigarette butts out of my trash can. I also do not feel it is an appropriate time to engage in yoga classes, vegetarianism, the 5 habits of highly defective people, or 50 ways to save the world. I will let Google know.

09 09 2020 02:17

Me

In case you find your mind a'wander, Harvard University is offering sixty-three free online courses.

09 09 2020 02:24

Me

Have been downloading music from YouTube and Frostwire all morning while listening to more than twenty-year old Art Bell broadcasts.

09 09 2020 07:49

Me

Consumed an entire box of penne pasta with butter today. Occasionally adding pieces of Poverty Spam, otherwise known as Cooked Pork (mechanically separated, with juices).

09 09 2020 08:03

Me

After listening to hours of Father Malachi Martin speak of demonic possession and exorcismals I found I was desiring discourse offa much more rational resignation, so I read from The Book of Urantia, otherwise known as The Really, Really Big Book of What The Fuck. If you're ever inna curiously mathematical mood in which the sum of your equations somehow equal Jesus after carrying the seven and square rooting the coefficient of drag implied by the Celestial Superuniverses in relation to the relative position of Orvonton, then you absolutely must immediately consult The Urantia Book, published by the The Urantia Foundation. Chicago, IL. A similarly printed copy complete with gold leaf edging and near-translucent rice paper, built-in bookmark ribbon and embossed hardcover is slightly thicker when standing onna shelf than a King James Bible. And WAY more entertaining. I promise. I have never actually met someone who claimed to be a Urantian, but I have on several government documents. Someone has to.

09 09 2020 09:35

Me

You're gonna like me after you read all of these ardent words. Its assif I can already feel the love seeping back from the future event.

09 09 2020 09:39

Me

(The previous message is my original thoughts, transcribed. Don't want the Jesuits or the Urantians getting credit for my work. Goddamnit.)

09 09 2020 09:42

Me

Onna completely different tangential track, Depeche Mode's (which translates from the original French to English: Fashion News or Fashion Update) I Feel You, the first track off of Songs of Faith and Devotion, is the perfect stripper song

09 09 2020 15:26

Me

Watching the HBO series Chernobyl. Its very frustrating to see Cyrillic writing. Backwards r, backwards n, y. None of those things mean those things. Smoke em if ya gottem, man.

09 09 2020 22:01

Me

Watching the HBO series Chernobyl. Its very frustrating to see Cyrillic writing. Backwards r, backwards n, y. None of those things mean those things. Smoke em if ya gottem, man.

09 09 2020 22:03

Me

Don't think I've slept longer than an hour inna couple days

09 09 2020 22:04

Me

The soundtrack is killer

09 09 2020 22:09

Me

Episode two. This show is pretty radd

10 09 2020 01:16

Me

Maybe I can find a hot Russian woman with a flip phone. I am not apologizing for any of these puns.

10 09 2020 02:30

Me

A Duck Duck Go search for " pictures of hot Russian women with flip phones " yielded separate images of each. I see I'm going to have to join an online dating community to complete this quest. Perhaps it would be easier and less time consuming to find more local technologically deficient females with socalist-leaning political tenets. Oh. Wait. They're technologically deficient. So they won't be online. Shitgoddamnmotherbitch. Its always fucking something. Fucking bitches, man. Looks like I'm sleeping alone again to-night

10 09 2020 02:45

Me

Even excising all the copyrighted song lyrics from the original text(s), we're still over a million words by now. Hey man, I'm the author. But just as much of my marathon running exhibition of verbosity is on your phone (er, something) as it is mine, so that makes you co-owner of the Art project. It wouldn't take too much effort on your part to develop this into a romantic comedy and pitch it to an agent orra studio directly. A preliminary actor/actress combo has already been suggested assa reference guide for the imaginations of any selected witnesses. I've had the pleasure of beholding your linguistic abilities. Filling in the left side of the cartoon conversation should be a natural, flowing event. A resplendent niagra of responses. And just like that - viola` (I don't know how to make the appropriate mark over the A) - I have added the promise of permanent passive paydays (always avoid alliteration - always) to this fun, light-hearted padding of two words with a question mark after them. (See above. Way, way above.)

10 09 2020 03:20

Me

I'm still unable to sleep. More Wormwood. More pasta with butter, non-GMO but not from one of the great organic elbow pasta farms of our Midwest. This is more fun with drugs. I do not have any drugs. Cigarettes do not count, for reasons already noted in previous chapters (acts? scenes?)

10 09 2020 04:01

Me

So what has your attention this morning? Coffee?

10 09 2020 04:02

Me

Do you still have Ken's olive drab small lap steel guitar replica? It would be perfect for World Up My Ass or Cuntry Boner. That makes me an asshole. But a highly artistic one. By the way, Salvador Dali once paid a number of female models to sit on wet plaster so he could count the average number of crenellations on a woman's asshole. Fifty-three. You learn something every welcome.

10 09 2020 22:09

Me

https://youtu.be/A9uFQa3Fv6c

10 09 2020 22:36

Me

Working onna new track for the first time inna bout nine months, working title THEN, THE DOUBLE MENTHE TWINS.

11 09 2020 00:44

Me

The travel site I checked forra tour of Chernobyl and Prypiat insists that masks are worn and hand sanitizer is in stock. That's when the Ukraine lets in tourists. About a hundred dollars USD for the two day tour, with guides in English. Lunch will be served in an "eco-friendly" manner.

13 09 2020 14:48

Me

Was just introduced to a second paying recording client. I now officially have enough paying work in my chosen home-based business, which officially is 100% profit, as I have no overhead costs, to support myself financially. All of my equipment is owned by me as is the location. I do not owe anyone for the training involved to begin stated business venture. Technically this is the promised American Dream. I made it. I did it. And I don't have any reason to proceed. There is nothing left here but hatred and anger. I don't care about paying bills or making a profit. Why? I just had a gang of armed thugs claiming to work for The State kidnap my daughter under the threat of gunpoint and ultimately death. Why continue with anything? Why earn a living when the clear message is that everything can and will be taken at anytime?

14 09 2020 04:06

Me

The only appropriate response is armed rebellion.

14 09 2020 04:10

Me

I have received an Entry of Final Order notice set for today at 3pm. I will be in attendance via the Zoom app. Your dear sister Prissy, after answering her phone two weeks ago, is still refusing to respond in any way.

15 09 2020 05:51

Me

Someone has tried to call me from a hidden number four days inna row now. My phone is set up to block hidden numbers. So whatever cowardly scumbag wants to hear my voice needs to grow some courage.

16 09 2020 09:00

Me

So. One of my paying clients dropped by for their first session. He was duly impressed with my studio incarnation and the work put into it. Recorded a dry vocal and ran it through the spectrum analyser, showing the young man that yes, in fact he can hit fundamental notes. He is familiar with the overarching software that I use and was able to throw down his own melodies and synth lines without difficulty. Even sold him a pair of speakers, currently on loan (that's how musicians work, always). All of my muscles are rock solid tense and I feel like vomiting at any moment. My head hurts and the first thing I did once he left was sob. I am not feeling anything like creative. All of the hate and anger is blocking out everything else. My shoulders are killing me. I don't feel I have anything left to give anyone. I just feel sick. I think this is it. I am done. Everything is pointless now.

16 09 2020 15:25

Me

I should be working on his new track. Instead I am trying not to break out sobbing again. And my new client is busy touting his new studio collaborator on Instagram.

16 09 2020 15:28

Me

Downing baking soda and warm water trying to keep my stomach acids in check. Alone in the dark and I don't know what to do anymore

16 09 2020 15:30

Me

You have more gmail.

16 09 2020 16:47

Me

Just for shits n giggles, I feel I must report that the two nine second .wav files were performed and recorded on my phone, a sub-two hundred dollar Motorola, while sitting on the toilet trying to focus on anything but my headache

16 09 2020 17:39

Me

Is this progress? This is what I'm supposed to do. Channel emotions into sounds nobody listens to. My head almost stopped hurting. Taking my fifteenth hot shower and going back to bed, alone. My apologies for being such a bad trip, man

16 09 2020 17:40

Me

Checking my email reveals a free plugin from a Mexican company that doesn't work in my DAW and a link to a beatmaking contest that doesn't lead anywhere. And I thought I was being a dysfunctional bummer to-day

16 09 2020 17:52

Me

So. How are you?

16 09 2020 17:53

Me

Wow. Just fucking wow. So proud of myself me also sent your dear sister Pamela a text that read: You have gmail. And she sends me a link to her to gmail. Yes, Pam, that would be the one. How has she survived this long? Do guys really like tits that much?

16 09 2020 18:05

Me

(sigh) (I suppose you don't have to answer that)

16 09 2020 18:05

Me

Woke up and immediately thrilled my neighbors with deadmau5, which took years for me to realize was pronounced Dead Mouse. Oh the sheepish look on my face. In other animal planet news, am currently hosting a hopefully burgeoning lizard population. Everyone else in the neighborhood has all manner of disturbing vermin in and around their homes. Of course, most of them also have dogs and cats. I donnot. I have lizards and toads. I'll take a cutesy GEICO commercial walking across my horror movie any day.

17 09 2020 00:58

Me

Good morning, my Lovely Wall. I am most fortunate to have a place where all my words can go. So many make the mistake of throwing words at people, and look what happens! Every time!

17 09 2020 01:02

Me

One can choose to read the preceeding statement as sarcastic and mean-spirited, but I wrote it as honest and funny. It wouldn't be quick-witted, because I had plenty of time to come up with a response.

17 09 2020 01:05

Me

Oh come on. The silent treatment!?? Like, that's so mature. Ugh!

17 09 2020 01:06

Me

I suppose its inappropriate to complain about the new issue of Parents magazine. I am getting something for nothing. Besides, the chick on the cover is hotter than the one on the front of Diabetic Living.

17 09 2020 07:14

Me

There's only food on the cover of Diabetic Living. But I'd much rather eat ...

17 09 2020 07:17

Me

Tom Waits says there's always free cheddar in the mousetrap. He's been releasing records (they were still called records back then) since before I was born, so often do I defer to his wisdom.

17 09 2020 14:49

Me

So. Young rapper client spent an hour to-day "flowing" to some of my old tracks. I gave he and his girlfriend some paint I had by the backdoor when they left. They both were reading the word "satin" off the cans as "Satan". I'm pretty sure neither of them was being witty. Call me old school, but isn't being a rapper and a poet supposed to be the same thing? And shouldn't both job descriptions require an intimate familiarity with five letter words, no matter what the speaker's native language is? There I go. Using the word should. Six letters. Far too many

17 09 2020 15:35

Me

I hate people. Individually and assa group. Have I mentioned that? But not you, dear. Yourra wall

17 09 2020 15:42

Me

Have an entire bag of smallish navy beans in my Crock-Pot ®™. Threw a pouch of donated Sloppy Joe seasoning in with them, since the only other edible protein I currently have stored is fish. Wouldn't want to disturb the delicate epicurial balance of Alaskan pollack with the heavy tones of molasses and the umami of monosodium glutimate. So my Common Area smells inviting, but when coupled with the information my ocular orbs are reporting my brain is somewhat confused. Silly brains

18 09 2020 06:11

Me

Got it. Quote of the Day: Donald Trump is sour cream in the sauna - Patton Oswalt

18 09 2020 07:52

Me

Got picked up by my friend Adrean yesterday and smoked some pot, which I hardly ever do anymore. I mean, like, never. He gets his stuff from someone who travels back and forth between here and Colorado every two weeks. It all comes in packages with THC percentages and pertinent facts on the labels. And before he drove me home he was showing me the progress he's made in restoring the '94 BMW in his driveway that is destined to be mine one day. So he opens the trunk and pulls out the spare tire, which has the original First Aid Kit still stored innit. And there in the horseshoe-shaped pouch are two Maxi-Pads. They're even listed on the kit list as OEM.

18 09 2020 08:16

Me

They're still sealed in the packaging. That would make them 26 years old. How do you think the performance has been affected by age? Will they be more absorbent because they're drier, or less because the absorbent material has broken down over time? Perhaps we've improved the technology in 26 years and they're obsolete?

18 09 2020 08:18

Me

My friend Cynthia says:
Yeah there still good.. they get better with time . Like wine
My response:
Thank you. Someone out there is listening to me. I am not alone. Stephen King describes Maxi-Pads as cunt diapers in Geralds's Game. What a strange thing to bring humans together

18 09 2020 09:15

Me

Sweatcoin says I have walked 4,535 steps since midnight. I have not left my house. In fact, to be more specific, I have not left the same two rooms of my house. I would if there were cigarettes involved, but there are not, so fuck outside. Instead I have decided to re-read one of my favorite books ever innan effort to distract myself: Help! A Bear Is Eating Me!, written by Mykle Hansen, also author of The Cannibal's Guide to Ethical Living and Rampaging Fuckers Of Everything On The Crazy Shitting Planet Of The Vomit Atmosphere. Oops. There issan exclamation point after Atmosphere. I don't know why I feel the need to inform half of my contacts list this, but I've already typed it out, so here you go.

18 09 2020 10:37

Me

So I spilled bleached sugar granules on the floor of the Common Area on the way back to the Living Compartment only to discover that I had strategically saved a full twenty percent offa cigarette (maybe fifteen) in my vacuum's clear plastic receptacle. To quote Quentin Tarantino: look at the big brain on Brad

18 09 2020 12:47

Me

Over five thousand steps now. Still haven't gone outside. Or left the same two rooms, for that matter. To paraphrase former (he's dead) fellow Texan Bill Hicks (no relation to the State Farm agent in Schertz): Its a shame second-hand smoke has so many carcinogens innit. Because the first-hand smoke us smokers are getting is fucking amazing. (For the record, he did die of cancer. But it was not lung cancer.)

18 09 2020 12:59

Me

Started organizing the mess that is my 6TB external drive since I seem to be useless at anything else and of course wound up staring at pictures. Lights out and retreating back to sleep for as long as possible, humor expended. Goodnight, My Lovely Wall

18 09 2020 14:31

Me

Still not sleeping. Must be on that great upswing where I stare off atta dark wall for three days now. So if you wanna discuss your favorite nutrient mixtures and solution cycles for optimum indoor hydroponic tomato growing or the results of your five year study of the Alaskan tree frogs' natural resistance to infra- and ultra- crimson radiation I'm all ears

18 09 2020 18:28

Me

Yes. The weather is vehemently average this year. Sports ARE boring. Really? I hadn't noticed. Oh, you have not

18 09 2020 18:31

Me

Dear journal,
Day One Hundred and Fifty-Seven-ish
Subject still refuses to acknowledge this one's presence, in spite of repeated notifications blasted via satellite to communications platform. Will try turning up stereo.

18 09 2020 18:35

Me

Homing pigeons in practice have the attention span of parakeets. Might as well be paraplegic parakeets. Perhaps Snoopy can drop off coded, coiled message on his way to Calgary to duel the Red Baron Pizza Mascot

18 09 2020 18:39

Me

From Iggy Pop's The Passenger, 1977:
I am a passenger
I stay under glass
I look through my window so bright
I see the stars come out to-night
Under the bright and hollow sky
The sky was made for us to-night
Everything was made for you and me
It just belongs to you and me
So lets take a ride and see what's mine
La, la, la, la, lalalala
La, la, la, la, lalalala
La, la, la, la, lalalala
Lalala

If I'm not mistaken the lyrics from this song are directly responsible for the title of U2's live album Under a Blood Red Sky

20 09 2020 11:03

Me

Alright. Its past three in the afternoon. If I were to open the door to my Living Compartment the sun's hyperenergetic loss of self would be evidenced everywhere. Fuck that. Getting into my normally hot shower earlier informed me that I am indeed sunburnt atop my Yul Brynner noggin. Another solid convincation not to venture into the wild, hyena-laden Texas afternoon. Have managed to pull some actual recorded sounds forth, like dental appliances. Two and a half hours towards a cover of The Passenger. I will not wait up for the sudden inrush of interested parties clamoring to hear, fresh off the presses, my sure to be noisy and warbling progress towards a stated sonic goal. Remember, Art does not have a finish line, The Protagonist types out in some sort of self-defense

20 09 2020 15:54

Me

See. Nobody. Told you

20 09 2020 15:56

Me

THAT LAST TEXT WAS HILARIOUS! Card tricks for canines! I'm going to bed, alone. Godfatherfuckingdamnit

20 09 2020 15:58

Me

To reinforce your image of your own life-clarifying mental acuity: you once stated that to-gether assa group the Roberts Sisters were, to paraphrase, quite horrendous at communication. Amongst many ancedotes created by my ongoing Art Project is the proof necessary to write into canon that, especially when taken assa whole, your particular generation of Robertses are shit conversationalists.

20 09 2020 17:54

Me

I see the lady protesteth not

20 09 2020 17:55

Me

Queen of Clubs, Rover?
Shitgoddamnmotherbitch.
I am going to bed inna huff
And this this I mean it

20 09 2020 17:57

Me

(winky face, tongue drooling, at you, My Lovely Wall)

20 09 2020 17:58

Me

When you finally order that spinach alfredo pizza could you get me one as well? I'll pay you back on Tuesday...

20 09 2020 18:01

Me

Oh. Right. I'm sulking inna quiet, dark room now

20 09 2020 18:01

Me

(blows raspberry)

20 09 2020 18:03

Me

Doing the maths in my head, because of course I'm not fucking sleeping, its been, like, ninety-five days. There's a song somewhere in these lines...

20 09 2020 19:35

Me

HA! This was your card! No? What about this one?

20 09 2020 19:36

Me

RE: SEE ORIG. MEMO JUN.16 G-MAIL
TWO WORD INTERROGATIVE?

20 09 2020 19:39

Me

So. It is The Next Day. Have consumed three toasted bologna with mustard sandwiches. Makes me wonder if Fueled By Ramen Records is still active. And, since I need someone to talk to and nearly everyone else I know Just Doesn't Know What To Say And Is Now Actively Avoiding The Problem, you're It. Honestly, you and I are doing great assa dynamic duo. We never argue. Eh, love? Hearing what's going on with my cover of The Passenger would be the bee's keen peaches? Well then...check your Gmail

21 09 2020 08:06

Me

So. I checked my email, as I often do, being internationally inclined. And two people, I assume acting assa team, were inquiring about an item I had listed on OfferUp. After going online on the big box and logging in I found that, indeed, 502 days ago I had posted a Sony VHS VCR for $50. That was so long ago I don't even remember what I did with it.

21 09 2020 11:11

Me

OfferUp has reminded me that I still have a 1972 General Electric M8445B Cassette Recorder, with bonus included lecture by Terry Gorski. I only listened forra couple minutes buttit seems to be a classic self-help seminar on couples therapy. Er something. Am including period-matched early '70s Panasonic console stereo microphone, with original soft-shell vinyl case and stand, to supplement the built-in condenser microphone on the unit itself. $30 USD firm, compare on eBay

21 09 2020 11:12

Me

Naomi said she'd give me twenty forrit. 502 days ago. I said sure. I'm still waiting. Fucking chicks, man.

21 09 2020 11:12

Me

So. Yeah. I'm pretty sure I just spent at least an hour, maybe two, typing a gmail to you. That was way easier than taptaptapping with one finger into three one and a half inch lines of text at the bottom of my phone and then cutting and pasting it into a gmail body by necessity because the SMS system refuses to send it innits pure, unadulterated form. Start with gmail. Huh.

21 09 2020 13:29

Me

And he learns something. On Day 96

21 09 2020 13:30

Me

My crowdsource work for the Large Hadron Collider at CERN is on indefinite hiatus, due to the fact that I accidentally uninstalled a key component of the communications virtual bridge. Reinstalling the program didn't make the original connection either. So I have lazily chosen another target project instead. 20,264 completed tasks towards the goal of creating a 3D model of the Milky Way Galaxy. We start with Legos once blueprints are printed

21 09 2020 13:42

Me

Paaaahhhttteeeee

21 09 2020 13:44

Me

I don't remember the last time I said " I love you " to someone. The last time I typed it was on your ever-lengthening thread. It must have been on the morning of Sept. 20th, 2019, to Kallisti. But I don't have a memory offit. Not a real one. I am tired, Patricia.

21 09 2020 17:09

Me

There issa car in my driveway. Its mine er something. It had to be towed here. But its driven here before. I haven't had a car in seven years. That's a thing

21 09 2020 21:14

Me

You have more gmail. Good morning!

22 09 2020 00:39

Me

I have been volunteered to help with a groundskeeping project atta Buddhist temple in SanAnto on Oct. 3. She was most pleased to hear that as the son offa preacher man I am well versed with the liturgicals (say that word. It kind of sounds like you just threw up, eh?) of many logically inconsistent doctrines worldwide. Or here on Nebadon, if you're Urantian.

22 09 2020 10:54

Me

Was jamming so hard to Me First & the Gimmie Gimmies' cover of Paula Abdul's Straight Up that I accidentally flung my coffee across the floor. Its okay. Coffee is antibacterial. I just cleansed my walking surface

22 09 2020 11:55

Me

Last of the coffee. Will make an attempt not to throw it

22 09 2020 12:05

Me

I am eating a bowl of cereal, poured from a box labeled 40% Bran Flakes. This implies that 60% of what is inside the box is not Bran Flakes. Having poured forth cereal from it, I have seen the interior of the box. There is nothing innit except Bran Flakes. It is not even 60% air. Onna slight tangent, this reminds me of when, so long ago, I arrived back at my shared duplex to find out that my then roommate had consumed an entire box of Grape Nuts. If you are not laughing hysterically at this point: DO NOT EVER CONSUME AN ENTIRE BOX OF GRAPE NUTS

22 09 2020 15:02

Me

So. This decade's bullshit misused buzzword I am officially declaring (assa genius artist it is actually my job) to be BESPOKE. I have seen this word quite often in all manners of communication in the past months. Almost always used incorrectly. And its just plain bullshit. Itsa bullshit word misused by bullshit people. If anyone around you uses the word BESPOKE (except right now, in this context) do not fuck them. You have been warned. This word was formerly PARADIGM. If you were alive in the '90s you heard and read PARADIGM way more than you should have, unless you were constructing a doctoral thesis on why people who say or write PARADIGM are bullshit. And if you fucked those people, you know inherently the Truth from which I report

22 09 2020 16:06

Me

For the record. Ahem. The French word forte is not pronounced four-tay. It rhymes with port. You're welcome. This is a great litmus test to work in linguistically to see if your conversational partner is bullshit, and by extension, fuckable.

22 09 2020 16:06

Me

I am available for business luncheons and church picnics

22 09 2020 16:12

Me

I was given a box of spice cake mix. Do you have three eggs and icing? If not, I'm eating it straight outta cup as batter

22 09 2020 16:31

Me

Wow. Looking up egg substitutes I learn a new word. Since it is my job, I now declare the Word of the Day to be AQUAFABA. According to the Pioneer Woman website (which disappointingly does not seem to have Amish nudes) aquafaba is " the liquid from canned or cooking beans ". This includes lentils and garbanzos. Three tablespoons equals one egg.

22 09 2020 16:32

Me

I did not just make that up.

22 09 2020 16:33

Me

$25USD per hour, unless your social function includes Amish nudes

22 09 2020 16:34

Me

I don't care if this is juvenile. Just reporting the facts, ma'am. 3 tablespoons creamy nut butter = 1 egg. There's even a close-up offa testicle-shaped dollop atop a spoon

22 09 2020 16:42

Me

1 tablespoon distilled white vinegar plus 1 teaspoon baking soda = an elementary school volcano in your fucking cake batter

22 09 2020 16:44

Me

1 tablespoon chia seed + 1/3 cup water + 15 mins standing time = 1 egg. Because my eggless refrigerator is overflowing with weevil-shaped chia seeds

22 09 2020 16:53

Me

3 tablespoons water + 2 tablespoons arrowroot powder. You're fucking kidding me. Where does one obtain arrowroot powder? In large quantities, no less. Next to the bath salts? Ah. Amazon. Who still won't tell me why my account is closed

22 09 2020 17:00

Me

Tanqueray. Proud sponsor of Snoop Dogg and the Pioneer Woman. Shitgoddamnmotherbitch I need a drink

22 09 2020 17:06

Me

Well, I hit my quota to-day. That's at least a thousand words. The sun is still out, not that I would know, so its well past my bedtime. We're about to hit the century mark chronologically day by day. A milestone. See you to-morrow.

22 09 2020 18:28

Me

When I go to the Google Play Store the suggestions based on my recent installs are all Minecraft-related. Kallisti is still using her tablet and it is still logged in to my account

22 09 2020 18:34

Me

It doesn't matter how many jokes I make. All of the hate and anger is still here. Right where it belongs

22 09 2020 18:40

Me

I would like to have another child. Another daughter. I was an exemplary parent. I am an exemplary parent. I would name her Samara Lilith. Purpose is something we invent for ourselves. In isolation I have created mine, I think. I was born to murder the world. Good-night, My Lovely Wall

22 09 2020 20:31

Me

Three cycles per second. The rate of dendritic activity in the human brain, the firing across synapses required for neural remapping. It issan isolated, disassociative mental state. That is when regrowth of cognitive function begins to occur

22 09 2020 21:59

Me

It amuses me greatly that this was discovered during research on the method of specific cortical interaction of ketamine

22 09 2020 22:04

Me

Hey! Its to-morrow! Still can't sleep. Imagine that. Listening to intercepted numbers station recordings from across the decades and continents. If you haven't seen Banshee Chapter I highly recommend it. The song playing over the closing credits is fantastic

23 09 2020 00:20

Me

Pizza. Spinach alfredo pizza. Mmmm

23 09 2020 00:21

Me

Well alright. No, I'm still not asleep. Have RSVPed for the virtual Synthesthesia 2020 convention on October 4th. Two of my favorite software designers, Spitfire Audio and Applied Acoustics Systems, will be there with all their new toys, as will IK Multimedia who were formerly my arch nemesis until they finally fixed their authorization manager, like, last month. I have owned both physical and software products of theirs for six years and until last month There Was Always A Problem. So I'm looking forward to congratulating someone with a very hard German accent in " person ".

23 09 2020 02:20

Me

The audio res-uhm-may (I don't know how to make the mark over the E) I sent to a prospective client impressed them enough to get me the job. Was sent a link to a (sigh) trap beat on YouTube and asked to produce something similar for her to rap over. (Unholyfuckingshitballs her lyrics are terrible. I have heard good rap music. Just never in person. [Must make sure to send this to correct recipient]) Unfortunately for her I am not motivated by money and I hate everyone. Not you, dear. You're notta one, you're a wall. Is that insulting? Well, you'll have to tell me.

23 09 2020 02:33

Me

Been awake since before the daylight. Prissy answered once weeks ago and has gone back to ignoring me. " I'll get the money for the appeal " If even the child's own mother doesn't care... Have not worked on the track. Nothing but pacing back and forth. Back to laying inna dark room again. All systems are either a continuation of rage and its plans or are shutting down.

23 09 2020 12:27

Me

I dreamt I beat a man until he stopped moving. Then I awoke with an erection. My face hurt when it made an unfamiliar gesture and smiled.

27 09 2020 06:27

Me

Barry Manilow won the 1977 Grammy for song of the year for " I Write The Songs. " I'm pretty sure he has written many, many songs. But he did not write that one. He was, in fact, the third one to record and release it within a span of two years. David Cassidy and The Captain and Tennile both released it, as singles even. A producer named Bruce actually wrote the song and convinced at least three of his record-label paid recording clients to include versions offit on their records. I've never heard the other versions, only Manilow's. Barry Manilow Writes The Songs. Sometimes.

27 09 2020 11:34

Me

So. Six Feet Under's seventeenth studio album, Nightmares of the Decomposed, hits next week. I know, like, me too. Totes

27 09 2020 11:43

Me

There issa human consumable product that is actually named Soylent.

27 09 2020 16:36

Me

Another 13,500+ step day. And how are you?

28 09 2020 20:19

Me

Ah. Still playing hard to get. Alright

28 09 2020 20:20

Me

This has become what kids called epic ten years ago. Alright. Back to crying in bed alone sommore

28 09 2020 20:22

Me

I just thought of this, funny how brains (don't) work. Since (I assume) you have no idea that I've been writing you in excess offa million words over a hundred days now, does this make me A Secret Admirer? I don't know if I've ever been one of those before. That's not like being invisible to someone issit?

28 09 2020 20:43

Me

If you're not part offa solution, you're a solid orra gas.
- Jimmy Carr

28 09 2020 21:43

Me

So I woke up angry, as usual. Then I realized it was Friday and downloaded the new Six Feet Under album. And followed up with the new Public Enemy. Seriously old school. Today is rhe last day to file an appeal for Kallisti. After talking to Prissy she assured me we'd have the money. No answer.

02 10 2020 11:10

Me

Got an answer from Prissy. She said it wasn't worth spending the money to fight for Kallisti.

02 10 2020 19:17

Me

It has been wonderful to have this reason to get up every day. I wouldn't have been able to continue without it. Thank you, Patricia

02 10 2020 19:30

Me

Am attending an online synth expo, which means I didn't have to buy a ticket and show up somewhere. Hooray coronavirus? Its a metaphysical synth experience. I'm gonna tie that line to my dick one day.

04 10 2020 14:32

Me

After I'm a cyborg and it has speakers innit

04 10 2020 14:33

Me

I've had four different people call or text me with job offers in the past twenty minutes. My chest is tight and my head hurts. Can't even do what I want to do, much less what someone else wants me to do. And I can't concentrate long enough on anything even if I wanted to. I don't think my Secret narrative is going to last much longer. The only thing I find disappointing about that is that I never got my answer

04 10 2020 16:27

Me

The aforementioned online synth expo goes on 'til nine. The guy from Playtime Engineering has been demonstrating a product called a Blipblox, a $200 brightly colored, LED laden plastic synth/kid's toy with a dozen knobs, four buttons, and two t-handled levels (anda built-in speaker!) live since the event began. He has playing and drinking beer now continuously for almost eight straight hours. Me and six other people in the world think this is the finest entertainment available at the moment. This ends in fifteen minutes. (frowny face)

04 10 2020 20:48

Me

It comes in Fischer-Price white and the After Dark model in see-through circuit board exposing gray. Looks fantastic under the dollar store LED color-changing bulb and five dollar laser night sky pattern dots. Gonna miss this guy

04 10 2020 20:56

Me

Its barely cold enough to turn off the air conditioners, at least at night. The quietness of this room is distinct with only the ceiling fan. I want to continue sleeping until I don't wake up

05 10 2020 00:03

Me

You have additional gmail

18 10 2020 21:03

Me

The a/c fan in the Common Area is squealing. Spent the last ten days helping friends with their particular problems. Returned to alone and unwanted. Too tired to do anything but eat and sleep. Downloaded another round of horror flicks. At least someone out there is making art. Hope you are doing well, my Lovely Wall

18 10 2020 21:12

Me

Full of hate and anger. Burning through a large pile of wood. The destruction is the only thing that pleases me

28 10 2020 21:33

Me

I have built a new Computron. It is amazingly even larger than the previous one. And it doesn't say Dell onnit. New CPU, motherboard, graphics card, case. The CPU temperature idles at 62°F, colder than the room. It is sitting assa glossy black tombstone underneath the monitors mounted to the wall. I plugged it in, verified that everything worked, and turned it off. Then I spent the rest of the day tearing apart nearly every case and electronic project I had been saving. More than three floor to ceiling shelves worth. The remnants are sitting in sorted bins outside the backdoor waiting for a trip to the scrapyard. They no longer hold any interest for me. I have nothing to use them for. Several people have pounded on my wall and tried my phone in the past few days, but I didn't answer. I have discovered that the leeches I kicked out before my birthday in June stole all three of my space heaters. I expect my water to be disconnected any day now. This is just so much punctuation. If I don't see anyone I don't have to smile at them. Its better this way. With all of my love, I wish you well, My Lovely Wall

29 10 2020 23:08

Me

I can see stars to-night. The field lights at Steele High must be turned off. It is quiet, except inside. Have slept for three days. Four separate wants have requested my work for them. I ignored them all. The wants of others concern me less and less. I am so tired.

09 11 2020 23:20

Me

Rarely listen to music anymore. Several of The People's Temple tapes from the FBI files. Jim Jones had a distinctive, restrained laugh. One of the recordings features church members taking turns at the mic describing the various ways they want to kill their family members for turning their back on them somehow. They sound exactly like the Mormons at my first girlfriend's church so long ago. One could hear the tears of joy running down the channels in their faces if they weren't recording to a hand-held cassette tape in the seventies.

09 11 2020 23:30

Me

Returned home yesterday morning at two am after working since eight that morning to find my electricity turned off. I don't even receive a bill anymore. Have been sitting alone in the dark for two days now. Nearly every property in this neighborhood has dogs that never shut up. Have been working continuously for weeks now. Some degree of payment has supposedly been mailed in the form offa personal check. To someone else's address. Sometimes I wake up, noticing I have been asleep. But my hatred never does. It is there always. Without any distractions, I am freed

19 11 2020 21:54

Me

Dear Dairy,
I love milk, and all products made from milk. Ice cream is the best, but cheese is great too. Frozen cheesecake is like both at the same time! Absolute perfection for the palette. Lactose intolerant persons should be herded into Soylent Green dispenseries innan effort to eugenically strengthen the species. Moo motherfuckers!

22 11 2020 00:59

Me

There. That was way more uplifting than what I was originally going to type. I try, but only for you my Lovely Wall

22 11 2020 01:03

Me

I love you Patricia. I apologise if that is inappropriate. I need to say that to someone. And you're the only one left

23 11 2020 01:20

Me

Good morning. Just finished the leftovers from yesterday's dinner with friends. Have begun the process of creating an environment more condusive to isolation and alienation. A silence that is overwhelming is the goal. I cannot wait until the room addition I have planned outside my backdoor is finished. Not only will I have another locked door between me and the rest of the world, but I will move that fucking refrigerator out. Every time I hear the compressor kicking on violence surges from places primal. Fuck that thing and everything that looks like it. I removed my bed to create enough space to work. And until I'm done there won't be enough space to put anything to sleep on. I considered that a motivating factor, along with the removal of the speakers. So at the moment I am tired, surrounded by foam like remnants offan explosion, and find myself stubbornly refusing to wear headphones. I am too young to sleep inna recliner. Shitgoddamnmotherbitch

27 11 2020 23:15

Me

So. Looking in my hated refrigerator and picking through the edibles I realize that even though I haven't purchased food for at least four months beyond a package of peanut M&M's, possibly because it had my initials onnit, there are more consumables assembled at my home than I can possibly ingest before some of them turn into science experiments. Looking atta bunch of blackening bananas I thought , " Fuck you guys " assif they were people demonstrating outside an abortion clinic. I may have actually gestured in their direction with a lone middle finger. To fruit. Steadily rotting fruit. Sitting down with my microwaved slices of ham anda three day old 7-eleven fried corn tortilla filled with I have no idea what I had a brilliant idea, as I often do. In this script for the future I place a personals ad online seeking a single female looking forra relationship that specifically has full blown AIDS. We both win in this situation, this mystery dying woman and I, because she gets to have the comfort of at least a sexual relationship one more time before something like the flu or shingles or a goiter kills her ultimately, and I can contract a deadly virus with no cure for the purpose of incubating it and deliberately infecting each and every single person responsible for the quasi-legal kidnapping and sale of my daughter, thus insuring their slow and painful deaths. But then, continuing to envision the logical outcome of this action as I also discover that even though I am more than halfway done eating the tortilla-wrapped whatever it is that I still have no idea what it is filled with, the image plays out as if filmed on 35mm with expert cinematography: two months into what should be our mutually fatal last loves, this fucking chick breaks into tears and confesses that she does not, in fact, have AIDS, or herpes, or even goddamn eczema of the little toe, but that she saw this heartfelt plea offa lonely, suicidal man and " just knew, because Jehovah One told her, that this was a cry for help fromma lost soul she must save. "

28 11 2020 04:20

Me

Fucking chicks, man

28 11 2020 04:20

Me

And the fucking imaginary bitch has the nerve to ask why I am angrily kicking her out, throwing her imaginary shit out of my door into the yard. " Because the very first thing you ever did was lie to me! "

28 11 2020 04:21

Me

My friend Cynthia says this would make an excellent Lifetime movie. Lifetime - entertainment for women. What are women entertained by? The rape and murder of other women. All day, every day

29 11 2020 21:42

Me

I haven't seen the Lifetime network in at least twenty years. I didn't know it was still on. Apparently it hasn't changed. My favorite movie had Nancy McKeon innit - one of the chicks from the Facts of Life sitcom

29 11 2020 21:42

Me

I'm pretty sure it was about, well, you know

29 11 2020 21:43

Me

Assa Discordian I now declare to-morrow, November 30th, to be John Hinckley Jr. Day. This Classic American once attempted to assassinate Ronald Reagan because then Jodie Foster would totally dig him, man. I did not make any of that up. He was found not guilty by reason of insanity and released fromma mental institution in 2016, after shooting but not killing four people, including the American President at the time. Celebrants of this new holiday are encouraged to enact and carry out plans that can only be explained by writing it down in pen on the entire front and back offa college ruled piece of notebook paper. Diagrams included only count as attachments. To a True American!

29 11 2020 23:34

Me

Assa funny side story to this: a younger, 25-ish me once sent a handmade Valentine's Day card to a girlfriend containing the lyrics to a Devo song, " I Desire ". We broke up soon after that, as I recall. Years later I would find out that the De-Vo did not in fact write the lyrics to that song, but paraphrased them from published poetry by John Hinckley Jr. Some things mean something. Some don't. I don't know which category that belongs to

30 11 2020 00:37

Me

And am still friends with that girl from so long ago. Sent her a copy of the new holy day on Facebook

30 11 2020 00:40

Me

Good morning Patricia. Its Monday, John Hinckley Jr Day. What are your plans, dear? I can't wait to read them. Inspired by " I Desire " I have continued to write down the next songs to come naturally into my head for future use assa mixtape to send to a target of my amorous advances. One of the things that pass the time while multitasking.

30 11 2020 01:22

Me

If only I had someone to amorously advance upon. (This might already be a Lifetime movie) Nothing inside me or externally points to that ever happening again. If anyone accidentally touches me I have to stifle a scream. But I'm pretty good at making sure that never happens. Periods of awakeness are blurring with the dreamstates. At least the days are shorter now. I was just thinking that when I get the Beamer on the road I could find one of the family-owned Mexican restaurants on the westside where Prissy scores her heroin and ask them if I can record the sounds of the animals being slaughtered. I've heard the goats especially sound like crying babies when their throats are cut. I've spent all these years learning how to translate what is inside me into an accurate reproduction through the speakers. I never would have guessed that it would have culminated into a product such as purest extract of hatred. But that is all that is left, no matter what jokes I make or laughs I fake or smiles that are thinly disguised lies. What is in must come out. When I venture forth to procure supplies I am careful to keep my distance from the fucking grazing cattle that clog the aisles. It is true irony that this behavior is encouraged. My face mask hides my disgust at the thought that someone, one of these bipedal roaches, might touch me. Anger is turning my interior into gangrene. And my intention seems to be to transform it into an infectious, contagious cancer that eats away the fantasies people create to protect themselves from the screaming horror that is their lives. Find your happiness, my dear. Run towards it. And never look back. There are monsters, and they are hungry. Mouths attached to stomachs with no end. Never let them win

30 11 2020 01:33

Me

Made a pot of coffee. And realized: nothing is more fun than killing Christians. Dragged a chair in front of the computer. Time to sleep to horror movies

30 11 2020 20:23

Me

Just found out from his sister that a friend is in the ER. Took a ton of pills. Maybe that's why I haven't been able to do anything but sleep since Friday. Army of Mikes is down one. He once told me something he attributed to his dad: that life begins at 40. Never forgot that. He is one offa single digit number of people I choose to speak to now. One of my only friends. Suicide is always an option. I choose the opposite. Explode and take as many with your plans as possible.

30 11 2020 22:29

Me

I smoke this cigarette in solidarity with my friend, whatever happens, it is his choice. And making choices is the only thing that makes one a human being and not a roach

30 11 2020 22:35

Me

I wonder if he wrote it down, and if so, how many pieces of paper it took to explain it

30 11 2020 22:37

Me

Assa PhD level art historian I have just realized that oh no! Its Devo! Is the perfect album

30 11 2020 23:35

Me

I feel sick. And I need someone. But no one is answering. Imagine that

30 11 2020 23:45

Me

To that girl from so long ago on Facebook: Since I have last spoken to you CPS has stolen and sold my only child, my daughter Kallisti Aeon. The final judgement was made on September 2nd, her ninth birthday, of this year. She is autistic. My visitations were taken away on my birthday, June 15th. I have not seen her since before then. Her mother left us when she was two anda half. She is my only living family besides cousins and aunts I have never met. At the " trial " the only evidence was paid heresay testimony from persons who directly profited from her sale. The judge, who only decides CPS cases, issa stakeholder, someone who also profits directly from the sale of children, known as trafficking. My so-called government stole my daughter under threat of gunpoint and ultimately death. There is nothing else for me to do. I am alone. The only rational response is armed rebellion. I love you ------. I have never stopped. Besides Kallisti you may be the only woman I have ever truly loved. I just want you to know that.

01 12 2020 02:09

Me

These texts are a record of my thoughts. Thank you all for listening.

01 12 2020 02:12

Me

Always innan attempt to balance (like John) humor with the Truth: to your dear sister nextdoor: To shed a lighter note on the previous messages, Pam Roberts was the line producer on the flick I finally finished Get Duked! In the words of Jay and Silent Bob, its time to get your motherfucking movie check

01 12 2020 03:57

Me

Barry Manilow sometimes writes the songs. Like the Greek goddess I worship, I write reality

01 12 2020 04:00

Me

And you?

01 12 2020 04:00

Me

The roast, potatoes, and onions will be ready to eat from the ubiquitous Crock-Pot©®™ around nineish. It'll just be you and me 'cuz nobody else gives a shit. The carrots held an unannounced meeting before hand and decided they didn't give a shit either. Setting my alarm and going back to bed. See you then, dear

02 12 2020 13:51

Me

Sausage, cheese, iced coffee, and menthol cigarettes available in the green room. I think there's also some pot. That's the nature of pot.

02 12 2020 14:02

Me

Aphex Twin's Selected Ambient Works Vol. 2 appears to have been what the carrots were listening to when they hatched their escape plan. Which makes their unforseen departure that much more tragic. They had good taste

02 12 2020 14:05

Me

(I can't hear you groan. You have to type it.)

02 12 2020 14:07

Me

I think thisis month six-ish. Hence, the celebration. A half anniversary. No puns at the one-year mark, I promise

02 12 2020 14:08

Me

Ah, you're late. I cannot fault you for being female. There's still plenty left. I, however, have become sleepy again. A long day of slumber has tired me it seems. Spitfire Audio, makers of the $33,000 hard drive, have seen fit to send me a new instrument to play with. One of the sounds in particular is inspiring. Maybe one day. Maybe not. Such is life, as Kurt Vonnegut would say. Not even eating dessert, bad man I am. Goodnight, My Lovely Wall. See you to-morrow? Only an hour away...

02 12 2020 23:01

Me

Avast! It's to-morrow! So. I woke up two hours ago from a dream. Since I am alone, especially when I sleep, I'm gonna relate it to you. By the way, I ate your portion of the roast. I am pleased to report there is still some left. Better hit send

03 12 2020 05:07

Me

So apparently I have been included (this is dream) inna rather large group of people who are engaged inna program for some sort of reward. The sign-up for which was voluntary, but since the signing of the contract all rights to quit have been repealed. At the point where I become aware I'm in the story, the group is down to a large busload. Maybe half have been....eliminated. The feel is akin to the novella The Long Walk by Stephen King masquerading as Richard Bachman. Except not quite as harsh. We are not getting shot, but rather being pushed to our own exhaustion with tasks in out-of-doors situations. If one doesn't make it to the next checkpoint, then...Happy to report at least in this portion of the story I amma protagonist. As always, top o' the class. I'm doing great actually, besides some convoluted footwear issues. We are heading (by bus) to the last segment of whatever this extreme excursion series ends with. It is springtime, important to note because the soles of my trusty steeltoes are nearly shot. Still treading on the leather footbeds, but the actual Goodyear welted rubber soles are gone. Which may be an uncomfortable ride to the finish line, a two day hike through the mountains of Kentucky. I got this, its cool. Notta scratch on me, and I'm carrying a backpack filled with something useful. Not allot of something useful, but some. Better hit send

03 12 2020 05:25

Me

(is this rambling style of explanation capturing the essence offa dream-logic state? I think it is)

03 12 2020 05:26

Me

The rest of my fellow contestants are not fairing as well. It appears I will probably be one of tennish to finish at all. We arrive at the departure point, a Buddhist temple where we are greeted rather standoffishly but fed a wholesome meal. It is at this point where I make the lucid dreamer's decision to include a princess at the end of this fairy tale. John Hinckley Jr has his ideal Jodie Foster. So I choose noted Kentucky celebrity Ashley Judd to be at the end of this scenic if uncomfortable jaunt. Wikipedia says she is fifty-two, putting her firmly in my target market. Right before I wake up I am given a symbolic pat on the back and an atta-boy by the ringleader of this operation, who now, nearly three hours later, I realize doesn't have a cool trademark scar on his face orran eyepatch orra cyborg leg etc. I'll have to fix that if this one continues.

03 12 2020 05:43

Me

So how's your morning?

03 12 2020 05:46

Me

Tom Waits reports on his website that he overheard his older kids telling the youngest one to NEVER ask dad to help you with your homework. They claimed he made up a whole war once. That sounds like something I would do

03 12 2020 05:48

Me

Hazelnut coffee? Have decided to drink beers to-day, supplimented with menthol cigarettes. Am also looking to explore physical laziness, so I'm nagging Pam to let me borrow the car.

03 12 2020 05:51

Me

As you well know, I feel like you know me better than I know myself, in true writer fashion (yes, I do own a brown courderoy trenchcoat. Seeking contrasting patches for the elbows. That would be radd) alcohol issa literary accelerator pedal. You will know inherently if my stated goal is achieved.

03 12 2020 05:55

Me

This is fun. The only fun I've had in what seems like a very long time.

03 12 2020 05:57

Me

Plans have changed. Rigger Kurt, whose land we have eight days left to clear, just called me at 6:25am. I answered " you better have a goddamn good reason to be calling me at 6:25 in the goddamned morning! " To which he replied, " I'm pregnant. " Which is especially hilarious considering I was about to start another classic movie marathon highlighting the works of David Cronenberg. If you have never seen the movie Rabid - 1977 (not to be confused with Rabid Grannies - 1988) it positively has a set with the most horrifying wallpaper in cinematic (or any other) history. So much so that I may have confused it with another Cronenberg flick, The Brood - 1979. Will get back to you with clarification on that. It must be scene (what?) to be believed

03 12 2020 06:58

Me

Post script - my Discordian calendar (it is Boomtime, the second day of the five day Discordian week, season of Aftermath, Day 45, in the Year Of Our Lady of Discord 3186 [Discordian calendar apps are available on Google Play and probably on the apple store, which is ironic]) informs me that it is International Steal Stuff From Work Week, but only for my local cabal.

03 12 2020 07:19

Me

Post Post Script - the Goddess Eris rolled a golden apple with the word Kallisti onnit into a gathering of the other Greek goddesses (which she was not invited to), which sparked off a controversy as to which goddess was the prettiest, eventually leading up to events that started the Trojan War. " Kallisti " means " to the fairest one ". It is used interchangeably with Hello between Discordians, a common interchange being ended with " All Hail Discordia!

03 12 2020 07:23

Me

"

03 12 2020 07:24

Me

Have found a package of battered mushrooms in my freezer. Poor things. Originated from India, only to become victims of domestic abuse, be taken by plane, train, and horse buggy all the way to Central Texas only to find themselves unwanted until they expired. In 2017. And were given as garbage to someone who would finally, finally appreciate them

06 12 2020 07:03

Me

Information cannot be transmitted. It can only be received. With all my love, may you express your intent perfectly to-day, My Lovely Wall

06 12 2020 09:52

Me

What defines perfection is only for the moment

06 12 2020 11:35

Me

Love doesn't have to be reciprocated to be real

06 12 2020 11:38

Me

Been asleep for days again. All I can think of when I am awake is hatred and murder. The asshole I have been working with has lied and stiffed me on pay. Imagine that. Can't go on like this much longer. Someone has to pay. Allot of someones

08 12 2020 04:57

Me

Yes. There it is. My memory did not fail me. Rabid, David Cronenberg, 1977. A Canadian film. Starring Marilyn Chambers, one of her films that is not considered to be x-rated at the time. The absolute most horrifying wallpaper ever committed to celluloid. A scar on the synapses. One hour thirteen mins and thirteen seconds in, there it is. Smokers' Yellow faded background, with embossed gold matte foreground. Highly ornate semi-floral turn-of-the-twentieth century English handmade China dinette set pattern, with the expected Royal Indian overtones. Something a drunken, enraged elephant might be wearing if it were woven fabric. Incredibly expensive no matter what the medium. And horrifying. The absolute most horrifying wallcovering ever recorded on film stock. The movie is almost over, less than twenty mins left. That will include the end credits roll. The climax is usurped by the preceding scene's set background. It was one of his early films. With more practice he learned to inherently avoid this type of anticlimactic blunder. Just. Wow. Its paused on my screen and I need to get the film rolling for fear it might stain the LCDs. But. I can't. Move. So. Painful. Assif the pattern and materials are the epicenter offa ghostly soulquake releasing the totality of the psychic damage to the Akashic Records done by all human empires.

08 12 2020 06:39

Me

Goodbye

11 12 2020 11:52

Me

Alone. All I have left is the suffering I must cause. I need help

29 12 2020 00:06

Me

Hi No One. Took a walk and felt like sharing thoughts. And you're always attentive. Sour Diesel and little cigars. Check to cash on Monday. Horror movies with large headphones. Alone in the dark. Again. The rage is still preventing any tears. I do not want this. And I own the world. What I do not want can be destroyed. The air is crisp outside. I can hear Pam laughing drunk from nextdoor. Its been quite awhile since my laughter was notta lie. Lying makes my stomach hurt. Last flick was from Korea. South, I presume. And where on the Earth does Carmen Sandiego witness madness next?

10 01 2021 02:34

Me

And the Beatles introduce my culinary arts to myself. Maxwell's Sliver Hammer: three murders described, the last one actually a judge. Right after Run For Your Life " You know I'd rather see you dead little girl than be with another man. " Ah. The classics

10 01 2021 03:11

Me

Oh shit. I forgot Happiness issa Warm Gun

10 01 2021 03:11

Me

Dude. This Sour Diesel is right the fuck on, man

10 01 2021 04:23

Me

remove peelable film

11 01 2021 02:26

Me

There is additions at your Gmail address. Or at least there would be, if I was talking to someone. Still planning a vacation to Chernobyl. Just need to find a Ukrainian doctor to vouch that I need a life-saving medical operation in their country. That's the only way I'll get a passport. Masks and hand sanitizer are required and offered as part of the tour still.

25 01 2021 17:56

Me

Google Translate can lead to some hilarity when conducting international bribery, er, business. Found one (a Ukrainian surgeon) that would fill out the required documents for 28,254.5 Hryvnia, the equivalent of 1000USD. I was going for something more like $50 and the other spot on the two day tour. Probably already seen it.

25 01 2021 18:02

Me

I can't pronounce Hryvnia, and neither Google Translate

25 01 2021 18:03

Me

There is no healing. Only acceleration. Anger. Hatred. I am owed a debt. It must be paid.

26 01 2021 16:35

Me

I found a rec I made months ago where I'm yelling about boring things. It ends with me asking, " do you have a pill to increase anger? " I'm a funny guy.

26 01 2021 18:45

Me

Right now (yes, right now) the coolest, most with-it and hip people in the world are listening to MC 900 ft. Jesus

27 01 2021 09:38

Me

I have been invited by the PhucYou Buddhist temple I have been volunteering at to celebrate the lunar new year. That's exciting

27 01 2021 10:39

Me

And not half an hour after posting pictures of Kallisti online I find my water is shut off. What a coincidence. There's a mass without roofs. There's a prison to fill. There's a country's soul that reads post no bills. There's a strike and a line of cops outside of the mill. There's a right to obey. And there's a right to kill.

27 01 2021 13:29

Me

I am tired. I am tired of giving my time and strength to everyone who can use it. I am tired of bipedal roaches masquerading as people.

27 01 2021 13:50

Me

If war is what they want, war is what they'll receive

27 01 2021 13:52

Me

My water bill has been paid by my wonderful friend Ashley. To the tune of $262 and change

27 01 2021 16:28

Me

So. I was watching a vid with a guy explaining various income streams in the " music industry " and now I have the theme song to Sanford and Son in my head due to the chords of the organ based jazz he had playing in the background. I write these words not distribute understanding of my particular thought processes but to ingrain the theme song of Sanfond and Son in your head. You're welcome

28 01 2021 15:59

Me

I can still remember The words and what they meant As we etched them with our fingers In years of wet cement The days blurred into each other Though everything seemed clear We cruised along at half speed But then we shifted gears We ran like vampires from a thousand burning suns But even then we should have stayed But we ran away Now all my friends have gone Maybe we've outgrown all the things that we once loved Runaway But what are we running from? A show of hands from those in this audience of one Where have they gone? Identities assume us As nine and five add up Synchronizing watches To the seconds that we lost I looked up and saw you I know that you saw me We froze but for a moment In empathy I brought down the sky for you but all you did was shrug You gave my emptiness a name And you ran away Now all my friends have gone Maybe we've outgrown all the things that we once loved Runaway But what are we running from? A show of hands from those in this audience of one Where have they gone? We're all OK, until the day we're not The surface shines, while the inside rots We raced the sunset and we almost won We slammed the brakes, but the wheels went on But we ran away Now all my friends have gone Maybe we've outgrown all the things that we once loved Runaway But what are we running from? A show of hands from those in this audience of one Where have they gone? - Rise Against

29 01 2021 13:59

Me

I don't wanna be here anymore I know there's nothing left worth staying for Your paradise is something I've endured See, I don't think I can fight this anymore I'm listening with one foot out the door And something has to die to be reborn And I don't wanna be here anymore

29 01 2021 14:37

Me

Good-night, My Lovely Wall

08 02 2021 23:48

Me

To-night is the lunar year celebration at the Phu' Cyou Buddhist temple I have been volunteering at. I will be dressed out in dead animal skin ready for mantric mayhem. Shitgoddamnmotherbitch that fucking drum was heavy. Took eight of us using a makeshit stretcher to move it. And the words to Bob Dylan's Maggie's Farm take me into a temporary slumber. " I ain't gonna work on Maggie's Farm no more "

11 02 2021 16:21

Me

So. It is nearly four twenty by my electronic sundial. Less than an hour ago my notification tone (Fuck!) rang out, an expletive not deleted against the freezing night. Black Octopus, which Kallisti has been able to read off my screens for years, sent all its app users a free sample pack, 700MB, usually $37.95 USD. Perhaps it will pair well with the recordings I made using FL Studio Mobile earlier at the Phu'Oc'Hue Buddhist temple. I am wearing a matte black mala bracelet presented assa gift for the volunteer work I've put in towards the opening of their wholly grandiose new facility. Pic sent via Gmail. Wish you were here, as the man said. By the way, which one's Pink?

12 02 2021 04:26

Me

It matches well with the chrome smiling skull wearing headphones necklace Kallisti kissed as she was ripped away.

12 02 2021 04:28

Me

A line from a stand-up act: India, an entire country with more than a billion people, now hassa flying nuke. Boom! Who's back?

12 02 2021 04:29

Me

Only 26,696 steps this week. I've been lazy

12 02 2021 04:30

Me

Found out about a posthumous Coil release, The New Backwards. Downloading it now from 0 seeders (hah!) on my favorite peer to peer sharing site, Frostwire.

12 02 2021 17:24

Me

The lightbulbs say it is 32 degrees Fahrenheit outside. Five and a half hours past noon. Time to get back to work trimming the tree for the fire

12 02 2021 17:25

Me

My trusty Fuck Weather app says it is fucking cool. Like atta mortuary.

12 02 2021 18:58

Me

That is the way I feel. Whatta co-incidence

12 02 2021 18:58

Me

We (I am) are about to hit the eight month mark. My apologies for the goodbye. Pam told me you hadda different number. And then recanted her story in another conversation. Everybody funny

12 02 2021 19:31

Me

Stay warm, My Lovely Wall. Not an order, merely a suggestion. I've heard people like to be warm

12 02 2021 19:33

Me

Phu'Oc'Hue also gave me a gold plastic coin, with square cutout in the center (I assume this currency, or the original, was designed to be kept onna string), and a scratch off card. Happy New Year, it is the year of the ox. I read that as aux, being who I am. Underneath the silvery foil it says, " Good Things are Said About You ". I am told the accompanying envelope with Vietnamese writing onnit contains a two dollar bill. Huh

12 02 2021 20:52

Me

On the way home Cynthia and I coined a new phrase to be used between us exclusively, until I name a track orran album after it. " Buddha Happens at the Fuck You Temple "

12 02 2021 21:10

Me

I've been trading emoji with Cynthia

12 02 2021 22:12

Me

- Caution! Dismemberment ahead!

12 02 2021 22:13

Me

Watch fer falling limbs!

12 02 2021 22:13

Me

I never think to use emoji. Look. I'm mooning you

12 02 2021 22:14

Me

- worth dying for. Join the Marines!

12 02 2021 22:14

Me

Wow. This is my new dick pic

12 02 2021 22:15

Me

- I guess this is what everyone else uses forra dick pic

12 02 2021 22:15

Me

- " aim my smilin' skull at you " - Alice in Chains

12 02 2021 22:16

Me

I am atta turning point, if I may use the cliche, in my life. What could very well be my last studio build is nearly complete. The loose ends, the Big Boy List of Chores, is nearly finished. Some additional trimming of the tree in the front yard. Inna few days the temperature will rise enough to finish painting the exterior. All of the hard copies of Kallisti's pictures, along with my own family's tree and pics, with all of the important documents associated, are stored nextdoor at Pam's. I have a paranoid schizophrenic ex-military woman to eject. She is beyond help and turning violent. Not the first time my compassion has let me down. Then I will be alone again, inna quieter than normal room modified for my life's passion. It will be a matter of months from that point until I know for sure whether or not I am capable of pouring all the hate and anger I have eating away at me into the Art, a release valve of sorts. If not, then the equipment gets shut off permanently and the only other option I have, a much more violent one, becomes the last goal to complete. This realization has had an unexpected effect: my blood pressure has dropped to what I understand is an average level. I am at peace with these decisions. For once in my lifetime, I am cold when others are as well. Interesting. It has been an odd, often entertaining and frustrating obsession writing you my thoughts day to day. I suspect you (your inbox - are they still called that?) stil have a few more months of words to be hurled digitally at you, whether asked for or not. I contend you started this, but then I would have to. It was most certainly never my intention to be offensive, if that is the end result. I merely did what made sense to me. This issa record of my thoughts, sent for various reasons, as honest and unfiltered as possible. Yours is the last opinion that mattered to me. Perhaps one day I can hear your assessment. Perhaps not. I suspect there is not much I can do about that. If you made it this far, thank you. For everything.

13 02 2021 08:12

Me

I have switched brands from Pall Mall Black 100s to Lucky Strikes Menthol 100s. The name simply amuses me

13 02 2021 08:46

Me

Buddha happens, man

13 02 2021 08:47

Me

I still see Kallisti's smiling face every time I turn on my phone. I am not healing, in any way. This is intolerable, and cannot continue. I recently sent the following to the "investigator" from CPS:

13 02 2021 08:52

Me

" All is death, woman. All is pain. Love breeds loss. Isolation breeds resentment. No matter which way we turn, we are beaten. Our only true inheritance is death. And our only legacy, dust. "

Clive Barker
The Scarlet Gospels

13 02 2021 08:52

Me

Yes, I still read novels. This behavior is not what I ever intended, but it in extant all the same. This is not something I can keep up indefinitely. I am tired. But strangely calm. Huh

13 02 2021 08:55

Me

The lock on my phone is fear, the word fear

13 02 2021 08:58

Me

Like the kid I useta be, taptaptapping this out under frozen secrecy of comfortable, clean bed linens laid out onnan air mattress. 2nd story of my friend's house Cibolo Proper. The power for my neighborhood has been out for hours. I have at least one burst pipe to fix inna couple days er so. I had decided to walk the three miles er so here earlier forra cigarette and was admonished when I made ready to leave. I associate with so ever-dwindling few that I find its nice to be reminded of friendship. Lusinda is a huge Trump supporter and Q-Anon authority, so forra bout six hours I've been further indoctrinated on the latest spreadings. In my Obblonge Box I generally focus on my own head, the Art, and horror movies. Sometimes I forget Other People are Real Things.

16 02 2021 02:04

Me

But you're a Real Thing, My Lovely Wall. Right?

16 02 2021 02:04

Me

To a different CPS agent, earlier: And the air over the firmament is the same temperature as your heart, once again. It is your fault that you are unloved. The lies you tell will never redeem you

16 02 2021 02:11

Me

Lusinda says talking shit like this isn't helping me any. She could very well be right. Considering that everything is already done I can't see how it would effect anything inna legal sense. They aren't threats, merely observations and copyrighted material. If I really want to be amusing/unfair I could copywrite and publish songs with lyrics directly being insulting and threatening and then send those. But I haven't. Call it more offan agressive writer's block than good taste

16 02 2021 02:15

Me

Alright. To a much warmer than expected slumber underneath a strange, squeaking ceiling fan. I have a feeling I'm going to wake up cuddling a large, goofy puppy. I'll leave the phone within arm's reach in case anything else pops into my head

16 02 2021 02:18

Me

Its tradition

16 02 2021 02:18

Me

Laying here, I realize I am not asleep. Did I say squeaking ceiling fan? I meant screaming. In displeasure. Did I mention I was a genius artist? I have no proof or output to speak of, but I very much feel like one right now. No, I have not been drinking. In fact, only halffa pack of $3.99USD menthol cigarettes in me. And halfa box of dry cereal, strawberry something. Lucy in the Morning with Strawberries. Maybe Kim Fields Questions.

16 02 2021 03:24

Me

Maybe that box of cereal was foreign to me because it was actually a collectors item from an antique shop orra flea market and I'm tripping on whatever mold Sir Kellogg of the Round Toilet genuflected before

16 02 2021 03:27

Me

That's a radd way to start offa Tuesday. In addition, next Tuesday I am scheduled to prove my identity to the IRS, making three years of back taxes eventually wind their way to me. So there's that. Money is so boring. I've never been bored. And I've never been into money. Huh

16 02 2021 03:30

Me

Bargle Nawdle Zouss!

16 02 2021 03:31

Me

Still here at Not My Place, AirMattess Residency Day Two. My gracious host has fed once again, and we ended the evening watching Perry Mason on the antenna, and after she passed out I held on for The Twilight Zone. Red then green then gold are the colors fading, in that order, from the binaural " sleep induction " setting ringing in my headphones behind my eyelids in the pitch black room. Quite warm, we sealed all the cracks in her 100+ year old house uncomfortably close to the tracks, at least where we are. Not sure why I feel the need to type this all out and send it to someone who hasn't answered in eight months. Same reasons. Good morning, My Lovely Wall

17 02 2021 00:13

Me

Green to teal to pale, in blurry left to right waves

17 02 2021 00:34

Me

Green Mountain/Gold Canyon/Red Land

17 02 2021 00:43

Me

Nearly ten thousand jobs completed for the CERN supercollider in one week. So. QAnon is amusing. Funny. My enemies' constituents. Enemy of my enemy...

26 02 2021 16:42

Me

I need help. I need someone who cares. I don't know how much longer I can hold this inside. Please

27 02 2021 03:40

Me

Fourth plumbing job completed in the past five days. No money. No one has any. Doesn't matter. I have a huge stock of parts. Anyone that needs them is more than welcome. I survived the coldest winter recorded here inna hundred years with one broken and repaired heater, no leaks. Running water the whole time. Pam's was shattered everywhere. Exhausted. Can't stop thinking about Kallisti. Realistically I think I have a few more months unless something changes. It probably won't. I can't keep going with this pain. Someone has to pay. I don't care what happens to me, as long as this stops hurting. I asked for help. I got so much more of the usual: others' problems at the expense of mine. I hope to hear from you before this is over. It could have been different. My apologies, My Lovely Wall. I am too tired and wounded to last much longer. No one cares, and this can't be healed

27 02 2021 23:25

Me

Monday morning. As usual, no one else is awake, so its just you and me. Stayed up the previous twilight hours digging underneath my friend's hundred year old house, ultimately resulting in tearing out the wall behind her washing machine and getting creative with parts available. For future reference, standard super glue and baking soda hardens instantly into a compound more rigid than the former would have dried into. Works exceedingly well on plumbing. Got home well past daybreak and spent the entire day continuing to trim the tree in my front yard, breaking it down to twigs, and burning them. Ah, anda side project constructing a sort of wheelchair forra duck for Pam out of the abundant PVC pieces collected by my backdoor. Am laying on my own couch currently, as there is a paranoid schizophrenic whose presence disgusts me occupying the futon mat I normally collapse on. After I reschedule an appointment with the IRS in the morning I will be ejecting her and her collection of burnt out lighters, donated clothes, and carbon encrusted drug paraphernalia out into the street. Two boxes containing pictures of Kallisti and my family are being temporarily stored nextdoor at Pam's. Anything else she may wish to destroy in return for my patience, kindness, work, and hospitality is just a material thing. My skin is parched from indirect sunlight and burning wood. I am overwhelmingly angry, as usual. My jaw is clenched with rage. And I am aware that my only actual friend through all of this will most likely never read any of my words. Such is life, as Kurt Vonnegut would say

01 03 2021 00:51

Me

I sincerely apologize for dragging your inbox down with the staggering burden of what has turned out to be an oddly one-sided and egocentric record of my thoughts. It has become important to me that you read this. I suspect I am looking for a judgement of sorts, from someone whose opinion I value. I promise I won't do this again. I don't think I am trying to be funny with that line

01 03 2021 01:01

Me

My work on the exterior of my property should take no more than a month, if that. I will know within another two if the only other passion in my life besides my family has also been stolen from me. My optimism is a lie I hear myself say to people who want comforting words.

01 03 2021 01:05

Me

I love you, My Imaginary Friend. I never have to lie to you

01 03 2021 01:07

Me

It's a beautiful world we live in A sweet romantic place Beautiful people everywhere The way they show they care Makes me want to say
It's a wonderful time to be here
It's nice to be alive
Wonderful people everywhere
The way they comb their hair
Makes me want to say
Itsa beautiful world
-Devo

01 03 2021 01:15

Me

I just read that Bunny Wailer died, in Jamaica, at 73. I have tears in my eyes and its getting difficult to type this. The first concert I ever attended he was headlining, with Bob Marley's band, The Wailers. After the show I helped pack away the stage lights. Assa token of appreciation he gave me, at age 16, standing in the front middle of the stage at Sunken Gardens Theater, a pile of weed anda rolling paper. " Here ya go, mon " I did not have tears in my eyes when either of my parents died.

03 03 2021 23:16

Me

There aren't enough tears. There isn't enough drugs. While I was working earlier atta friend's house I wrote down some good ideas on my notes app. I have a lengthy collection. I am giving everything I have to my effort to keep going inna direction that I can continue living in. Because there aren't enough tears. And there isn't enough drugs. And my time, the only thing I will ever have, is running very short

03 03 2021 23:23

Me

I am now nextdoor, on the couch. I have been informed that I will need to pay a fee and start an eviction process to force Ashley out of my house. After picking up one of three baskets of her shit and putting it outside she became violent and delusional as usual. She told the cops I stole $500 from her for in vitro fertilization. Yeah. I have grabbed some food out of the refrigerator and a pair of pants and two shirts, socks. Some tools for my job tomorrow. I will be calling GVEC tomorrow morning and having them turn off the power. Let's see how long she sticks around without electricity. Anything she steals or breaks I will file with the police. The first thing I grabbed to take with me was Kallisti's Hello Kitty Rainbow Dash stuffed animal. It is the most valuable thing I own

08 03 2021 01:41

Me

I have returned to my own home. Ashley is gone, with all of her shit. Am exhausted. Going to sleep, waiting for rhe power to be turned back on

09 03 2021 14:52

Me

I am sickened. Have barely been off the couch in days. Can't stop thinking of Kallisti. Hard to stay awake. I don't think I can do this much longer

10 03 2021 19:35

Me

Checking for Kallisti's name online I see the attorney that the county has appointed for " her best interest " is still getting paid $210.00 per month. Stacy M. January.

10 03 2021 20:18

Me

That's about $5000 to this one person alone

10 03 2021 20:20

Me

So far

10 03 2021 20:21

Me

I'm listening to recordings of Kallisti. The pain from this injustice will never be healed. Not until this is corrected

10 03 2021 21:43

Me

My Compartments are cleaned, again, eradicated of any trace of the previous...As soon as daylight hit I finished trimming the tree that has been leaning towards the roof. Bit offa dent. Oh well. Not my concern. That marks that off the Big Boy List of Chores. Finish applying paint on exterior until bucket is empty. Maybe build covered back patio area, maybe not. And then its me and the speakers again, possibly for the last time. I am tired. If I could, I would gladly add any days you may experience in the future that will result in exhaustion or intense disappointment to my list, since that's the direction.

11 03 2021 16:00

Me

Just got contacted by a friend who went to jail years ago and just got out onnan ankle monitor. I was keeping his dog for him until after about a year when it attacked my vacuum cleaner. Which means sometime later tonight I get to recount the entire story of what CPS did to our family. Still can't sleep. Have Kallisti's Hello Kitty Rainbow Dash on the table next to my ashtray and drinking glass. There is nothing I want to listen to or watch. Just darkness and fans and no sleep. I can't do this alone anymore

11 03 2021 18:54

Me

Digging through my collection of canned somethings, often in sauce, since recently " cleaning " my refrigerator out, I notice two tins of collard greens. That's how much I hate wasting resources. I kept two cans of collard greens. No, I don't care how or what your mom's mom cooks them with, that's nature's way of saying Do Not Fucking Eat This. The opposite of antifreeze for humans. I can't even pretend they're paperweights since I jot scribblings in notebooks or on the telephono. Can you imagine working atta collard green cannery? I can, (ow, puns?) but I'm not.

I'm trying. I am not succeeding.

12 03 2021 02:48

Me

A few hours ago Prissy sent me a message informing me, after not seeing or speaking or writing me for many months, that we should go and kidnap Kallisti and go to Mexico and " we'd have everything we'd need to be happy until we died. "
(I will not say what I am thinking. You're capable of thoughts yourself.)

12 03 2021 02:54

Me

Only slighly less than 25,000 steps this week. That's because I slept for three, maybe four, days.

12 03 2021 02:59

Me

Its three am, the mostest fun time of all. Approved by the KLF

12 03 2021 03:00

Me

Spinach alfredo pizza will be ready in twenty mins. Algernon Blackwood audiobook will be providing the entertainment. Attire extremely casual

12 03 2021 18:19

Me

Since I'm not using it for anything but very occasional playback, I've linked the Computron back up to CERN. Over 11,600 jobs, as they measure progress, completed in the past two weeks.

12 03 2021 18:26

Me

WHAT I KNOW NOW
A poem written in magazine clippings and glue

YOUR ONLY JOB
Still feeling depressed?
NOTHING LIKE I IMAGINED
People Noticed
PAIN
EATING
SOUND
SLEEP
AT A PRICE
SILENCE
GOODBYE

12 03 2021 21:06

Me

Have you ever wondered if everything everyone has ever said to you was sarcastic?

12 03 2021 21:48

Me

Right now, yes, right now, the coolest, most with-it and hip people are listening to The KLF

12 03 2021 22:42

Me

Good morning! Happy Saturday! So. Since its raining er something to-morrow morning (later on to-day?) instead of continuing the rebuilding offa shed and workshop I will be traveling with my friend and employment coordinator Cynthia to the Fuck You Buddhist Temple forra meditation class. Having studied Buddhism assa teenager and not being new to the scene, I just amused myself by working in a textual meme-bomb, so that right as her mind lets go of concious concerns, ceases to be a grasping monkey clutching at thoughts, she will hear Fred Schneider of the B-52'S yelling " ROCK LOBSTER! ". We're going to get kicked out offa Buddhist Temple by a fellow shaven-headed guy for giggling.

13 03 2021 00:10

Me

Back from meditation class at the Fuck You Temple. With my third eye squeegeed, what truer reflection of what suits my thoughts than Goatwhore?

13 03 2021 14:04

Me

My favorite Goatwhore track is Under The Flesh, Into The Soul. They exclusively sing songs about Satan, but this one is about how Satan hates junkies. Because if you're spending time doing heroin, you not giving enough time to worshipping Satan.

13 03 2021 14:11

Me

Listening to Aphex Twin's Cheetah album. Right now, every female neighbor of mine wants to get laid, but they have no idea why. (Its the bass)

13 03 2021 19:39

Me

I have one small a/c that I just threw in and shoved some moving blankets around with some tape since there's a crazy chick nextdoor and propping my entrance way open is probably not the best idea at the moment. It's fucking cold in here

13 03 2021 20:23

Me

Just watched a flick filmed in Texas called The Vast of Night. I coulda done that. Just sayin

14 03 2021 00:45

Me

It is 3:42 in the morning onna Sunday. Michael Mackenzie has once again asserted his dominance as The Loudest Motherfucker In The Neighborhood

14 03 2021 03:44

Me

You have gmail. How exciting!

14 03 2021 20:29

Me

Check out Devore Fidelity O/Reference speakers. Wow. (I know. Its my job)

15 03 2021 01:36

Me

So they won't sell to you directly off of their site. There's a pair of O/93s going on eBay for about $6,000 with shipping. Like, wow. I question return for dollars way before that point

15 03 2021 01:43

Me

And so (also my job), " Little Sister " by Queens of the Stone Age is undeniably one of the best rock-'n'-roll love songs ever. This is undeniable. Try it. Try denying it. See. Told you. Its my job

15 03 2021 03:17

Me

A friend dropped by with a THC vape. King Louie, the particular strain. He left me one as well: Pineapple Kush. Wishing you were here. I left my vape pen atta friend's house, and they're crashed. So if you wouldn't mind...

15 03 2021 06:19

Me

The other side of the box says it was Maui Wowie, man. Doesn't say whether er not its got any Labrador innit. Man.

15 03 2021 06:19

Me

Did I mention I'm really, really stoned? Like I'm stumbling around like I'm drunk. And eating everything. EVERYTHING I'm about to eat microwaved pancake batter with sugar inna cup. That's how stoned I am. Thank you, spellcheck. So. One can walk from the workbench to the toilet now without sonic dropouts now. Ten separate amplifiers pushing fourteen speakers. Mmmm. Chai spice molten cake inna cup.

15 03 2021 06:20

Me

Since waking up at the very rocknroll time of 7:30pm yesterday I have consumed 180,000 calories. That issnot a misprint. That's one hundred and eighty thousand calories. Good morning. Gotta vape pen?

15 03 2021 06:21

Me

... because I haven't tried this Pineapple Kush yet.

15 03 2021 06:23

Me

This is amusing, but it won't last. There isn't enough drugs to make this end. I've been loud, very loud, the past two days. 'Til five am. Played my stuff alongside published stuff. It held up. However artificially propped up I ever am, this is different. This is overwhelming. My apologies, I know this isn't your trip

15 03 2021 06:30

Me

Too wet outside to paint, or work in Cibolo. Finished burning right before it started to rain. Started making noise with FL Studio again and immediately thought of Kallisti and got sad. I don't want to do anything but lay in the dark now. I don't want this anymore

16 03 2021 08:20

Me

There isn't anything else. I am exhausted from lying and smiling and lying and laughing.

16 03 2021 10:57

Me

Got my vape pen back. Someone has licked all the frosting off these shredded wheats, man. I find that extremely disturbing

17 03 2021 00:51

Me

In 1903, Guglielmo Marconi was scheduled to give a demonstration of his newfangled radio, which he claimed could send Morse code messages securely over the airwaves. Before the event at the Royal Institution could begin, however, the radio picked up a Morse code message that said “Rats, Rats, Rats,” as well as a poem disparaging Marconi.

17 03 2021 03:53

Me

Maskelyne, a radio tinkerer as well, had been paid by a telegraph company to learn how to interfere with the radio communication and embarrass Marconi, making the incident the first known technology hack.

17 03 2021 03:54

Me

So. Its four in the am. And I'm thinking, " You know, I could totes go for some mac and cheese "

17 03 2021 04:07

Me

Never to let circumstances stand in my way, I would like everyone I just previously messaged to know that I have consumed an entire box of mac and cheese

17 03 2021 04:39

Me

" Big Chewy Nerds are the tastiest titans.
A Nerdy adventure with flavor that brightens. "
Now that is how to sell a product

20 03 2021 04:30

Me

According to the ingredients list, Big Chewy Nerds are more than ninety-eight percent dextrose, corn syrup, sugar, water, and corn starch. The other two percent is vague references to chemicals, colors, and flavors. They mention specifically that there is no Vitamin D anywhere near this package. Big Chewy Nerds Jellybeans are the liberty spike wearing mohawked hardcore punks of the candy world. Two dollars and fifty cents forra big bag of awesome that lasted all day. These things are so " Fuck You! " that it is impossible to consume more than few handfuls. I can eat an entire cheesecake or half a gallon of ice cream assa meal. But eleven ounces of Big Chewy Nerds? All day.

BIG CHEWY NERDS JELLYBEANS
™©®

20 03 2021 04:51

Me

Right now, yes, right now, the coolest, most with-it and hip people are listening to Merzbow

20 03 2021 16:51

Me

I found a crying Hello Kitty sticker. Its on my cigarette case. It felt appropriate

09 04 2021 03:29

Me

I am not doing well. When I sleep it is nothing but violence. And I sleep all day again. I don't want to miss any of it

09 04 2021 03:34

Me

Cutting samples out of FBI tape q594 reminds me that Jim Jones had a very distinctive laugh. The song I'm composing in my head (where are the real work is done) sounds very much like something that would be played over a commercial for a sugary breakfast cereal. It also reminds me that the Kool-Aid Man hit on my mom.

09 04 2021 06:08

Me

Sitting very stoned. Listening to a loop of Jim Jones and a heavily modified kick drum. Sounds very much like a heartbeat. The strain is OG something. Finkelstein. Rapanui. Teriyaki. Something. You should come hit this man

11 04 2021 02:55

Me

" How much shit can take and try to reason with people. And reason and show mercy with them, and even offer to bring them and entertain them and they still do crap "
-Jim Jones

11 04 2021 02:56

Me

The other samples are of his congregational members describing what they would like to do with their estranged family members

11 04 2021 02:57

Me

" I think that I should, um, take a knife and cut Mr. Tucker up real good..."

11 04 2021 02:58

Me

Has anyone ever asked you what its like to be a ray of sunshine?

11 04 2021 02:59

Me

Me neither

11 04 2021 03:00

Me

Was reading artist bios on the FL Studio website and came across the Living Tombstone. He made some of the most popular youtube fan songs for Five Nights at Freddy's. Kallisti usedta listen to his shit all the time. I clicked on the youtube link and when the song started playing I started screaming. I'm still crying. I can't live like this. This has to end, one way or another

12 04 2021 00:09

Me

I don't have a TheRapist, which is probably a good thing. So I'm watching horror movies with the ear goggles on. 1974's Let Sleeping Corpses Lie. Currently on 1984's April Fool's Day (NOT the remake - ugh!)

14 04 2021 03:46

Me

The soundtrack on Let Sleeping Corpses Lie is fantastic

14 04 2021 03:46

Me

That was not the same movie I remembered with child-like affection. Well. Moving on. The Hole in the Ground - 2019

14 04 2021 03:47

Me

I hate this place. But I love these chords. Empty fate just means an even score. And the pain this morning. Filled my head. It's Jameson. It means that I'm not dead.
- Hot Water Music

14 04 2021 06:40

Me

Made it out of my house long enough to bring the trash can in from the street and check the mail. Have no idea what was in the mailbox. Just grabbed it and threw it onna counter. When I dream, it is of violence. I don't want to miss any offit. I don't know what to do anymore. And I don't care. This has to stop. They have to be stopped

15 04 2021 04:42

Me

I really hate you
Stop getting in my way
I've lost my patience
When are you gonna decay?

I want to throw you out
Just like my broken TV
If you'll come back once more
It shall be painful you'll see!

I hope you die in a fire!

Hope you'll be stabbed in the heart, hope you'll get shot and expire!
Hope you'll be taken apart
Hope this is what you desire!

It's almost over
Why can't you just let it fly?
Don't be afraid
It's not the first time you'll die

Your mechanical parts click
Sounds like when I broke your bones
Once I get my second chance
I won't leave you alone!

Oh yeah!

I hope you die in a fire!

Hope you'll be stabbed in the heart, hope you'll get shot and expire!
Hope you'll be taken apart
I hope you die in a fire!

Hope you'll be stabbed in the heart, hope you'll get shot and expire!
Hope you'll be taken apart
Hope this is what you desire!

I hope you die in a fire!,
- The Living Tombstone
Fanfare, Five Nights at Freddy's
One of the most successful video games in history

15 04 2021 04:57

Me

Coffee has just made me awake with my stomach eating itself. Nodding out, but it hurts. Everything hurts. I'm so tired of this

15 04 2021 05:06

Me

You have gmail

15 04 2021 05:26

Me

The movies aren't working. I'm just sitting in the dark and screaming. I have to sleep soon

15 04 2021 06:01

Me

This is God's Acre, Sacred to Him. Sacred to Those Whose Bodies Rest Here. Let Nothing Defile It. In It, Speak Reverently. Cherish The Flowers. Dogs Shouls Be Kept On A Leash and Bicycles Left Outside The Gates
-screenshot, Let Sleeping Corpses Lie -1974

15 04 2021 06:58

Me

From my dream:
" Your whole life. Slaving towards a home, a perfect square, perfectly in line onna treeless street, painted to match the next one. Conveyor belts of brown cubes inching towards a Facilitated Care Condominium which we built on the landfilll. When you die you ride the Skylift, the elevator one last time, to the rooftop. And your body, lifeless now inna different way than it was before, we pitch into the fountain to continue building the hill like insects.
Do you have chocolate milk in your ice cube trays?

I wish I had chocolate milk in my ice cube trays. Then, I'd be rich. "

25 04 2021 15:30

Me

One day I dreamt I was the prophet, [obblonge]. Then I awoke and preacheth The Gospel

25 04 2021 15:35

Me

My friend, Brother Adrean, also hath procreed something ultraraddeth: wence the discussion had turned to the topic of subdermal rfid chips used as permanent IDs and credit cards, his immediate reaction was, " Fuck Yeah! Now my middle finger clocks me in to two jobs! "

25 04 2021 15:52

Me

Forwarded: Last year this girl pulled out a notebook and wrote down what I had just said. Then she confirmed what she had written was accurate. And then she drew a dash and asked me how to spell my whole name. That's what Mitch Hedberg called it. Being dashed. You just got dashed

25 04 2021 16:09

Me

Rodin's " The Thinker " was taking a shit

25 04 2021 16:18

Me

Enter Robin Williams!

25 04 2021 16:19

Me

(Forwarded:)

25 04 2021 16:20

Me

Oops

25 04 2021 16:20

Me

The prophet proclaimeth Oops

25 04 2021 16:20

Me

Issthat an amusement park ride or gay fanfiction? Or both? I'm replacing Bruce Lee from the poster of Enter The Dragon already

25 04 2021 16:29

Me

25 04 2021 16:32

Me

My third party messaging app is displaying an advertisement for a movie called " The Chosen " between contact profiles now. Those advertising IDs are fucking awesome

25 04 2021 16:40

Me

To thee: my course, my lot, is given. Charge and strict watch. That to this happy place no evil thing approach or enter it.
-Milton
Paradise Lost

25 04 2021 19:25

Me

Good morning, My Lovely Wall. The edges of peripheral vision are curling their fingers inward around our perceptions. Between them can be glimpsed...

25 04 2021 19:39

Me

(this is where you write the story. May you never permit another to write it for you)

25 04 2021 19:40

Me

The prophet [obblonge] declareth Today's Word to be fagtard. Discuss

27 04 2021 16:22

Me

Trending with four people now. We have gone to France and back through time, much as the Storm of Ale. Todog be acknowledged assa possible Fagtard, or The Possible Fagtard, or the supreme sworn enemy of the United Fagtard Front. Indeed. These things have come to pass. So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]

27 04 2021 16:55

Me

Rainbow Nerds surround fruity, gummy centers
Those sweet little sparks are fantastic inventors
A poppable cluster packed with tangy crunchy Nerds
A candy so tasty there aren't even words

If I ever work for someone again it will be the ineffable Mr. Wonka

27 04 2021 21:08

Me

I know. My narrative often renders one speechless

27 04 2021 21:13

Me

All my life I've wanted those words whispered to me

27 04 2021 21:14

Me

Back to sleep I return, hoping

27 04 2021 21:14

Me

Hi! I'd like to discuss, if you'll float me this much of your attention, how AmWay can fill the porous exterior of your psyche, resulting in the smoothnosity offa Sultan, swinger or not. Don't let this AmMazing opportunity chug past your slightly ajar window! Tune in! Turnip! Rhubarb! We're going out of business and passing the savings on to you! Volume! That's how we doit. Loudly!
allow sixty-eight weeks for delivery

27 04 2021 21:33

Me

Nine out of ten thoracic surgeons agree

27 04 2021 21:37

Me

I've been one-upped. Better band name: Csection infection!

27 04 2021 22:10

Me

Angels to some, demons to others
preaching from the scarlet gospels
worshiptheglitch unlocks the limits
offa city named wormwood

poetry from a night torn mad with footsteps

27 04 2021 22:32

Me

Having finished the entire bag of ChewyNerdClusters I have moved on to devouring a box of shredded wheat, no frosting, dry. JesusfagtardChristballs, maybe I do need someone known only as TheRapist in my life

27 04 2021 23:02

Me

For pointers, tips, and tricks, of course

27 04 2021 23:03

Me

A whisperer in darkness removes its mask. The machinery has collected its charge. What remains is corrosive. Screaming, the halt is permanent

28 04 2021 04:14

Me

Do not look down. Keep flying. Nevermind the noise. It can't be what it sounds like. Do not look down. Iffit issan abyss it cannot, by definition, be staring, or starry wisdom

28 04 2021 04:18

Me

Somewhere something is sliding wet past itself. Tendrils of jelly connecting its teeth. Ammi asleep still? Does it matter? The horizon is orange, while the nadir is blackish, greenish, and moist. This isn't a dream-state. All states are corrupt. Faceless. Less faces to see the searing audible from where we are, where we were, where wassthat?

28 04 2021 04:28

Me

I am alone, in command of legions. No thing in views. Cracked earth, skins. Too many. No things

28 04 2021 04:30

Me

Chest is empty

28 04 2021 04:31

Me

Vicarage sangrene
Nostrils flaring
estes
estes

28 04 2021 04:37

Me

You cannot petition the Lord with prayer
- Jim Morrison

01 05 2021 15:34

Me

Gimmie sympathy
After all of this is gone
Who would you rather be?
The Beatles or the Rolling Stones? Oh seriously
You're gonna make mistakes, you're young
C'mon baby
Play me something
Like Here Comes The Sun
-Metric

02 05 2021 16:52

Me

Get high
Stay with the all unknown
Stay away from the hooks
All the chances we took
Got no time to take a picture
I'll remember someday
All the chances we took
We're so close
To something better left unknown
We're so close
To something better left unknown
I can feel it in my bones

02 05 2021 16:58

Me

When I wassa kid I played a game called Whack-a-mole. Now that I'm an adult, I just wanna Stomp-a-Lemming

02 05 2021 19:35

Me

Orthopedic Dr. Martens good for
Waffle making
Stomping the lemmings

02 05 2021 19:37

Me

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms: and He shall thrust out the enemy from before thee; and shall say

DESTROY THEM
-Deuteronomy 33:27

02 05 2021 21:28

Me

Forget you not, disciples, that the prophet [obblonge] is the son offa preacher man witha gun and a paranoid schizophrenic agoraphobic

<fnord>

02 05 2021 21:31

Me

At the end of the candy aisle there are bags of gummi nerd clusters. They are visionary poetry for the mouth. The only way they could be improved is if they made you hallucinate, fried you eggs and bacon for breakfast, and swallowed your jism. I guess that's true for anything, huh? I just figured out how to make a perfect anything. I am a genius artist

03 05 2021 22:36

Me

They've never put me inna microcell. Those must be the ones the infants get incarcerated in

03 05 2021 23:03

Me

Awesome! Wow! The snaussenberries taste like snaussenberries

04 05 2021 16:28

Me

I havea pen. I have pineapple. I have rotten pineapple + pen

04 05 2021 16:33

Me

I just dreamt I just moved in tooa large plantation-style house next tooa bank. And I gave you directions to park in their lot and meet me for tea and hookah on the second floor rear patio

04 05 2021 19:05

Me

We can see the streets from here. I can smell several fast food restaurants

04 05 2021 19:06

Me

Man, I hope thats not me. When was the last time I took a shower?

04 05 2021 19:06

Me

Shes got leggs
She bought them inna plastic egg
Sheer energy leggs
2.99 on sale, man

04 05 2021 19:07

Me

I hate pantyhose. Its, like, the bane of my existence, man. Almost there. What the fuck? What is this shit? Why? WHY!!?

04 05 2021 19:18

Me

These messages brought to you by Gillette and ZZ Top, and the bank I did not, in fact, move next to

04 05 2021 19:19

Me

What do you dream of, My Lovely Wall?

04 05 2021 19:22

Me

(i took a shower)

04 05 2021 19:23

Me

Ah. I can read some of the restaurant signs with my glasses on. Sometimes I wear these things. Colonel Mustard's. Professor's Plum Winery. Missus Egg White Breakfast (now serving peacocks and lunch). Lead Pipe Cocktails. The Candlestick Coffeehouse (i ustea participate in the open Mike poetry slams there, 'til my girlfriend got caught stealing shit off the walls), The Monopoly Shoestore and Juice Bar

04 05 2021 19:35

Me

Where you at?

04 05 2021 19:36

Me

Itsa nice enough night. Just rained, maybe more onnits way. I'll just lay down here and take a nap 'til you show up. Lotta traffic here downtownish

04 05 2021 19:38

Me

Laissez-faire, mi amour, c'est la vie
Should I return to shore or swim back out to sea?
There's a few things that I never could believe

A woman when she weeps
A merchant when he swears
A theif who says he'll pay
A lawyer when he cares
A snake when he's sleeping
A drunkard when he prays
I don't believe you go to heaven when you're good
Everything goes to hell anyway

-Tom Waits

04 05 2021 19:45

Me

I was just reminded that my birthday is coming up next month. Which brought these lyrics to mind:
White trash get down on your knees
Its time for cake inside of me
-Marilyn Manson (sort of)

04 05 2021 20:35

Me

Just think. It'll be a one year anniversary of you completely ignoring me. I seem to remember mentioning that I never give up. B-sides, you're fun

04 05 2021 20:36

Me

(blows raspberry) pi

04 05 2021 20:37

Me

Pie! Its not cake, but it'll do

04 05 2021 20:37

Me

And who doesn't like Cake? My favorite album is Fashion Nugget, but they're all great

04 05 2021 20:38

Me

Where you at?

04 05 2021 20:39

Me

I took my brain tooa brain shop
Told them I thought my brain was outta tune
I don't know how to tune a brain, do you?
They said they'd have to rebuild the whole head
I said:
Do what you gotta do
When I got my head back it didn't work quite right
Didn't have as many good ideas
-Mark Sandman

04 05 2021 20:55

Me

Where you at?

04 05 2021 21:53

Me

Ah. Dew of moutains. The nuclear green alien blood of creativity

04 05 2021 22:21

Me

Where you at?

04 05 2021 22:23

Me

I just realized that I have never, not once, proclaimed myself The Porcelain God. What have you just realized?

04 05 2021 22:28

Me

With what dwindling love I have left,
For you, My Lovely Wall
Good-night

04 05 2021 22:44

Me

What it actually says on the Mountain Dew can:
Caffeine content:54mg/12 fl oz
We're here to help.

05 05 2021 15:36

Me

In bold type directly underneath. I just checked the three liter bottle. It says it there as well. But inna different place. Made a note:
Call and record PepsiCo when you come up with a particularly cool problem, the kind Moutains of Dew could help you with. Shit. 1-800-433-2652.

05 05 2021 16:51

Me

The Mountain Dew helpline. I'm saving it to contacts

05 05 2021 16:51

Me

Death tolls, already high, have been multiplied exponentially in the Central part of the State, due to a " weakness " in the operating systems of medical equipment and communications infrastructure that rendered our emergency treatment procedures and supply chains paralyzed during the already unusually extreme weather patterns now becoming more common. Patients' records and documented data have been found to be " unreliable ", with information scrambled by an unsuspected algorithm. Fatal allergic reactions and improper dosage of normally life-saving drugs have decimated the population across all demographics.

05 05 2021 17:48

Me

Our sources inform us this is most likely what the State labels a " homegrown terrorist attack ", unnoticed and lying dormant for years. Perpetrators unknown. In other news, several " too large to fail " financial institutions are beginning to report, internally, descrepencies in their accounting software and/or practices that for years have funneled funds into unknown locations. Actual revenues are no longer in a profitable margin, instead apparently used to construct projects that resulted in Rube Goldberg style wastes of effort and resources.

05 05 2021 17:55

Me

Crops in the Central and MidWestern parts of the State are continuing to struggle for reasons also being deemed, confidentially until now, as purposeful acts against the Commonwealth. Please stay tuned to our exclusive reporting for further details.

05 05 2021 17:57

Me

" Are you unpopular? Will no one fuck you unless you pay them? The problem is theirs. You are the most important event to ever occur. Eat this. It tastes good, like murder should. And remember to do as we s/tell you "

05 05 2021 17:59

Me

One day the prophet [obblonge] arose, and preacheth the inevitable and impending future

05 05 2021 18:00

Me

Onna lighter note:
Farts are the poetry of assholes

05 05 2021 18:13

Me

The fork I'm eating raviolis cold out of the can, because I'm an adult, with has three words engraved onnit: Cambridge Stainless Indonesia. There's horror and poetry everywhere

05 05 2021 18:29

Me

The Canadian Borneal Ice Slug often swallows its own head when startled

05 05 2021 21:12

Me

More horror and poetry: the can of raviolis contains 4.5 servings. That's fucked up, man

05 05 2021 21:18

Me

I'm trying my hand at limerick writing:
There once wassa man from Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysiliog ogogoch.
That's as far as I got. I did not make that up. That's in Wales, same island as the home of the limerick. I've purchased at least four Aphex Twin albums where all the song titles looked like that. I had no idea that wassan actual language until very recently.

06 05 2021 01:42

Me

" On second thought, let's not go to Camelot. Itsa very silly place. "

06 05 2021 01:44

Me

BEWARE THE TRAVELLING, CREEPING SURFACE WAVES

06 05 2021 01:51

Me

[obblonge]
Not only an offensive coordinator, but a reinforcing membrane

06 05 2021 01:52

Me

Iffits not Robitussin, its not real. Sometimes advertising is all about blatant truisms

06 05 2021 07:01

Me

Left my house once this week. There's a check in my mailbox, but it can stay there. There isn't anything to spend money on. I don't know what else to do

06 05 2021 07:04

Me

Noise. Flashing teeth. Intense humidity. Fronds whipping. Looking skyward is piercing. Finally out

06 05 2021 07:50

Me

THE LEMMING CYCLE
March into the sea
Can you see the shore?
Doesn't matter, it must be there
Come with me
Follow your leader
Cibola is just over the horizon
Swim

06 05 2021 15:35

Me

I will kill your discontinued models'burgeoning population by instructing it to walk over the precipice offa cliff. And the Deep Ones shall feast on your rodent bodies, and being evolved, mindful, intelligent creatures they will appreciate the bounty, Lemming.

06 05 2021 15:38

Me

[obblonge] heard your plea across the stars

06 05 2021 15:40

Me

I read recently that one has to experience HP Lovecraft's True Art assa musical with puppets to appreciate it fully. What do you think?

07 05 2021 00:10

Me

If frozen cheesecake were to manifest itself in my icebox, how would I know? And so. I check, sometimes hourly.

07 05 2021 00:37

Me

I have received a three month full access trial of the flagship Arturia synth Pigments for my participation in the last Synthesthesia event. Its a big engine, I've had the pleasure of torturing my CPU withit before. Seriously, I've crashed my system running two instances offit. Cool. I'd like to install it and make noises unto the Akashic Record Halls, but I'm on self lockdown currently. I am not allowing myself off the couch for any reason, lest I consume more food. I helped a friend build a back deck. Everybody smokes pot there, even his mom, who has known me since I moved here when I was eight. Six blunts and five - count 'em, five - different strains of hash later there is indeed a fine deck outside his backdoor. And I have consumed over 20,000 calories, even without cheesecake (do you have any cheesecake? [I like cheesecake]). Yes, blunts need to be smoked, I get this. But this is diabolical. There issa steak in my refrigerator. It wants me to eat it. It needs me to gnash its muscluar fibers between my molars. Nosh me! It screams! No! Nay! But my words, they are growing ever weaker, meaningless, non-existent. This cannot continue. Do you have cheesecake? Do you know anyone that has cheesecake?

07 05 2021 03:27

Me

I don't think I've ever been so close to tears that I have food and am hungry. Surely this issa first world problem.

07 05 2021 03:31

Me

The steak. Its snap crackle popping in its butter filled jacuzzi. This isn't right, man.

07 05 2021 04:11

Me

It is done. Lassie has the AIDS, Timmy, we have to shoot it, from far away, no less. You can look away if you need to, you're still a boy. But this Has To Be Done

07 05 2021 04:36

Me

And before the rosy fingers of dawn insert themselves into the nose of unfulfilled promises yet again, the man, growing fatter, more grotesque, by the moment, cries softly in the dark, alone

07 05 2021 04:39

Me

<end transmission>

07 05 2021 04:40

Me

I feel sick. And tired. And I don't want to feel this way anymore. And, yes, I xan change the world

07 05 2021 06:40

Me

And he looked over them. He found their lives had no meaning, and never had.

07 05 2021 06:49

Me

The prophet [obblonge] continued His work

07 05 2021 06:55

Me

worshiptheglitch

07 05 2021 06:56

Me

I don't think its wrong forra man to be in love with cheesecake

07 05 2021 14:27

Me

As long as its frozen cheesecake.

07 05 2021 14:27

Me

Come back to me Sara Lee. It me, not you. You're perfect Sara

07 05 2021 14:28

Me

You know, I would go so far as to say cheesecake is the perfect food, as long as its got more, separately purchased, cheesecake filling on top offit, and cheesecake ice cream, and Cool Whip. That would be perfect

07 05 2021 14:28

Me

An ad on my third party messaging app is displaying information on thyroid eye disease. Which can be prevented with cheesecake. This was common knowledge to the skull collecting Aztecs, the Lemurians, and, of course, the great Leviathan

07 05 2021 14:31

Me

This is not a conspiracy. Conspiracies are impossible. They require people to work together

07 05 2021 14:33

Me

Cheesecake counts as cake, because its in the name, even though it looks like pie

07 05 2021 14:35

Me

48percent of domestic violence victims don't leave because they can't bring their pets. I hate people. I think I've mentioned this

07 05 2021 14:38

Me

Yeah, I wake up in the morning feeling like John Dee
Got my black magic book and drew a circle round me
I wake up in the morning feeling like I'm not me
I'm a beast. I'm a killer. I'm a young Crowley
-Ghostemane

07 05 2021 15:15

Me

Heh. Kids

07 05 2021 15:16

Me

Eating Ramen, a holy food in the Church of the Flying Spaghetti Monster, with Flaming Hot Cheetos Puffs. It has turned my soup blood red

07 05 2021 15:34

Me

Moooom, Bradley's Robot won't stop looking at me.
Well stop touching it
I'm not touching it!
Itsa robot, dear, it doesn't have any eyes

07 05 2021 15:36

Me

Quick! Don't think! Gut reaction! Which is more bad? Ghostemane or Milli Vanilli?

07 05 2021 15:46

Me

For me, the answer is clearly Milli Vanilli. They're liars. And lying is wrong

07 05 2021 15:47

Me

Bradley's Robot feels like masturbating tooa hot, oily popcorn machine behind the counter offa movie theater showing Dario Argento's Profundo Rosso, also on the marquis as Deep Red

07 05 2021 16:24

Me

Have I mentioned that I'm opening a second business? Designing the cards right now. Ghost and Demon Removal. Guaranteed - there will be no ghosts and/or demons on contract stayed property after my services have been rendered

07 05 2021 16:33

Me

I miss our long walks on the beach together. I'm feeling not-so-fresh right now, but I have no one to discuss this with

07 05 2021 16:49

Me

I'M GONNA GO TEST SOME RESISTORS

07 05 2021 16:57

Me

Ow! You're on my hair!

I'm sick of hearing that. If you'd shave your legs once inna while ..

07 05 2021 17:05

Me

I just ate an entire pound of ground beef with hot dog buns. Four hot dog buns. This cannot be sustained. I seriously think I'm broken. I'm going to consume until the world is gone. Indeed, I was born to murder the world

07 05 2021 21:16

Me

Dear Saint Frankenstein
Please to make meea wife
Many thankings of you
-the prophet [obblonge]

07 05 2021 21:26

Me

And it came to pass, the prophet [obblonge] consumed the Firmament, and all upon it, including the breakfast cereals, and the aardvarks, and the anchovy pot pies. Indeed, he was born to murder the world

07 05 2021 21:28

Me

One cigarette. No cheesecake. There are worse things. But not at this moment

07 05 2021 21:30

Me

And let us raise our voices with Ray Stevens. Everything is horrible. Then you die in pain.

07 05 2021 21:31

Me

And progress is not intelligently planned
It's the facade of our heritage, the odor of our land
They speak of progress, in red, white and blue
It's the structure of the future as demise comes seething through

It's progress, 'til there's nothing left to gain
As the dearth of new ideas makes us wallow in our shame
So before you go contribute more
To the destruction of this world you adore
Remember life on Earth is but a flash of dawn
We're all part of it as the day rolls on

And progress is a message that we send
One step closer to the future, one inch closer to the end
I say that progress is a synonym of time
We are all aware of it but it's nothing we refine

And progress is a debt we all must pay
It's convenience we all cherish, it's pollution we disdain
And the cutting edge is dulling
Too many people to plow through
Just keep your fucking distance
And it can't include you

It's progress, 'til there's nothing left to gain, it's
Progress, it's a message that we send
And progress is a debt we all must pay

12 05 2021 18:27

Me

I have arisen. There is daylight visible through the exterior wall near the juncture of the ceiling next to the shower head. Parts of my body are still sore from excursion. Fuck them. I am hate and hatred and action and aftermath. I am the molar buried underneath asphalt: the only evidence of life that will be used to define an era. I am The Way. The prophet [obblonge] breathes slicing particulates in order to feel mortality which would otherwise not be realized.

12 05 2021 18:27

Me

Were they burning signal fires
To guide us to the fields?
Or building funeral pyres?
The outcome of a final appeal

The city lines are down
The kerosene's run out
The fracturing of all we relied upon

Let's shed this unclean skin
And start to feel again
'cause all the shoulders

On which to cry are gone

He looked at the fields
And then his hands,
"All I need is what I have"
Then fell a tear of happiness

12 05 2021 18:41

Me

He invited me back for a ride
I smiled, agreed, and we left for the place
That is full of reasons for time and for space
He said he was leaving last tide

Sun Ra was here in his element
He invited me back for a ride
I agreed and left for the places
He said he was leaving last tide

In a spaceship powered by natural sounds
I smiled, agreed, and we left for the place
That is full of the reasons for time and space
He said, "I dream of colour music
And the intricacies of the machines that make it possible"
I said, "You are nothing if not inconsistent"
He said, "I rely upon being insistent
I'm almost never forever
I'm almost never for now
I implore you, explore all the people you meet
I implore you, explore all the people you meet"

Sun Ra was here in his element
He invited me back for a ride
He said, "I will be all right if you kiss me
And I will be all right if you hold me
It will be all right if you kiss me
It'll be all right if you hold me"

He said, "Now is the time to relaunch the dream weapon
Relaunch the dream weapon
We worship at the shrine of the thylacine
We worship at the shrine of the thylacine
We worship at the shrine of the thylacine"
And we worshipped at the shrine of the thylacine

I thought, priceless, bloody priceless
Priceless, bloody priceless
Petals pleated
Tear droplets repeated
Sepals, separate
We hydrogenerate in the basin of a black pan
I see acid free, not an ideal homeland for you or me
With desert venom and military temples
Black wings flying over without management
Without management or plan
Where resonators rub against the delinquent and the compliant
I will be all right if you kiss me
I will be all right if you hold me
When I see the great black light
When I see the grey-black light
That shines in the eyes of animals
When I find you I will remind you
Most accidents occur at home
-Coil
[editor's note - John Balance, half of Coil, died from a fall from an indoor second-story balcony in his home at the age of 42, my current number]

16 05 2021 22:32

Me

Last line of the song:
All will be forgotten, and all will be well
Discuss

16 05 2021 22:38

Me

I have moved my Hated refrigerator and all its accompaniments such as microwaves, ovens, and their required ammunition, food, to the large storage space at the southern end, behind a door that will be covered and normally closed. If your food supply isn't constantly visible, isn't an arm's reach away, then eating becomes its own activity, a choice. And it puts a lockage door between my Hated refrigerator and me

16 05 2021 22:46

Me

Onna slight tangent, one third of all the eligible population in the United States are too fat to join the military

20 05 2021 09:17

Me

Eighty percent of humans are incapable of independent thought. You are not being controlled by an organization. There are no organizations. There are only ones. You only react to sensory input as you always have before. You do not think about the sensory input as information to be analyzed, and then reacted upon.

20 05 2021 09:21

Me

I am a one. Are you a zer0?

20 05 2021 09:21

Me

Religion exists because humans have shitty sensory input. Our brains fill in information based on past experience. Mp3 files are so much smaller because the information that was originally there has merely been removed, not converted into a more efficient format.

20 05 2021 09:22

Me

Restore your average banality now, with BEIGEADE!

20 05 2021 09:23

Me

No one has authority over me. And if you goldfissh get the shock of atmosphere in your gills long enough, you remember that as well

20 05 2021 09:24

Me

Nowhere issa very square word. I live on the edge of Nowhere. I can see Squaresville from here. Their high school football lights pollutes my evening sky

20 05 2021 09:25

Me

There are allot of variables in this equation. And the end result of this mathematical computation issan nother ratio (yo) consisting of letters playing onna seesaw

20 05 2021 09:25

Me

You do not recognize me. That is because I am The Future. And so is my daughter

20 05 2021 09:26

Me

The only universal human language is schematics. All of the electrical symbols are the same irrespective of imaginary geographical boundries. AND EVERY ONE OF THEM IS WRONG. The flow of electrons is always depicted backwards, " direction of the hole the previous electron left ". The only language that unites humanity communicates a lie inherently innits structure

20 05 2021 09:27

Me

Do you know which people can influence the entire population? Those who think they can

20 05 2021 09:27

Me

If you have too many choices, you wind up doing nothing but making choices. Not doing what you chose to do

20 05 2021 09:28

Me

No one cares about anything but themselves. Conspiracies are impossible. That would require people to work together. And you can't get two people who are fucking each other not to stab the other in the back in less than a year

20 05 2021 09:29

Me

Because we are the Illuminated, capable of independent thought. And all supply chains are at our discretion

20 05 2021 09:30

Me

This is not the drugery of the proletariat, my friend

20 05 2021 09:30

Me

The prophet [obblonge] turned off the light above his head, covered himself with cartoon characters, and stared into the frigid blackness of his Obblonge Box

20 05 2021 09:32

Me

Anthropological studies have revealed that there are no planet-wide shared ideological concepts, except one. It is not a idea of love, or work, or value, or wealth. It is that everyone, everywhere, thinks farts are funny. The Inuit are the most adept at this communication. Their language has forty-three descriptors specifically for flatulence

23 05 2021 08:21

Me

The jerk-off who left his PA system here is loading his shit up. He's whining because I don't want to fix his burned-out amplifier for free. And I'm being an asshole because I don't want to see his fucking face ever again. I spent all this morning listening to noise, staring off, hating everyone. I don't feel very well. Rigger Kurt is gone, and with him so much stuff. Less things here make me feel lighter. I went through every court document trying to find my ID number. Nowhere. Cynthia is gonna just take me up there when she gets a chance, she says. Out of cigarettes. Kurt even took my lighter. Fuck that guy. I havea three thousand dollar check and no ID. I'm going back to sleep.

24 05 2021 15:51

Me

I will be alright if you kiss me
I will be alright if you hold me
And we worshipped at the shrine of the thylacine

24 05 2021 16:03

Me

Rule #1
Never do what you are told

25 05 2021 00:26

Me

What are you doing, My Lovely Wall?

25 05 2021 00:27

Me

I have ventured out into The Outside, the first time longer than an hour in what might be a month. I have procured an ID and cashed a check withit. A stack of $100s next to some monitors. It is dark everywhere and tears are stinging my face. Nothing makes me so unhappy as money

25 05 2021 17:04

Me

You should come hit this, man. Oh, and this too. Yeah. You should come hit these, man

29 05 2021 05:25

Me

Just woke up. I can see both ends of the 70ft Obblonge Box if I stand in the right place. There are two window a/cs I have active now, both of which were left on the curb in my four street neighborhood. It is fucking freezing in here. I woke up and immediately turned one off. And I currently have about 40-50 ft of exterior wall exposed to the frame without insulation. Right. Keep working.

29 05 2021 05:30

Me

You're likea motivational speaker, you know?

29 05 2021 05:31

Me

No really. You should come hit this, man.

29 05 2021 05:32

Me

Cameras down for maintenance. Please talk out loud to yourself

29 05 2021 05:32

Me

I have acquired a new wallet to replace the stolen one. It hassa chain onnit, like the two other wallets I've owned that I never lost. Also, a Zippo brand butane lighter that fits the std case. Mine has Cthulhu laser-etched onnit. R'lyeh emblazoned on the bottom. That's better. Jobs require the proper tools.

29 05 2021 05:37

Me

The way that we want is what we have become -Devo

29 05 2021 05:54

Me

Eliminate the word should from your language. No, really. " Should " transmits an idea, but not a reality. Nothing happens because it should. If you don't have the words to describe something, then you can't describe it. Remember, nothing happens because " it should ".

29 05 2021 06:29

Me

For example: instead of saying to one's self, because we all have an inner dialogue that usefully speaks our language, " I should go do ____ ", instead try " I am going to go do ____. " " Why am I going to go ____ myself? "

29 05 2021 06:32

Me

Wake up, Neo. You're in the matricks. And its time to wake up. This is going to hurt

29 05 2021 06:45

Me

When you share a bowl of methamphetamine with your friend, its like saying, " I want to havea conversation with you. I want to share information. Maybe you know something that I don't. "

29 05 2021 06:46

Me

I am going to change the laws of reality. That's my job. Once you hear what you're missing, you can't un-hear it. You think in a language. And you won't get my messages out of your head. I am the brackets around your parentheses.

29 05 2021 07:11

Me

[OBBLONGE]
OFFENSIVE COORDINATOR

29 05 2021 07:13

Me

I just noticed that I am wearing matching socks. I purposefully do not wear matching socks. They are all stored inna hanging bag. I reached in, grabbed two at random, and didn't notice they matched. I would have exchanged one. Its gonna be a weird day, man. Even by my standards

29 05 2021 07:53

Me

I have paid off Sylenth1, a synth VST plugin that I have been renting to own forover two now. The contract is 15 payments of 9.95euro per month, lest it cease functioning until you cough up another $11 anda half dollars. It is one of the iconic, most popular software synths ever created. Instead of being a product offa paid staff of organized efforts to bring Great Ideas to the Public, it is as far as I can tell the coding of one guy in the Netherlands er something named Lennard. Hasn't been updated since 2019. As so ridiculously well written. My CPU can handle twenty instances of Sylenth1 running simultaneously, but barely one of Pigments3, an instrument the Arturia company has instructed me to test drive for the next three months. UPS, for the third time inna row, has delivered my package to the wrong address. 117 Glen Eagles Dr, Cibolo. I ordered four case fans, quieter ones over three months ago. Still haven't gotten em. They've been sent back and refunded twice. Third set still out for delivery. This time it issan order off eBay, a used item that cannot be replaced with another duplicate off the shelf. An EVGA aftermarket motherboard with an unlocked forth generation i7, rated at 4ghz, overclockable to 4.8, perhaps more.

30 05 2021 12:36

Me

So how's your math homework coming?

30 05 2021 12:36

Me

Please Excuse My Dear Aunt Sally.
Parentheses, Exponents, Multiplication, Division, Addition, Subtraction.
In that Order.
[brackets come before parentheses]

30 05 2021 12:44

Me

Today's word is smirking. Try to incorporate it as many times as possible in your outgoing communications. Whoever does it the most gets a prize

01 06 2021 13:03

Me

I no longer have the words to describe ideas that I once held before. Therefore, I cannot think those thoughts.

03 06 2021 22:21

Me

The imposition of order equals the escalation of chaos - Discordian Memebomb

03 06 2021 22:23

Me

Dude, I just realized that you can control the mouse cursor with the arrow keys on the number pad. I've been trying to create macros in Fruity Loops like individual buttons to load specific instruments, or perform a string of commands, like repetitive actions that require navigating and clicking through multiple menus. But that means including the mouse cursor movement in the macro. In theory, the hardware says that's possible. But there's at least three separate ways that the computron determines where the pointer is on the screen. And, of course, the Razer keyboard, the footswitches, Windows, and the third party mouse coordinate software I'm using to track the location numbers are all speaking different languages. So inserting numbered coordinates into the appropriate blanks in the macro forms doesn't work. And then, sitting here staring at my keyboard I notice the arrows on the 2,4,6,and 8 num pad keys. If I toggle on the num pad mouse control then its just another button press. Problem solved. Sort of. Shitgoddamnmotherbitch. Typing this out I just realized that when FL Studio is open the number pad opens that specific numbered pattern. So. Now I get to find out if I program a specific device willit see the current program's controls or the default Windows controls? And, of course, this will, I'm sure, be device specific.

07 06 2021 20:54

Me

This issa first world problem, isn't it?

07 06 2021 20:56

Me

Well I'm excited. Now I get to push a whole bunch of buttons innan effort to push less buttons.

07 06 2021 20:57

Me

That's what I woke up and decided to do. Out of all of the things there are to do, that's what I chose.

07 06 2021 21:00

Me

In case you were wondering, the next task scheduled on my list is to spray glue more tinfoil on my ceiling

07 06 2021 21:02

Me

Other guys just sit around and jerk off. I'm a self-motivated busy man

07 06 2021 21:05

Me

The next phase of the creative process has begun. Sound design. Playing with my toys. Arguably what is supposed to be the fun part

08 06 2021 02:24

Me

When I wassa kid I ate tubes of communion wafers. That's what they come in, like the ubiquitous Ritz. That's all there was to eat in the base church refrigerator. Communion wafers and inky purple grape juice. That means thirteen percent of my body weight currently is pure Body of Christ

08 06 2021 16:37

Me

Through the centuries humans have studied The Art of Fighting. I have not, but I am a genius artist. I imagine an effective method is to stare at the floor or ground behind your opponent. Fixate upon it. And then stop at nothing until you are standing there

08 06 2021 17:00

Me

Speaking, sort of, of moving air - I very recently purchased a sample pack from my favorite foley site. It is one thousand farts, recorded in extremely high quality. The creator of the pack informs the buyer that he varied his diet several times over a year to achieve the desired result. It is.. breathtaking. For the next hundred years at least, anytime you hear a fart onna movie orra commercial etc, its actually this guy's fart. And that. Is Art

08 06 2021 21:11

Me

And the prophet [obblonge] birthed hymns those days unto the Akashic Records.

09 06 2021 19:34

Me

Saw on the eBays a " 18650 Battery Energy Spot Welder PCB Circuit Board DIY Auto Spot Welding Pen ". Which is true irony, Alanis, because the only thing I would ever use it for would be to replace dead rechargeable batteries in power tools and laptops.

09 06 2021 19:36

Me

Not quite as amusing-sounding assa solar powered flashlight, a bit nerdy, but ..ah, yeah, okay

09 06 2021 19:37

Me

Every manufactured object, every service, has a cost. It is in the only valuable units a person can ever actually have: time. To create durable goods that are disposable, and then, especially, to use deceptive advertising to sell (distribute) said products, so that maximum possible demand for them is achieved, issa direct, intended waste of life inflicted upon every One that is even tangenitally involved

09 06 2021 23:59

Me

THE WAY THAT WE WANT IS WHAT WE'VE BECOME.
SO PLEASE PAY ATTENTION
WHILE I SHOW YOU SOME
OF WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN
- DEVO

10 06 2021 00:09

Me

The prophet [obblonge] is not to be confused with the Unabomber

10 06 2021 00:10

Me

So how's your day going?

10 06 2021 00:10

Me

The prophet [obblonge] has been taptaptapping down the gospel in his Notes app for over three hours continuously. The sliced luncheon meat product, machine produced tortillas, and matching cheese product squares to the murdered flesh's rounds have been steadily warming to the ambient room temperature. Yea verily, an opulence as great assan untouched but fully loaded bowl, obelisk-like upon the plateau of workshop counter, remains at the same temperature as well. The prophet [obblonge] did not anticipate these events, so intense was his intent upon The Future. He will not complain. The prophet [obblonge] issa One. He will eat his fucking food and do his drugs right fucking ...NOW

10 06 2021 01:55

Me

The prophet [obblonge] is conducting a survey, five days before his forty-third birthday, of which females (human and non-) on his contact list will email him a nude selfie (of themselves). Deadline to get your opinion counted is mid-night, June Fifteenth. All thoughts recorded submitted for re-view will be held in total confidence and perpetuity personally, that is to say, assa person, by the prophet [obblonge]. Not because he wouldn't show them to people, but because he hateth the bipedal vermin scurrying in boredom on the planet's crust and therefore does not get visitors. Your contribution to this scientific endeavor is essential. And its my birthday present and it requires no postage, additional carbon credits, or artificial sweeteners.

10 06 2021 02:14

Me

History can no longer be rewritten. Equality has been restored. Words are not actions. No string of syllables will invoke a demon from between the molecules of air. Talking is the realm of imagination. Actions, doing something, are permanent. Unerasable. And every One adds their movements to the archive. We are here to go

11 06 2021 16:16

Me

The prophet [obblonge] is not acting altruistically. The prophet [obblonge] has his own agenda

12 06 2021 16:36

Me

I would like to live inna neighborhood that routinely was witnessed to have a large proportion of its population laughing hysterically on their front lawns.

12 06 2021 16:44

Me

Product Usage:
(1) Clamp on the signal line to play the role of anti-interference and electromagnetic compatibility
(2) Clamp on the power cord to stabilize current and improve sound quality
Scope of application: applied to all kinds of electronic connecting wires, wiring harnesses, home appliances, air conditioners, computers, inverters, electric welding machines, power cords, etc. (Note: When the wire is too thin, you can wind a few more turns at the magnetic ring to achieve Loosening effect.)
Features:
(1) Nickel zinc ferrite. It can improve the electromagnetic field around the solenoid to avoid external interference
(2) Easy to install, easy to use, can be disassembled, there are elastic clamps on the port
(3) Good performance, high efficiency and long life. Placing it near an electromagnetic source can more effectively improve the signal quality of audio and video.
(4) The cable clamp will not cause the distortion of the transmission signal, nor will it affect your audio, video and picture quality

12 06 2021 16:48

Me

I would send for your perusal a sampler of Chris Alan's magnificent opus 1000 Winds (Farts.), but my non-commercial gmail account doesn't like .WAVs. Especially 24-bit 192,000khz sample rate .WAVs. Butt it must be shared, it demands it. The Poetry:
Long Deep Average Wet Rumbling Singing Bold Melodic Loose Natural Ducky
Long Mid Average Wet Crackling Speaking Explosive Rhythmic Punchy Forced Splitter
Medium Deep Weak Juicy Bubbley Barking Explosive Transient Wreckless Oops Gurgler
Long High Powerful Airy Screeching Yodeling Missile Melodic Wreckless Forced Blaster
Long High Weak Airy Sneaky Barking Modest Steady Beefy Natural Easy
Long High Average Juicy Screeching Speaking Polite Rhythmic Controlled Forced Splitter
Short Deep Average Dry Rumbling Barking Bold Rhythmic Tremor Natural Wallop
and my favorite so far:
Medium High Weak Dry Screeching Barking Modest Transient Loose Forced Cheeser.

13 06 2021 01:09

Me

Often, the prophet [obblonge] issa Medium. High, Dry, Modest. A Screeching, Barking, Transient Loose Forced Cheeser

13 06 2021 11:49

Me

And again it is underlined that I do not belong. Typing that word reminds me of BESPOKE, the era's bullshit intelligent conversation label. I installed a beta program from Western Digital, a hard drive manufacturer. It purports to scan every file and then organize it for you. How do you not know where you put your shit? It's your shit. Why are you looking for your shit? Well, where did you put it? I wanted to see how anyone could ever use a fucking hard drive and just randomly throw files, everything onnit. No system of organization. I had never - no, wait - I'll change that to never ever - done that before. I think I'm going to now. I have a laptop my friend found next to a dumpster at the moment. I have it working better than nearly any laptop I've ever seen that wasn't onna store display with a ridiculous price tag onnit. I've never spent that much money onna car. But I could get that wet. Why does that gremlin on your shelf keep telling me to replicate it with better parts?

13 06 2021 11:52

Me

So I'm not [when was the last time anyone went viral with chain letters?] going to create any new folders on this fresh operating system. Wherever Microsoft wants to put anything, or the installing program manufacter, is where its going. How big can one folder be, realistically? Windows just refuses to do its job if you have more than about 150 separate pictures in the current slideshow. But it does it by showing up for work and just pretending to do something all day. While the boss is watching. Just picks a random ten er so and sticks with those out of 500. (My screen [not this one] is blowing a rasperry anda guy inna movie theater at me). You can run FL Studio20pointunholyfuckba11sthey never stop giving me new toys to play with - with twenty instances of Sylenth1 running simultaneously, iZotope's Nectar, Neutron, Ozone, Rx, seventeen instances of Edison, and twenty-four instances of Parametric EQ2[newandimprovedtotheminuteedition] and at least something by Glitchmachines and most definitely something is being run through Cableguys' HalfTime[itself probably set internally to 1.5x, instant ramp gated, 1/4or1bar]

13 06 2021 11:52

Me

Lo, unto the Firmament the prophet [obblonge] erupted mad passionate zeal towards his commercial sponsors. It was was the cornerstone offan entire wing addition of the Akashic records that was borne that time. Let us give thanks and remember our own passions, in appreciation

13 06 2021 11:53

Me

I am breaking the Fourth Wall in front of you. In objective reality. This is possible. Wake up. Get out of your squaricle. Its time to take the next step. You are not an insect. You will never grow wings. You don't have to

13 06 2021 11:54

Me

The purpose of dancing is not to end by being atta certain spot on the floor

13 06 2021 11:55

Me

I show her what is possible. You tell her what is.

13 06 2021 11:56

Me

Your brain doesn't build connections to an event that isn't memorable. Focus on what you want to keep. Keep focusing from different perspectives. You have more control over what you keep that way

13 06 2021 11:57

Me

This is my job. This is what I do. This is what I choose to do.

13 06 2021 11:58

Me

There can be questions without problems

13 06 2021 16:37

Me

And I expect myself to be treated as I treat others

13 06 2021 16:39

Me

What does seem metaphoric?

13 06 2021 16:44

Me

What if someone studied language, communication techniques, advertising research, psychological survey statistics, sensory input and the effect probabilites it has onna primate brain, etc. for decades? What if they lived atta period of human history when every one was essentially given a handheld device upon birth, for free, that completely informed each individual of the up-to-the-minute collective knowledge of the species? What if the person in the first sentence, upon maturity assan artist, also having spent decades working tirelessly, ceaselessly, on the perfection of the craft of producing Art, a theoretical medium that appears, after tens of centuries of historical recorded evidence, to be an, if not the, most effective method of transferring information between the individual members of the population, finally decided to use all of its skills and remaining time left living on the introduction of its own messages

The prophet [obblonge] yawns. There is much to do. Why the fuck am I always the One doing all the Work?

13 06 2021 16:46

Me

FUN WITH RETAILERS:
The j-oint v-enture S-ongle relay as the core component is not afraid of contact sparking and oxidation, and lossless transmission of sound.

Sound: Maximum output power of 420W gives you a sound.
High Sensitivity sound Amplifier Board: Adopting high sensitivity to make sound very clear.
Single Channel: Mono Amp Board adopts single channel. Gives you great hearing enjoyment

13 06 2021 16:53

Me

Coming soon! The long-awaited sequel to Death Bed SATAN WORSHIPPING GOLF CLUB

13 06 2021 16:55

Me

YES, CONGREGATION
LET US KNIFE

13 06 2021 17:07

Me

KILL THEM ALL. RUN THEM THROUGH. CUT THEM DOWN AT ALL COST. THE ENDS JUSTIFY THE MEANS IN THIS CONTEXT. DO NOT SUFFER THE COMPANY OF FOOLS. BUILD YOUR ARMIES AND DEFEND WHAT IS YOURS. THIS MESSAGE IS WRITTEN IN ALL CAPS

13 06 2021 23:35

Me

Everything that I am saying you will never forget. The more I Describe, in exacting detail, the more your synaptic tissues are molding around my vocalizations. The longer this continues, the more varied the sensory references, the longer these will linger; perhaps even multiply. Beetroot, refrigerator, flaming hot cheeze snacks, tonsillectomies. You have an option. You do not have to be programmed by the noises the prophet [obblonge] spews forth. You can adapt and evolve, as your foundational amino acids encourage. You can, maybe for the first time, incorporate the information that you can form thoughts independently. You can make the choice to make choices. Until you do that you are merely reacting to stimuli inna manner consistent with previous experience. It will not confer newfound, unwarranted happiness or get you laid more often. It might hurt. But directing your own thoughts and making your own choices has a far greater chance of the probabilites tallying in your favor.

15 06 2021 01:17

Me

Cheesecake alibi creosote love. You own one thing and one thing only: your body. Everything else can and will be taken from you. This body has one attribute: time. Martyr gelatinous green. The number of units this time is measured in issa permanently unknown variable. New car argument flint Michigan. If you only react to incoming sensory data, assa goldfish, a tiny koi, the Edwards Aquifer Blind Salamander, your grandmother in that refractory period after we had sex, then your time never begins. And the primary emotions you will experience while you are living will be fear, confusion, and bursts of monotony, (ON SALE NOW!)

15 06 2021 01:18

Me

Licking acrid mustard teal vivisection. Triumphant angles distant maroon butterfly. Non dis un -less. Ex tincture myopia FD&C Blue Number One. Cameltoe Sputnik rutebega. Vomitorium golf credenza. Your grandmother gives excellent head, by the way

15 06 2021 01:19

Me

Do you havea cigarette?

15 06 2021 01:23

Me

All there is: hatred, and air conditioned hum

15 06 2021 18:23

Me

And so it came to pass, on the fifteen thousandth, five hundred and sixty fourth day, the prophet [obblonge] became a perfect mirror, and thus was entrusted with the tools to murder the world

15 06 2021 23:08

Me

And the gospel reflecteth assa mirror: sacrifice
Nothing. Joybuzzer incubate fishing monofirmament.
And All sipped and supped equally forty days afterward
Unto the Future brocade
Designed

16 06 2021 00:07

Me

Upon those who Feared
Many-Headed, the Beast
Masticated, Tasted, and Spat
Liquid laden skin left

16 06 2021 00:17

Me

Love is addiction
Love is an addiction
An obsession with distraction
From the fact that
Your death is coming.
It is likely near.
And it will probably hurt.
Forra long time
Your brain.
A whirling cloud of electrons inna skull cavity.
One minute those electrons are gonna whirl away from your spine.
And never return.
And you stand, stand and tell me those are yours.
And you insist those are yours

16 06 2021 01:11

Me

I love my daughter
I wanted her to live
As I lived
Happy, and Content
With dreams
That is The American Dream
But America sold our Dreams
For pieces of silver

16 06 2021 01:23

Me

Dark is opaque
Hear at the nadir
A material ramparts are wrought of
Impenetrable
A fortress
Fit forra prophet

16 06 2021 01:44

Me

The kids today are gone away petitioning the dust
With noone to look up to because they're looking up to us
Just misfit melancholy dregs gone lost in the mall
Wanderers to nowhere at all

16 06 2021 02:49

Me

I dreamt in black and white and digital snow of beaches and waves and woke up crying. I need someone to talk to. But no one is there. I don't know what to do. I need help

17 06 2021 03:11

Me

All will be forgotten. And all will be well

17 06 2021 03:14

Me

And we worshipped at the shire
Of the thylacine

17 06 2021 03:14

Me

Ack! Shrine. Perhaps I should drive a tiny car

17 06 2021 03:15

Me

This isn't working. Nothing is working. I no longer work. Everything is broken. I rarely go outside, then only if I am dragged. I can't keep thoughts focussed. There is only anger. And darkness and air conditioned hum. My stomach is sick and hollow, no matter what I fill it with. I don't know what to do

17 06 2021 03:43

Me

Someone I was in jail with one time said that stabbing someone was just like cutting any other type of meat. I want them to suffer

17 06 2021 04:21

Me

Kallisti will be ten in September. My eyes feel of sandpaper. I am exhausted. This has to end

17 06 2021 04:34

Me

The prophet [obblonge] is not acting altruistically. Not anymore. He does not want this. Being a prophet, there is no choice

17 06 2021 05:06

Me

Vinegar dissolves eggshells. I learned that assa child. I just remembered that

17 06 2021 05:21

Me

Repeating Background Verse: Peter Christopherson]
Wise words from the departing
Eat your greens, especially broccoli
Remember to say "thank you"
For the things you haven't earned
By working the soil
We cultivate the sky
Mmm, we embrace
The vegetable kingdom
The death of your father
The death of your mother
Is something you prepare for
All your life, all their lives

[Verse 1: John Balance]
Wise words from the departing
The death of the mother, and the death of the father
Is something you prepare for
For all of their lives
For all of your life

[Verse 2: John Balance]
Wise words from the departing
Eat your greens, especially broccoli
Wear sensible shoes
And always say "thank you"
Especially for the things
You never had
Wise words from the departing
By working the soil
We cultivate the sky
And enter the vegetable kingdom
Of our own heaven
By working the soil
By working the soil
We cultivate good manners
We used to say "please", and "thank you"
Especially for the things
We never had

[Verse 4: John Balance]
Wise words from the departing:
Eat your greens, especially broccoli
And always say "thank you,"
Especially for broccoli

17 06 2021 09:41

Me

Condensing soup isn't at all like condensing microphones. I am officially complaining

17 06 2021 09:59

Me

And now back to ... Haunting Fear - 1990

17 06 2021 10:05

Me

Things to do: get a kiss from Francine Drescher in bright red lipstick on my neck so I can immediately get it tattooed

17 06 2021 10:14

Me

(Not to be confused with Lurking Fear - 1994)

17 06 2021 10:17

Me

You're pointing out, questioningly, that Fran Drescher is not in either movie. And you're right. You're right so often. Talking with you is always fun

17 06 2021 10:20

Me

Can't concentrate. Back to laying in the darkness, staring. I don't want to go outside anymore, and when I do I always bring a weapon. This has to end

17 06 2021 10:44

Me

I remember reading the story of Ferdinand the Bull when I wassa child. Clearly the threadbare spine of the hardcover. I don't

17 06 2021 11:12

Me

... always finish sentences well.

17 06 2021 23:37

Me

I will blame that on the fact that I am talking about myself to myself, er something. It feels that way, unless want it to not feel that way. Sometimes

17 06 2021 23:41

Me

What is the square root of Trafalgar Square?

17 06 2021 23:42

Me

Good morning.
My adoration for the tab button blossoms
Unattached the ear goggles to discover
(I have found it frequently amusing in the past to discover things)
a large black wasp rather stealthily buzzing about four er five feet away
Being naked, I grabbed a piece of tattered moving blanket in arm's reach
Would the prophet [obblonge] have chosen the same action had he not been naked, some One might ask?
If they do or did said One would or will be rewarded with (it must ne rewarding!) the affirmation Yes!
Aaaaand lost the wasp
It has enacted its double-stealthy protocol harem
A lass! Where hassit gone?

Do you know?
You'd tell me, right?

18 06 2021 02:15

Me

Well then. Until the wasp comes buzzing my way again we've abandoned wabbits for wasps, a hunting -ack! Have new projects loaded and noisy for the first time in maybe two months. Working titles:
THIS IS MASHED POTATOES
BROCCOLI AND LENTILS
LUNAR MONONUCLEOSIS
SACRIFICE NOTHING
A PRYER FORRAN OCTOPUS INFORMATION CAN ONLY BE RECEIVED
LIKE BUTTER IN COFFEE
THERE'S STICKINESS AFOOT
and also some plain, boring sounding ones

You've been quiet forra while. Are you a spy? You could tell me stuff but then I'd know that stuff and that would Be A Problem and stuff. If that's it nod
Shit
I'm not a spy
I can't see if yore nodding
Are Bible Ciphers out of fashion innan unfashionable way?

18 06 2021 02:33

Me

Right. I'll keep talking so as not to raise any suspicious rapscallions' curiosities.

18 06 2021 02:40

Me

I would like to thank the Truecaller app (programs. they're called programs, man) for suggesting rapscallion after suspicious

18 06 2021 02:42

Me

So. To recap. My current complaint is that there issnot a large black wasp attacking me.

18 06 2021 02:44

Me

Am I coming off whiny?
Did you hear that sentence with the pitch raising towards the end?

18 06 2021 02:45

Me

One day I'm gonna type something that will elicit a response.
I'm also gonna visit Chernobyl and get a radd tourist t-shirt collection.
And then also, also, also

yeah

18 06 2021 02:51

Me

Anda digitally tortured version of Mack the Knife will serenade me to sleep. I've renamed it ANDA RING MADE FROM A SPOON. My mother hada ring made froma spoon with my birthday anda little Gerber baby onnit. I assume her sister took it when she died. It was one of the few pieces of jewelry she had left after selling her wedding ring, etc to raise money forra divorce. I hadn't moved here yet. About five or six? That was when she was telling me that the neighbors were sitting under our windows writing down everything we said, and that late at night a man inna suit would ask her through the tv if she really wanted to kill her husband. My parents were squares for their generation. I once saw my father drink a six pack of 12oz Shiners. Once.

18 06 2021 04:04

Me

I haven't found my wasp.
I'm tired.
Shit

18 06 2021 04:06

Me

Good-night, My Lovely Wall

18 06 2021 04:06

Me

Perhaps I'll get lucky and dream of white anglo Saxton protestants.

yeah

18 06 2021 04:09

Me

Shaven and bathen, time to go. The face in the mirror is hatebreed. I don't ever remember feeling this calm. And yea, I was born to murder the world

18 06 2021 08:06

Me

What are your plans?

18 06 2021 08:07

Me

Just watched Signal, from the book of Saw, w/Chris Rock and Samuel L. Jackson. There's an easter egg innit, courtesy of Darren Lynn Bousmann, the director, I'm sure. Torturing people makes me smile even wider now

19 06 2021 02:23

Me

And now, travelling back to 1990 for The Haunting of Morella

19 06 2021 02:24

Me

Gotta bit sunburned today helping a friend out. There. I went outside

19 06 2021 02:25

Me

Ministry's Psalm 69 album in my head. If I'm not mistaken that came out in 1990 as well. Difficult to think of something remembered clearly as retro

19 06 2021 02:35

Me

I recently received a text from one of my single digit numbered remaining friends. She's my age, maybe a few years older. Upper mid forties. Four kids. Grandchildren. Her message contained several abbreviations I am not familiar with, being ass I am and sticking with the conventions of the former mode of English writing. It ended with W.O.R.D., dots included. Wizards Organizing Redundant Documents? When Our Reality Dies?

19 06 2021 03:11

Me

Weevils Overran Rye - Disinfect!

19 06 2021 03:19

Me

Nothing to see here. Move along. We're a hedge

20 06 2021 01:41

Me

You can't have manslaughter
Without laughter

20 06 2021 02:29

Me

Monsters are a product of their world

20 06 2021 04:09

Me

Good morning. Chicken soup?

20 06 2021 04:16

Me

" We have such sights to show you "
- Lead Cenobite, Hellraiser

20 06 2021 04:38

Me

Where were you when you realized that you'll never love anyone, or anything, again?

20 06 2021 04:51

Me

I no longer remember what Kallisti was wearing when I put her on the bus for the last time

20 06 2021 04:59

Me

Pam wished meea happy father's day again. Shitgoddamnmotherbitch

20 06 2021 20:17

Me

3,547 sweatcoins. I have been yelling into a Shure dynamic microphone for about four hours now. I finally got VocalSynth2 last month, so it is time to feed it. That was four hours I didn't cry. But those four hours are over, and since I was wearing headphones the entire time I am sick of hearing my own voice.
I don't know what else to say
That isn't a good omen

21 06 2021 05:46

Me

The sunrise is promised by some to arrive soon. I might know where it is, but I have no intention of looking attit

21 06 2021 05:48

Me

33 years of harsh weather conditions and radiation, 33 years of silence, 33 years of hopeless expectation of human touch. PRIPYAT Pianos is a sound museum, created 33 years after a massive man-made disaster that has affected hundreds of thousands of lives. This is the mark of the elapsed time.

Radioactive Pianos from the Chernobyl Exclusion Zone

For seven years Strix Instruments' team has made more than 25 trips to the city of Pripyat for a detailed collection of audio materials. Strix Instruments found and recorded 20 instruments in various parts of Pripyat that are of different levels of preservation and functionality. This amount of instruments was necessary to create a tool suitable not only for sound design but also for writing compositions.

22 06 2021 14:39

Me

Strix Instruments' goal was to create a virtual instrument that will show the nature of the degradation of instruments under the effects of harsh weather conditions and radiation, yet which also would have the purest sound. All the pianos Strix Instruments could find participated in the creation of the final sound.

22 06 2021 14:40

Me

One of the important features of PRIPYAT Pianos is the Impulse Responses collection for Convolution Reverb, recorded in well-known and not-so-known Pripyat sites, including the territory of the tragically known Chernobyl NPP. A series of rooms and open spaces from Pripyat are at your disposal. Some presets are more invisible and will give a light shade to the sound of the instrument, and others will convey the scale of city structures or internal structures of the 5th power unit of the ChNP

22 06 2021 14:40

Me

At the end of each trip, shoes and clothes were thrown away or thoroughly washed out taking into account the radiation contamination of the soil, asphalt and dust particles in the air. Unfortunately, radiation accumulates in the human body, summing up to the dose that has already been received and will not be removed from the body throughout life, some isotopes will be active for thousands of years... Strix Instruments shortened their lives to create a truly unique instrument.

22 06 2021 14:41

Me

Onna different note, did you know wasps don't sleep?

22 06 2021 14:41

Me

Happy Tuesday, man

22 06 2021 14:42

Me

Mary opened the door and died.
How did she die?

23 06 2021 00:50

Me

Observing MyUPS claims dashboard, it becomes apparent that they, whomever they be, have been searching for the package, the third inna row, that I watched them deliver to the wrong address, while on the phone live with an operator, for officially over a month now. $470.89. The seller on eBay, located a twenty minute, with traffic, drive away in SanAnto, has informed me that the mighty eBay itself is threatening to step in [sic]. I imagine two shaven, greasy, spandex underwear clad bodybuilers grimacing across a canvas floor. One of them is clad inna happy, white and blue unitard. The other, a most distressing brown loin-diaper.

23 06 2021 06:26

Me

It was the rarest of occasion to speak with someone who understood what I was saying. I don't know what happened. I don't have enough data to guess. I am broken. My thoughts no longer connect in semantic molecule chains as is necessary to perform my chosen activites. Becoming a mirror takes no thought. It is easy enough to tell the few who inquire what they want to hear. It always has been. No one suspects. My enemies are chasing more quarry. Children are easy prey to hunt. And ignorant cowards are florescent targets against a burnt parchment barkdrop. I am trying, Patricia. I am not succeeding. Not when the alternative is so effortless. No matter what, my will be done. My adoration and appreciation for the most unexpected support a year ago. I am so very tired, and absolutely alone. As we are born, so shall we perish. My heartfelt gratitude for you, for what its worth, as Buffalo Springfield would say

23 06 2021 06:39

Me

Brown. Your eyes are brown, right?

23 06 2021 06:40

Me

From 92blueudesi, on eBay:
Ups says they found the package and have delivered it to your address. Hopefully they did! Also lemme know how damaged the box is because I shipped it in a pristine box.
(use your imagination, the prophet [obblonge] suggests)
So. After another 20 minutes with UPS they have "reopened the investigation". This will take up to another eight days I am told. The new claims number is 1-184269046508. I will not be privy to any information further, because " this is listed under the seller's account".

23 06 2021 14:33

Me

Called em and they say it's confirmed lost. So as soon as I get the insurance money I will give you your money back.

Fucking sucks they lost a classified board ....

23 06 2021 14:34

Me

Wait. Okay. They just had it. GPS and Amazon-inspired barcode scanning databases fed into an actual worldwide universally real time translatable communication system. The sum of all human knowledge updated by the centisecond. This is fucking Buck Rodgers. I've picked things up and put them down before. More than once. I repeat. They just had it. After looking forrit for over a month. With an entire multinational corporation's worth of peoples.
It has been a pleasure doing business with you, man. This is not your fault, but you know that. My name is Michael. My parents were terribly uncreative. Somewhere, somebody hassa pretty radd part offa Computron. And I hope, like the best friend inna romantic comedy, that they use it eventually to blow up absolutely everything connected to the aforementioned web.
Fuck people.
Except you and me, man.
We're cool

23 06 2021 14:35

Me

I just woke up. Still sitting on my couch, naked, in the quiet dark. Immediately grabbed my phone and wrote this:

26 06 2021 01:01

Me

My weapons are ideas. They are in my head until they are released. No evidence to collect. There may as well be armies of angels and demons warring invisibly between the air all around you. Only the effects are seen. I am everywhere. Try finding a place on Earth where a screen orra speaker is not. I am Ubiquity.

26 06 2021 01:02

Me

You chose this. Instead of building a life sustained by community and purpose, you have decided to live assa colony of parasites.
You are not a symbiote.
No one needs you.
You have no allies when your only activity is to blindly suck teats, only dependencies.
I am not your big brother.
I am not even related to you, not anymore.
I am volition
I am kinesis
Your enemy is all around you
and uses your eyes to see

26 06 2021 01:03

Me

Kinesis- a movement that lacks directional orientation and depends upon the intensity of stimulation.

26 06 2021 01:04

Me

Volition- the power of choosing or determining : will.

26 06 2021 01:05

Me

Good. Mourning.

26 06 2021 01:05

Me

26 06 2021 01:07

Me

If you want to touch the sky
Put a window in your eye

26 06 2021 03:32

Me

Eye forran eye makes all my enemies very poor at judging distance

26 06 2021 03:54

Me

A female friend of mine has informed me that her boyfriend has complained about my habit of sending out my thoughts unto the Firmament. She pointed out that I am in no way making suggestive comments to her. In fact, most of the time I am not even addressing her assan individual, but making bizarre blanket declarations tooan unnamed, presumably mass, audience. His response was that I was injecting myself into her daily (am I that prolific?) thoughts, therefore, because of intimate familiarity (my words, not his, I assume) I was attempting to seduce her. Yeah, man. Because chicks dig weirdos. Especially megalomanic weirdos who proclaim themselves prophets. Prophets of The Foam. Wow. That dude has hit a new low in self-esteem. That's almost inspirational. Not like I'm inspirational, of course. Maybe I should ask her if she wants to fuck me. Since she's already tried out one poorest performing member of banality.

26 06 2021 04:08

Me

I'm gonna install condenser mics around my house, in obvious places. The same way one installs cameras. No one complains when their neighbor is recording all the activity in the street tooa cloud based storage. How could anyone not think that omnidirectional condenser microphones coupled with professional forensic audio software, which resolves down to one-tenth offa hertz and one one hundredthousandth offa second would be in any way intrusive? I am truly a genius artist. And an impending technology tycoon. All I need to do is package previously stated items into brightly colored plastic and charge eighteen times the component cost retail. I'm gonna see Chernobyl before I die, man.

26 06 2021 04:50

Me

A forwarded message from your dear sister Pamela, also known as the dumbest one: That sounds really cool but I'm sure someone will call the police for noise control LOL

26 06 2021 10:21

Me

My response: Pam. Wow. You're. Fuck. I don't. There's. Wow

26 06 2021 10:22

Me

Added for Paula's edification:
Post Script: If you're not laughing right now, then you are officially tied in last place for Dumbest Roberts Sister with Pamela. This issit. This the litmus test

26 06 2021 10:27

Me

I have exasperated this before, but do guys really like tits that much?

26 06 2021 10:27

Me

Good. Mourning.
I'm Mr. Ed.
Satan is the source for all talking horses.
(There's an interesting story behind this nugget of Truth. But isn't there always? And yes, that was the first thought in my head when I woke up, as I was talking that long first piss of the day. Its exhausting being me, man.)

28 06 2021 23:29

Me

trust no one

29 06 2021 21:13

Me

the enemy of your enemy is also your enemy. so set them against each other. and eat popcorn

30 06 2021 03:18

Me

It is time to rid our society of the parasites. Hunt them down. Torture them slowly. And leave them to rot, suffering

30 06 2021 04:36

Me

Been asleep for days again. I'm trying very hard not to be like them. When I sleep I dream of violence, and I crave more. I don't want to miss the show from the first person perspective. Its getting more and more difficult to concentrate on the Art. All they are is greed. If I become selfish as they, my desires will be paramount. And the Art will be lost. I will be destruction, just like them

30 06 2021 11:22

Me

My hatred is becoming tangible, a solid thing. I can see it, shape it, interact with it. I swear it is smiling

30 06 2021 11:28

Me

I have to sleep again now. I have become obsessed with the violence behind my eyes.

30 06 2021 11:35

Me

In my dreams I can feel beyond my five senses. I have become anesthetized to sensory input tooa certain degree when awake. Feelings are routines, like hunger, or smiling and laughing because it is expected. This is unbearable, and it cannot last much longer

30 06 2021 11:47

Me

The last time I truly felt happiness, hope, was when we last spoke. That wassa long time ago, and most unlikely to happen again. Please forgive me, My Lovely Wall. This was not my design

30 06 2021 11:53

Me

I am trying. Trying to be a freezer powered by the sun. We have observed a black hole swallowing a neutron star. There wassa time when I observed things. I just don't remember it now

30 06 2021 11:59

Me

It is the duty of all American citizens to stand against this. Anyone who is not with me is not an American. End of story. This is unconstitutional. The perpetrators of these crimes shall die

30 06 2021 18:54

Me

Loading my collection of book files into Calibre, a free ebook reader, I am informed I have at least 859 poetry tomes. In that folder. Most assuredly there are more farther down the list.

Eileen's drunk. Who's Eileen?

04 07 2021 15:30

Me

I am not in any way in a mood to celebrate Amerikkka. But I would be if you were here

04 07 2021 15:32

Me

Have revisited a past project, titled AND THE DECORATION IS HAPPINESS. It is a two section loop, one labelled verse and one chorus, consisting offa synthetic string quartet. Adding a low bass pulse, I switched the editor view to spectrum and have been snipping screenshots of the varied resolution results. With colored amplitude gradients the kick drum sample resembles a sunset or rise over a mildly stirring expanse of water, or the liquid methane or helium offa gas giant. I will be writing the poetry of song lyrics tooan image program next, as soon as I figure out which one will best suit my needs. When one stares atta screen forran extended period of time it becomes most important to vary the visual data often, lest the grays become burned into one's retinas. All work and no play makes the rods and cones grow lax in their duties, and project their filters over the Firmament. The amount of possessions is steadily decreasing, being distributed to those who can actively use them or reduced to components and catalogued for impending usage or destined for reuse as recycled materials. With every Thing gone I am freer, the less that owns me. Also slated for immediate action is the assembly of every working combination of computronic equipment currently residing on shelves and in bins and drawers. Their potential for work shall be utilized to assist in processing the data gleaned from the experiments conducted at the supercollider at CERN until they find a new owner to direct their information streams. Mass and insulatives adorn the ceiling and walls and floor in greater abundance, as well as excised media messages viewable from any point of view contained within. The next phase, the next step, is approaching. A disappearance of roadway behind the treeline growing larger in the headlamps. I am not apprehensive, nor static, nor spent of fuel. The prophet [obblonge] is The Way

05 07 2021 07:50

Me

In the past fifteen minutes I have discussed haiku syllable structure, growing hallucinogenic mushrooms off of abandoned socks underneath couches, venereal disease of the curable, bacterial kind, Slipknot's first album, the Stephen King book Dreamcatcher, and my utter detestation of emoji. I suppose its time to wipe my ass and Get On With It then

05 07 2021 08:15

Me

Especially since I left my cigarettes next to the keyboards. Havea fucking butane Zippo attached to my belt, nothing to light

05 07 2021 08:16

Me

Did I catch you in the bathroom as well? I'll wait. If you insist

05 07 2021 08:17

Me

Laying alone in the darkness again, listening to the grinding tide of air conditioners and HEPA filtered tower fans. I think there will tears this time. Every time I get past the second hour of noisemaking I am reunited with my circuits' pathways to when Kallisti and I were recording to-gether. It is raining here, cooler by far than usual, and scheduled to be for at least a week henceforth. Machines of Loving Grace lyrics running over the pages' edge through it all.

There's no one here
And people everywhere
You're all alone
-Bjork

Good-night, My Lovely Wall

05 07 2021 19:14

Me

Palimpsest-
noun
a parchment or the like from which writing has been partially or completely erased to make room for another text.
something that has a new layer, aspect, or appearance that builds on its past and allows us to see or perceive parts of this past:
Most of what we actually see when we view any culture is a historical palimpsest, with traces of former times.
Today's towering Romanesque-Gothic structure is a palimpsest, the result of numerous additions and reconstructions.
Memory is a palimpsest that is continually being written over, but never perfectly so.

06 07 2021 14:33

Me

Fell asleep earlier to an excised quote from an old Upright Citizens Brigade episode looping through Vocalsynth2:

" Every time a penny passes through your hands, stick it up your ass "

06 07 2021 14:37

Me

I don't ever want to open my door again. Until I leave for good, knowing I'll never be back. I won't turn around as I walk away. I am looking forward. To never being hollowed out and force-fed hatred and rape again

06 07 2021 14:41

Me

So this nose picking hobgoblin sets his beer down and exhales, " tomorrow is the day of creation "

07 07 2021 02:33

Me

Do you havea cigarette?

07 07 2021 14:09

Me

When I sleep, I am in His Service. I am my namesake. I am the right hand of God. The one with the flaming sword innit. The destroyer of Sodom and Gomorrah. The murderer of Job's wives and children. The right hand of God

07 07 2021 14:28

Me

Can't stay awake. Need

07 07 2021 14:53

Me

Please. I need help

07 07 2021 14:55

Me

So. What's happening with UFO's?

08 07 2021 11:32

Me

Or, rather, Unidentified Aerial Phenomena?

08 07 2021 11:33

Me

So, What's Happening with UFOs? | Electronic Design https://www.electronicdesign.com/communiqu/article/21168765/electronic-design-so-whats-happening-with-ufos?utm_source=EG%20ED%20Today&utm_medium=email&utm_campaign=CPS210706047&o_eid=2602E2251056A1W&rdx.ident%5Bpull%5D=omeda%7C2602E2251056A1W&oly_enc_id=2602E2251056A1W

08 07 2021 11:35

Me

Poem of the day:

Long mid Average Juicy sputter roaring bomber steady controlled natural gurgler

08 07 2021 12:28

Me

To Pam, earlier:
What iffi said you were, in factoid, chopped liver? Then you would be propelled into a world of unanswered questions that had suddenly become absolute paramount in their importance, such as how to define the exacting importance of liver, chopped and otherwise, in your neighbor's world-view, and then, of course, a comparison of the same information from all your neighbor's perspectives, and, of course, what constitutes a neighbor. And what then?

08 07 2021 12:41

Me

We never just talk about feelings anymore, you know?

08 07 2021 12:44

Me

My home smells like bacon. What does your home smell like?

08 07 2021 14:10

Me

There are certain sonic qualities that one can only hear if one sits directly in front of one's speakers and turns them up to 100% volume

08 07 2021 14:13

Me

That is probably the coolest thing I've ever written. In slightly over forty-three years. Never delete this text message. It'll be worth something after I'm dead

08 07 2021 14:13

Me

Wow. I havea lot more unused material than I realized

08 07 2021 14:14

Me

Lots of cool unused song titles. Almost assif, when Miles Davis birthed the cool back in, like, 1953, it made it possible for me toobe born, you know?

08 07 2021 14:16

Me

The prophet [obblonge] is not to be confused with the Unabomber

08 07 2021 14:17

Me

So, what's a boy dreaming offa kiss from Francine Joy Drescher to do in the interim? Learn to knit mohair sweatbands? Memorize lines fromman cheese-making documentary? Obliterate skeletal remains of philosophical ideologies past present and future? (I can do that because I am the Future.) Eata hot dog and think its awesome? Any suggestions?

08 07 2021 15:17

Me

I could very much make immediate use of your most invaluable input at this point

08 07 2021 15:18

Me

This isn't working. I'm gonna try going back to sleep. Maybe it will again later. Don't feel well. Need to not be here but somewhere else

08 07 2021 15:32

Me

Bind them with tires
And set them on fire
There is nothing that
These vermin need to breathe

08 07 2021 19:32

Me

I am kill. I am death. I am in fact, indeed what's left

08 07 2021 19:32

Me

I am going back to sleep

08 07 2021 19:33

Me

I could never have done this without you

09 07 2021 01:48

Me

And one day we will take their body parts and hang them from the bridges

09 07 2021 02:57

Me

What did the fish say when it bumped into the brick wall?

09 07 2021 09:18

Me

Dam

09 07 2021 09:19

Me

Garfungaloops-
That feeling you get when someone leaves your house on foot and it starts raining hard A minute later

09 07 2021 14:09

Me

Tag, you're it

09 07 2021 14:23

Me

Do you havea cigarette?

09 07 2021 14:23

Me

And it continues with fresh coffee and 1986's Chopping Mall. So. A cigarette, right. Have been informed by PayPal two days ago that I have been refunded 470.89USD to my Paypal account. But it could take up to 48 hours. That was two days ago. One of those days was not a national holiday. So. Can I bumma smoke, I'll hit you back tomorrow for the reals, man

09 07 2021 15:39

Me

Dude, its got both Mr. and Mrs. Bland AND Suzee Slater innit!

09 07 2021 15:48

Me

Have you ever been so stoned that you just licked small piles of UNCLE CHRIS' GOURMET STEAK SEASONING out of the palm of your hand and washed it down with iced coffee while watching 1986's Chopping Mall?

09 07 2021 16:07

Me

I can't stop. Maybe this stuff would hit harder iffi snorted it

09 07 2021 16:15

Me

Wow. This shit contains proteolytic enzyme derived from aspergillus flavus oryzae. That sounds like something one should cook while eating. Yet, there are no warnings on the label. Well, it must be safe then

09 07 2021 16:16

Me

hum-hum-anybody else-hum -hum-think about you- hum-hum-hum-moose and squirrel-hum-hum (I honestly do)-hum

09 07 2021 23:30

Me

Merzbow. Marmo album. Fucking. Wow. I maintain there are qualities of sound that can only be picked up by sitting directly in front the speakers at 100%

10 07 2021 09:01

Me

The cover of this album moves on its own after ten minutes

10 07 2021 09:02

Me

Made it an entire two hours at my friend's house before I nearly burst into tears. Almost took off walking without saying anything to anyone. Got my front lawn mowed. Had four trashcan fulls built up inside the house. Am walking down to check the mail innan effort to not start crying. This is fucked up. I can't continue like this much longer. This isn't fucking life

10 07 2021 15:02

Me

The first words in my head just now upon waking were anthrax leprosy pi. Exotic wood dust in my eyes and breathing apparatus. An ebay seller in Maryland has informed me that together with the efforts of the USPS a three pack of white-coated, sure to glow in the blacklight guitar strings have landed in Cibolo and eleven minutes later are already out on the delivery truck. I ordered them less than 48 hours ago. From Maryland. Which is like , next to Virginia. What a difference an S can make

12 07 2021 08:29

Me

My front and half of my backyard is mowed. My guitar neck has been sanded, stained, and is awaiting a first coat of tung oil, whatever that is. Today's goals: finish cutting the new Corian®™© nut and wiring Ross' guitar, and transcribing a Merzbow album for guitar. I have to admit the second task seems daunting. But after hitting this vape seems possible. I don't know what its called. I'm naming it Dweezil. Hooray Dweezil! Dude. There's sawdust in my ear

12 07 2021 08:45

Me

Check your mailbox. Maryland has become unstable and is ejecting stuff as the reaction becomes more heated and less sustainable

12 07 2021 08:46

Me

Note for to-day: Print full color business cards for ghost and demon removal. Distribute widely

12 07 2021 09:08

Me

Create and Design 500 Full Color Business Cards for only $9.99. First impressions are everything. Your business cards say everything about you or your company. The first time you hand it to a prospect, potential business partner, vendor or that cute girl you've been chasing.

No. Just. No.
No means no. Get the fuck off my front porch. You handed meea business card forra date? Its not even a frequent purchase discount punch card?

12 07 2021 09:28

Me

Clear gift cards are twenty dollars less per 500 order. That says ghost removal. Like, oozes it. The two services are totally different and shall be priced and advertised accordingly. Obviously, demons are more dangerous than the cranky fartbag of Aunt Mabel bitching about your choice of cat food for Mr. Snuggles

12 07 2021 09:37

Me

I excised the word should from the previous message. Who says pot isn't productive? I'm a fucking supernatural consultant and containment entrepreneur

12 07 2021 09:41

Me

If there's something strange
In your neighborhood
Well go investigate it
Poke it with a stick er something
Works in the movies
Remember to have a friend film this

12 07 2021 09:51

Me

The candy slated for demolition after I pan fry this breakfast sausage claims itsan innovation in licorice. I thought that was absinthe. If its all it boasts, I probably shouldn't be using power tools today. Mayhap sound design issa Monday thing, as you may label it. Us Discordians know it is Pungenday, Confusion 47 in the YOLD (Year Of Our Lady of Discord) 3187, Week 39

12 07 2021 10:24

Me

Thanks to the actions of my enemies my daughter will now have the opportunity to observe their absolute failures in life firsthand. I could never have underlined this fact more boldly with mere vocal noises. It is the exact same way I learned from my parents: This is the way not to behave if you wish to live a happy, fulfilled, productive life. That is what I was shielding her from.

Them

12 07 2021 10:32

Me

A public service announcement from Us, delivered with participation from the prophet [obblonge], for the edification and clarification of the Future to Them:

I've already won. You couldn't catch up to where I am if you tried. You and I aren't even the same species. And now I will treat you as humans traditionally do. Fucking blobfish.

12 07 2021 20:07

Me

I have yet to retrieve the promise of glowy wires from the Pony Express locker on Bob White. Even the potential for additional art supplies in the form of misdirected periodicals draws me not immediately. My trusty new-fer-me std equipment must have Razer keyboard is glowing, in some places pulsing, with different hues and an additional load of shortcuts; iZotope's differing controls of audio editing have been mapped in part, allowing for even more surgical precision. One one hundredthousandth offa second and one tenth offa hertz. A distinctive palette is required for a new season. I think I heard Rachel Ray say that once. She would know

12 07 2021 20:32

Me

And in that time, the prophet [obblonge] reminded often the congregation that the best place to hide something, is right in front of your face

12 07 2021 20:39

Me

May your happiness be irrepressible My Lovely Wall

12 07 2021 20:50

Me

And the earth died screaming
While I lay dreaming
And the earth died screaming
While I lay dreaming
Dreaming of you
- Tom Waits

13 07 2021 06:12

Me

Taught to believe from the onset, of heaven and hell and between
The institution's retribution - damnation from on high
Living and dying together never did nothing at all
Except for the few who got rich off of you
And the rest, they were herded like sheep
- Corossion of Conformity

13 07 2021 06:36

Me

eBay informs me I have received a refund for a cancelled order. $184.09 forra refurbished acer widescreen monitor. In three to five days. Of course. Left my home for less than two hours, got paid $35USD and lunch to help move a washer and dryer set. The two cars on my property are being sold for $350USD cash later on to-night.

I am going back to sleep

Without love, and happiness, no amount of things is worth anything

13 07 2021 16:19

Me

I am not asleep. Had to sell a dead car for $200. Am informed that my new for me car will run, havea clear title, and be a '99 Honda Civic foor door. Paid off in a month. Typing of dead stuff, I am reminded that I recently haddan epiphany in beanbag furniture design. Beanbag technology has been sorely lacking behind. Though updated chiefly to foambag technology, I realized that a perfect, durable beanbag couch would beea bodybag. Available on Amazon. 8ft. The bodybags themselves are more expensive not in the exact construction per se, no one wants a leaking bodybag - there are standards, man - but in the number of handles. Fatass dead Americans. You want one that more than two people can carry? That's gonna cost you buddy...

13 07 2021 17:20

Me

Dreaming offa girl who will bang me onna bodybag, yours as ever ..

13 07 2021 17:20

Me

(easy cleanup - how practical minded he is)

13 07 2021 17:21

Me

13 07 2021 17:21

Me

Have some sort of drugs er something probably manifesting themselves sooner than later. Have some killer THC vape. If you wanna stop by and have some tea, I promise it won't be kombucha

13 07 2021 17:26

Me

Oh. Or rohypnol. Promise

13 07 2021 17:27

Me

13 07 2021 17:27

Me

Stonily consuming canned unicorn meat, ooened witha key, cold (room temperature) from the can. Watching Incident On and Off a Mountain Road. Wish you were here

13 07 2021 17:49

Me

Another car off my lawn. So many people are concerned about my grass coverage. Fucking weirdos. I live inside. On the air conditioned side. In the Obblonge Box. Fourth one on the left. Oh yeah. You know the place

13 07 2021 20:34

Me

It's summer, that means the mysterious return of glacier ice worms.
No relation to the Canadian Borneal Ice Slug

13 07 2021 20:53

Me

Inna gotta da vida baaabaaaayy

13 07 2021 20:54

Me

Hell issa place of loneliness
-MC900ft Jesus

13 07 2021 22:36

Me

Good-night, My Lovely Wall

13 07 2021 22:36

Me

Teeth are merely enameled ossiations.

16 07 2021 11:52

Me

Good. Mourning.

16 07 2021 11:53

Me

500 States of America
Division is unity
Division is Strength

19 07 2021 21:24

Me

Equality has been restored

19 07 2021 21:35

Me

I seem to be in the dark. No power. Haven't opened the door. Don't know if anyone else has any. Figured I should eat the rest of the ice cream in any case. Phone's almost dead. Seems likea great time to envision a new world. Hmmm. What would sex be like in my new world?

20 07 2021 14:55

Me

The warmth, it is reflecting off my tinfoiled ceiling. Laying, sweating on my couch, the eater of pocket contents. The fastest CPU I've ever had arrived via USPS three days ago. An eight core AMD running at 4.0, 4.2 burst, standard. I seem to be into commas at the moment

21 07 2021 12:12

Me

It is raining. This is fortunate. It could be much hotter in here

21 07 2021 12:56

Me

I am reminded, upon waking, not only that I'm really digging commas right now, offa Cake song. Italian Leather Sofa. Just the fun parts, mind you. Down to four percent. Let's see if this makes it,,,,,,,

21 07 2021 16:28

Me

Maybe its the heat.

21 07 2021 16:33

Me

You're gonna get mad at me fer this one. Whatever gets your attentions, man

21 07 2021 16:34

Me

I think my aunt is dead. I am now more alone than I was before

21 07 2021 18:09

Me

Hooked into a battery and a sliver of power hath appeared upon the communicator of the prophet [obblonge]. Funny. I can't think of anything to write. I didn't dream. Just nothing. I am going back to sleep. Good-night, My Lovely Wall

22 07 2021 09:34

Me

I always feel much better after it rains - Tom Waits

22 07 2021 15:52

Me

Tell meea story. I like scary ones

22 07 2021 18:46

Me

My eyes are salt. I am exhausted again. The Earth is not hollow, but to-night I am

22 07 2021 22:38

Me

There issa smiling miniature yellow plastic cartoon bear hot glued to the top of my nightmare flickering Hitachi 41" television. It is there so I can keep an eye onnit, lest it play gremlin innan other electriconical device. I chose not to name it. Best not to get attached. Diabolical little petrochemical imp. It first surfaced inna DVD/VCR combo brought to me innan emergency at four in the morning by Kurtis, a schizophrenic ex-paramedic who lives a street over. He needed it functioning so he could communicate with his current fantasy girl, an Instagram celebrity. Within an hour he was up and running. Going on day four, he has been the only person so far who has been actively concerned with my current sweaty situation. Such is life. Thank you, Kurt Vonnegut

23 07 2021 04:53

Me

My taxes were accepted twenty days ago. The IRS says it should hit 21 or so in. Er something. I assume those are business days. So I can pay my bill in one to eight thousand days. Of course, I have no WiFi, so ...

23 07 2021 05:02

Me

Just spent most of the battery I recovered at Kurtis' playing the phone version offa Korg instrument called a Kaossilator through a Bluetooth speaker. A friend rode a bicycle several miles to deliver me a pack of cigarettes and some battery powered LEDs. He is also sometimes one of my dealers. Everybody funny.
I have not written any poetry. Already, laying in the dark onna towel on my leather couch, I can feel the tears welling

23 07 2021 05:09

Me

Hell issa place of loneliness
-MC900ft Jesus

23 07 2021 05:11

Me

Cliches are dictators

23 07 2021 08:30

Me

His weakness: he was afraid of kittens

23 07 2021 08:41

Me

Talking to Kurtis very early this mourning he mentioned that he whistled atta girl and she had no choice but to turn around and look. I was about to ask how long it would take to master this new style, but then he said he tried to buy cocaine from Elvis Glasscock, and I wasn't sure if he was lying or not.

23 07 2021 16:26

Me

Tried to write poetry. The paper did not appreciate the bath. One time when I was tripping I picked up a book and the words fell off the pages. I thought, " Oh no, I need to put those back. " When I reached for them, there inna pile on the table, they ran away. They didn't sneak back until the next day. Spent what seemed likan hour inna totalitarian library looking for them, though. Ever since then I've haddan eye for missing and truant letters. All of yours I've found and placed right here

23 07 2021 16:37

Me

The air is still, and moist. Mosquitoes. Crickets. The tiny radio reminds me I am an alien. And I do not argue

24 07 2021 00:51

Me

And indeed, you cannot petition the Lord with prayer

24 07 2021 00:53

Me

Charging my phone a street over. Keep passing out.

24 07 2021 20:28

Me

According to Kurtis' television there are fifteen variations of the ollie

24 07 2021 22:03

Me

Got to witness the first Olympic skateboarding live, thanks to Kurtis'television. Not back 15 mins before I'm back in the cold bath. Full charge on the phone. My aunt is not dead, but has lung cancer. The neighbors were jamming tejano onna PA in their backyard. I wish it was still going. There was life there.

25 07 2021 00:18

Me

I will die for my noises. And Kallisti.
And you. Why not? Life and death onna July weekend. Seems appropriate. Yes, I am overheated. But never overrated.
Wait

25 07 2021 00:22

Me

Fuck issa great word, man. I'm really digging it

25 07 2021 00:39

Me

Optometrists are assholes, man

25 07 2021 00:40

Me

Kurtis mentioned that he will melt the devil's eyes earlier. I feel that's worth writing down

25 07 2021 00:41

Me

When was the last time you gotta Fuck Yeah?

25 07 2021 00:43

Me

Nine out of ten Flying Elvises agree

25 07 2021 00:50

Me

Feel sick again. Hard to stay awake. I don't think I'll ever stop crying. I can't live this way much longer. I need help

25 07 2021 02:07

Me

I know. That's terrible poetry

25 07 2021 02:32

Me

I love you, Kallisti

25 07 2021 02:33

Me

Nextdoor at Pam's, after nearly seven days. My taxes will not hit until I make an appointment with the IRS, probably a month from now at least. Will try obtaining assistance with my electric bill in the morning. It has been many years since I have asked for that.

25 07 2021 23:19

Me

Over 11,000 steps today. A friend is coming over, possibly to loan me the cash for the bill. I don't know when I would be able to pay him back. I don't work well anymore. There is something very wrong, and I don't see an end to this

25 07 2021 23:27

Me

Every moment is hatred, and anger. This cannot be sustained. I know who did this.

25 07 2021 23:29

Me

This is not poetry. I will keep trying, for you, My Lovely Wall

25 07 2021 23:31

Me

I know you did not ask for this. I don't have any one else to talk to. Isn't that amusing?

25 07 2021 23:33

Me

Those who get paid are less special than those who volunteer

27 07 2021 10:20

Me

So speaketh the prophet

27 07 2021 10:21

Me

Passionate affair?

27 07 2021 10:36

Me

How we are living is unsustainable.
I know a better way

27 07 2021 10:46

Me

A portrait of the artist in so many words

27 07 2021 10:49

Me

Be photo-realistic, beean impression.
Sometimes, be still.
Assa Discordian I am declaring to-day Candy Hearts in Chalk Day

27 07 2021 10:52

Me

<fnord>

27 07 2021 10:52

Me

We do not make order out of the world. We make sense of the world

27 07 2021 12:50

Me

The order is in the grid

27 07 2021 12:51

Me

Okay. So check this out. Pot. Just ate a can of donated vegetable soup. It was room temperature. The english language lacks definitions of what constitutes room temperature. What is the lowest a room can be before its not room temp? Freezing. Orrin my case, boiling.

27 07 2021 15:04

Me

And the judge was found stabbed over three hundred and fifty times with a sharpened plastic toothbrush handle in the holding cell, his blood mixing with the shit and piss and vomit of the previous occupants there in the grate, where it belongs

27 07 2021 16:08

Me

Am eating a bag of beef jerky, donated because it was expired. That is, in fact, the point of beef jerky

27 07 2021 18:29

Me

There issa computer case fan hooked up to three rechargeable batteries keeping a small, steady breeze on me. Laying onna futon mattress innan insulated closet, listening to the whirr and the crickets. I am stoned off shared pot, full off food destined to be thrown away, and thinking of you. I am too angry to think clearly, but right now I am not unhappy. Thank you, My Lovely Wall

27 07 2021 22:23

Me

A friend, the same one who brought the radio and battery powered lights a week ago, is coming by to roll a bowl of methamphetamine with me. Need to empty out the rotting meat in my refrigerator before trash pickup in the morning. I think that might require drugs. I hope your Day issas memorable as mine

27 07 2021 22:40

Me

Listening to Alan Watts:
Any more than you can cutta cheese witha line of longitude

orrin the optic nerves that give us hallucinations

The sound of the rain needs no translation

Indeed

28 07 2021 01:55

Me

Have traded the three rechargeables for nine C size. To run one case fan. It better run all fucking night

28 07 2021 02:00

Me

I just realized, going through the bags of donated food, that I have all the ingredients to make a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. Sometimes joy cannot be expressed with words

28 07 2021 02:24

Me

I have enough for more than one ....

28 07 2021 02:25

Me

...you may desire bug spray upon arrival

28 07 2021 02:26

Me

I'm going forrit. I'm gonna make a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. This will beean incarnation of supreme fullfillment, however temporary it may be

28 07 2021 02:35

Me

You're awfully quiet this morning. Sometimes the last round of Jeopardy! is poorly constructed and it sets me off in the worst way as well. I can wear headphones, dear, if you'd rather brood with your noises instead of mine. Shit. Now that I've written it out, I'd much rather hear your noises than mine

(sigh)

28 07 2021 02:40

Me

Houses can be modular, even printed

28 07 2021 02:54

Me

Okay. Some offit was poetry.

28 07 2021 02:56

Me

PAAAAAAHHHHTTTTEEEE

28 07 2021 02:56

Me

Nobody likes me
Everyone hates me
I'm gonna eat me some worms
-Les Claypool

29 07 2021 01:52

Me

Can't sleep. It feels like I've been hot for too long.
The heart wants what the heart wants
That's what my First Love said
That was twenty years ago
She's still beautiful to me
Even though I left her
And haven't touched her in just as long
This type of delerium isn't fun
Would you believe the babbler if he professed his admiration?
So tired

29 07 2021 04:25

Me

Got a ride to the pawnbroker. Power will be restored inna bout an hour

29 07 2021 11:05

Me

Correction. It will be nearly $500

29 07 2021 11:27

Me

Head hurts. Feel sunburnt. Listening to Devo's Duty Now For The Future album. Waiting for drugs to get here. It just makes sense sometimes

29 07 2021 12:39

Me

Cube too
Squared off
Eight corners
Ninety degree angles
Squared off
Stares straight ahead
Stock parts
Blockhead

29 07 2021 12:56

Me

Top. Cube top. Too

29 07 2021 12:57

Me

It appears I just got ripped off for $40. It is worth any amount of money to find out who is your friend. Another cold bath. I am tired. Gave up air conditioning to return here, free of people. I will refrain from making the obvious next comment. Am tired of crying. Need to conserve the water. Some things are not helped all the time.

And we worshipped at the shrine of the thylacine

29 07 2021 16:50

Me

It is raining. Hard. Woke me up off my sweat-soaked mat. Wish you were here

29 07 2021 17:59

Me

Sitting here like uninvited company
Wallowing in my own obscenity
I share a cigarette with negativity
Leaning on the pedestal that holds my self denial
Firing the pistol that shoots my holy pride
Sitting here like wet ashes with X's in my eyes and Drawing Flies
-Soundgarden

31 07 2021 15:51

Me

The wreck is going down
Get out before you drown

31 07 2021 15:53

Me

Storm clouds won't bother to gather
She cashed in cut the tether
She's gone
It's no mistake

The angels
Have come too late
They've come too late
In my hands I hold the proof

[Chorus]
That something's sure to hit you
Pure flesh and bone to rip through
Don't let ‘em tie you to the stake
Whatever it takes

Flood waters raise the ramparts
I'll meet you now wherever you are
I'm here until the frontline breaks
Whatever it takes

[Verse 2]
Then she turned off the headlights
Cranked the radio
Ran the red lights
Never found the missing bride
Windows dark
But they're all inside
They're all inside
In my hands I hold the proof

[Chorus]
That something's sure to hit you
Pure flesh and bone to rip through
Don't let 'em tie you to the stake
Whatever it takes

[Bridge]
Flood waters raise the ramparts
I'll meet you now wherever you are
I'm here until the frontline breaks
Whatever it takes

A general without an army
I stopped lookin' then they found me
On the hill, a horn is blowin'
It's over man, you just don't know it

[Chorus]
That something's sure to hit you
Pure flesh and bone to rip through
Don't let 'em tie you to the stake
Whatever it takes
Flood waters raise the ramparts
I'll meet you now wherever you are
I'm here until the frontline breaks
Whatever it takes

[Chorus 2]
Climb backwards through the red room
A jungle of thieves to get through
Time's up how long you gonna wait
Whatever it takes

So, Jack, grab paper and pen
I'll say it once won't say it again
Loosen the core until it shakes
Whatever it takes

03 08 2021 00:21

Me

So, one time, at this chick's house, she mentioned that no one in her family smoked anymore, except Tommy Randle. Meaning that, of course, Priscilla Roberts was not part of her family.

03 08 2021 00:34

Me

Its no wonder she never gave a shit about her niece, Kallisti Aeon Mackenzie

03 08 2021 00:36

Me

I will never give up until I hear your voice, Patty. You are forever frozen in time as/at the last text message you sent me, and the round trip to New Braunfels we shared. No One has ever seemed to understand as much as I attempted to communicate as you before or since. Finally, an equal. Actually, since you have ten years more experiences than I, most likely my superior. I am not jealous, just enamored. And my attention span is infinite, as is my ability to love and care. We will speak again, soon. For it is written here, in the gospel of Patricia.

So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]

03 08 2021 02:40

Me

And all an Artist needs is sand innits nacre

03 08 2021 03:11

Me

It is the witching hour. 666 cheers for all things unholy

03 08 2021 03:18

Me

PAAAAAAHHHHTTTTEEEE

03 08 2021 20:01

Me

Crickets and screeching, slowing trains. Coals lumping somewhere. Kurtis bought meea beer earlier and wow I don't drink much anymore. Met the man's mother, who lives across the street. With a dozen great danes. And he is considered a " dangerous problem ". Six different mental hospitals by August this year. But he doesn't have twelve great danes inna trailer. I realize the Westminster authorities would prefer I capitalize the breed of dog. I am not obeying, in protest of things that are awful. Issit possible forra chain letter to be entirety comprised of postcards? Punch and Judy and Sundance are riding police motorcycles in front offa green screen mentality while drinking diet schesta orange. Farrah's hair flew away and now she's imitating Yul Brynner. Blurry Cheshire moonface laps up bugs from the central viewing telescope. I'm outta change but I havea slug witha hole drilled innit onna fishing line. Everything's coming out oranges and that's good because my hands are dirty. The news from D Street is very bad. Klaus Flouride and D.H. Peligro are headlining the Oberon Book Club's retrospective on cancer. Grilled cheese sandwich halves will be severed in the green coffee klatch. Where oh where has my little dog gone? Oh yes. Buried under the tree to my left. Why isn't spaghetti western considered a racist term? Because pasta doesn't have feelings. But I do. And I miss you.

04 08 2021 04:31

Me

So. How'd you do on your driving test? Par for the course? Flowers?

04 08 2021 04:48

Me

I don't feel too well. This isn't working

04 08 2021 04:49

Me

I'll be waiting right here. Because love, and the hope it brings, is the only thing that is worth anything

04 08 2021 20:06

Me

Don't place faith in human beings
Human beings aren't reliable things
Don't place faith in human beings
Human beings or butterfly wings

Ordinarily good advice
But we aren't ordinary, are we?

04 08 2021 22:15

Me

I have someone to believe in

04 08 2021 22:16

Me

A hurricane triggered by a butterfly's wings
Conspiritors betray you
- Machines of Loving Grace

04 08 2021 22:26

Me

I saw a falling star looking up at the sky, but I am too delerious to wish upon it. I love you, My Lovely Wall. My only wish is that one day you get this message

05 08 2021 05:25

Me

Am about to open what I presume issa solar-charging battery bank. It is dark, and raining heavily. Will be until it stops. Also, I seem to have lost my tail again

05 08 2021 09:36

Me

So. I was gonna write a tribute track to Paul Simon's 50 Ways to Leave Your Lover, called 50 Ways to Fuck Your Ex's Sister, but all I could count was, like, three

06 08 2021 06:53

Me

I don't care iffits lowbrow. Its funny.

06 08 2021 06:54

Me

Oh no. I don't know if I can trust a dream.
'cause one never been what it seems
Oh no, I don't know if I can trust a dream
But it keeps on promising
-MC Frontalot

06 08 2021 19:56

Me

Took a light, jolly stroll around the block. No one's house has moved, even though they're mobile. Its Saturday, my electronic sundial tells me. That meant something to someone at one point in time. I don't wonder who. Feeling a bit Mesopotamian. Do I look like a Hammurabi orra Gilgamesh to you?

07 08 2021 02:12

Me

Ah. You're busy baking. Understood. I'll remind myself to ask again later

07 08 2021 02:13

Me

So it looks like the rest of the mourning I'm resigned to making statements.

07 08 2021 02:15

Me

I very much wish you would answer

07 08 2021 02:16

Me

So. Good Brother Jeremiah calls meeup 58mins ago and asks me if I had been hit by a train. This man and I have been engaged in incredible conversations before, so I take this to be metaphoric. But no. It turns out he was being quite face value. He really, actually, wanted to know whether I had been hit by a train. It unfolds that he is in an inpatient rehab over La Cantera way and hadda dream that this chick he's been into had been hit by a train. No, it turns out. Then he remembers that I live next tooa switchtrack. Ergo. I found this inspiring, and told him so. Then I walked down to the Lone Star and asked the stranger working there if I could bum a smoke. The walk back was more enchanting than the journey there. There issa moral to this story:

NEVER STOP DOING DRUGS

07 08 2021 05:48

Me

Complete. Completely. Completelier - They Might Be Giants

07 08 2021 05:56

Me

No. You can't go back to Constantinople

07 08 2021 05:57

Me

Unless you ask nicely. Or bribe. Bribery works nearly every single time

07 08 2021 05:57

Me

Interesting fact: the obblonge block of government cheese I am eating straight witha knife has the exact same consistency and texture as it did yesterday when it was refrigerated. Isn't that interesting?

07 08 2021 06:08

Me

How do you know if grapefruit juice has been sitting out of refrigeration too long?

07 08 2021 06:19

Me

That is not a metaphor

07 08 2021 06:19

Me

I just heard Roy Orbison singing the words: dry vagina. Was that just me?

07 08 2021 06:28

Me

The hatred is consuming me again. It always does now. I need help

07 08 2021 07:07

Me

Terence McKenna once mused aloud, " What would Marshall McLuhan have thought of memes? "

What do you think?

07 08 2021 08:25

Me

I'm not sure if I told this one before er not. If so, compare versions. Maybe there's an Easter Egg. So I'm seventeen. My second apartment. This guy Will who I would never see again after about a month and I are hanging out in front of my living compartment, smoking a joint. Three young women are busily moving stuff into the door below us and across the hall. A few minutes after their door closes my buddy Will goes down the stairs and asks if they havea cup of sugar. They tell him no. Smiling, Will says that's cool, yo. Then he walks up to my place and grabs a cup of sugar from my kitchen...

So. Passionate affair?
I have sugar

07 08 2021 09:02

Me

Whatever happened to revolution for the hell of it? Whatever happened to protesting nothing in particular? Just protesting. Because its Saturday. And theres nothing else to do.
-King Missile

07 08 2021 16:38

Me

Hamburger and pot and cigarette, in that order, atta neighbor's house. Somebody got older

07 08 2021 16:39

Me

How's yer Chia pet doing?

07 08 2021 16:45

Me

Issit getting along with the rock?

07 08 2021 16:45

Me

Tears alone and wind outside and hatred

08 08 2021 02:04

Me

My child will be ten in less than a month

08 08 2021 02:11

Me

Another seven thousand steps so far today. Rode up to the Lone Star and bummed another cigarette. Don't feel well. I hope someone gets through to you soon. I miss you

08 08 2021 06:56

Me

Jolene on the freeway
She don't like
A uniform
Onna man
- Kostars
Klassics with a K

08 08 2021 08:54

Me

Listening to the immortal They Might Be Giants album I Like Fun. For the next ten mins er so until my battery complains. I felt a need to tell you that. Also, you have some white laundry fuzz in your hair

08 08 2021 09:17

Me

I'm a funny guy. Quilting Sensations would never lead me astray

08 08 2021 09:19

Me

A commercial on the TV at Kurtis' a couple days ago said that sending song lyrics to someone was flirting. That's so cool. I wasn't aware I knew how to do that

08 08 2021 09:26

Me

08 08 2021 09:27

Me

If you haven't tried Gorilla Glue or White Widow, they both come, er, highly recommended. Its some consolation. Nothing but the briefest of pause buttons. All I need until I hear your voice. Nope. Not stopping. Ever.

08 08 2021 11:32

Me

Unless I hear it from you. Wasn't thata Gin Blossoms song?

08 08 2021 11:32

Me

I actually owned that album and I'm not sure. Can't check. No power. No internet

08 08 2021 11:33

Me

When is Sandra Dee's birthday? She was in the original, 1967, Dunwich Horror, for reference. Great flick. The male lead comes back assa different character in the remake. Spacing off on his name at the moment, but you'd recognize him. The one from Quantum Leap who wasn't Scott Bacula

08 08 2021 11:49

Me

Pick up the (oysters. My phone suggested oysters. Fuckit. Pick up the) oysters, Patty

08 08 2021 11:51

Me

Has Roy Orbison been using my phone?

08 08 2021 11:52

Me

What rhymes with dry vagina inna sexy but boisterous way?

08 08 2021 11:53

Me

Too bad I haven't finished any of those guitars yet. I havea great melody for " oooh butter flavoring in my grits "

08 08 2021 12:41

Me

You know, I fer sure heard Roy Orbison singing dry vagina, but it shoulda been Tom Jones. That's what's really got me all confused. There's that word should again

08 08 2021 13:01

Me

Hey, what are doing later on?

08 08 2021 13:02

Me

Cause if you're not, you know, like, doing anything you wanna hang out?

08 08 2021 13:03

Me

Dean Stockwell. That's the guy's name. I bet he knows Sandra Dee's birthday. He was probably invited to the last one

09 08 2021 00:28

Me

Sitting in my friend Adrean's backyard, even closer to the tracks than I am. My left ear has been plugged and sore all day. Not quite sure what to do about that. This hasn't happened since I was a kid. So what am I doing about it? Unable to sleep in a/c I'm digging my left little finger in and wincing while two battery banks charge. Scratch that, phone's done. Three battery banks.
I hope you're not irritated with me. But the Art, is not for me to judge, only produce. You're the only person who's opinion I value, so I ask you to judge...

09 08 2021 01:11

Me

Slept on the floor underneath Trump flags while an edited, at least three hour loop of Judge Judy played on repeat through the night. All three of my battery banks and my headphones are charged. The pitbull I made out with, named Zazzles, is still laying next to me on the floor. My left ear is completely infucted shut and oozing. Does this mean my headphone charge will last twice as long?

09 08 2021 08:29

Me

I am not sweating, and I gotta message offa most inspiring type yesterday

09 08 2021 08:30

Me

Left ear is officially exploding. Got some leftover antibiotic drops fromma friend. First dose in. The relief is not hurrying to my party. Back at home, little fan going and the pulled shut. Trying to eat a pouch of beef stew without moving my jaw. Not succeeding

09 08 2021 12:32

Me

Ear still exploding. May have to call an ambulance

10 08 2021 02:55

Me

And. Waiting for a ride from Schertz Baptist after being taken here by ambulance. Armed with different ear drops. Feel like I'm about to vomit and pass out. Too much Tylenol onnan empty stomach.

10 08 2021 05:53

Me

So. Am sitting on my steps. Smoking a cigarette and drinking a soda and not vomiting thanks to three bacon egg and cheese tacos. I am told it will take at least 24 hours before I notice any improvement. Cynthia picked me up, despite the fact that she's sick as well. Is this what it is like to feel blessed?

10 08 2021 07:09

Me

I have met my doctor, a Dr. Moss. Interestingly enough, he is the only one wearing a dark green scrub. He says I'll be here three days, assuming the IV antibiotics work effectively. Being given morphine and hydrocodone for the pain, back and forth, every three hours.

11 08 2021 09:04

Me

Was admitted to Northeast Methodist yesterday afternoon, after the antibacterial drops given to me at Schertz weren't effective. I am told, after a CT scan and much other bloodwork, etc. , that I have an abcess in/on my left ear.

11 08 2021 09:06

Me

The hydrocodone gave me great dreams of this hot little Indian doctor from the other floor. Involving drunken war elephants. I have just been informed that Ariel will be bringing me the next round. I am actively thinking of anything but mermaids

11 08 2021 22:53

Me

Indeed. Mermaids are monsters. Probably Mermen as well. Merfolk?

12 08 2021 06:37

Me

I just had the thought that butter issa way of life. While eating waffles for breakfast. While my 81year old roommate gets his colostomy bag changed. Top o' the morning Wayne

12 08 2021 09:01

Me

The lazer-etched gold Cthulhu design on my Zippo lighter case looks especially cool in the diffracted light playing off the comforting pastel walls. Drugs are cool.

12 08 2021 09:04

Me

So, how's your Thursday?

12 08 2021 09:47

Me

I have noticed that I have not heard from you even though someone who is not Pam claims to have spoken to you. I don't know what that means. I suppose its arrogant for any of us to know what something means. Philosophy aside, I can't end this art project, The Meaning of Art its officially labelled, without hearing from you. That was built into the parameters when it began. So, the man with the exploding but numb head is ....

12 08 2021 09:54

Me

Jonathan Sherman sneaked in and left a business card. It proclaims him the Chaplin Manager. Should he come back I'll let him know that was also my father's professional title. I wonder if he is as socially unpopular. My father's unprofessional working title was Little Hitler

12 08 2021 09:59

Me

I have one ear and through it I hear a woman sobbing. She has been forran hour now. Overlaid there are footsteps and trolleys being pushed and three nurses laughing and " Hi, how's it going, ". And I am laying still with antibiotics dripping in an IV thinking I am hungry and lunch should be here with more hydrocodone in less than a few hours and my friend has an AR15 for me and when I kill that judge I will be saving childrens lives, but really it will be the closest thing to happiness I'll ever feel again

12 08 2021 10:51

Me

A short woman with glasses came in and asked me some questions, writing down my responses. When she asked who to notify in case of death, I told her no one cared, and she ran away

12 08 2021 16:41

Me

You can choose a ready guide in some celestial voice
If you choose not to decide
you still have made a choice
You can from phantom fears
and kindness that can kill
I will choose a path that's clear
I will choose free will
-Rush

12 08 2021 16:56

Me

I just got moved to a big, fancy room all by myself. Big TV. Cool view out the window. Have you ever seen Soylent Green? That room. New nurse, whose name is Trish, is hunting down a charger for me. I think I'm on the second floor now. The red digital clock embedded above the television counts down seconds. Three more decimal slots to the right and I'd feel at home with Fruity Loops. Have been having highly sexual dreams and oft-time visual overlays since the morphine and hydrocodone regimen began. Sex and death are everywhere. I'm even being scanned with a barcode reader. Clive Barker has written the screenplay and David Cronenberg is directing. Where, oh where is the female lead? The one whose name is bigger on the poster because she's much prettier and famous and talented?

12 08 2021 20:02

Me

Everyone who comes into my VIP Death Skybox insists on showing me how the television works. I let them, because they won't stop if I tell them I already know. So I nod like I am grateful, and then I turn it off.

I never understood before why nurses were stereotypical sexual archtypes. " Women who wait until I am injured or sick and then stab me needles, remove containers of blood slowly while making sure I watch, deny me everything they can while making sure all food is beige gelatin or strained rice (also beige) are not sexy in any way. "

And then I met Trish. Who insists now that she introduced herself as Tricia. Greying hair she is not concerned with, and I swear she couldn't come up with a reason that opening this large window and crawling out onto the Main Entrance sign at three AM so I could smoke a cigarette and massage her aching feet would in any way be a bad idea.

Something is amusing about this story. Ask Goofus. Gallant whines when anything gets on his white hat. Even water.

13 08 2021 03:55

Me

Tricia approves this message. I asked her to read it after she confirmed reports that I am indeed a hemoglobin time bomb. Assa genius artist it is my job to produce for review. You've probably heard this one before

13 08 2021 04:19

Me

The doctor sacys they'll probably release me on Sunday. Still can't hear out of my left ear, but progression of infuction has stopped, presumably to start retreating any day now.
No one ever told me a side effect of hydrocodone was supernatural sexual desires. In fact, I'm pretty sure someone would have mentioned that by now. So. This means itsa combination of @#$_&-+()/!:'" and hydrocodone. Do you want to know a secret?

13 08 2021 11:06

Me

It is Friday the 13th. A scan of the television channels available reveal no classic above titled movie marathon, nor even the same titled '80s television series. Yes, I have all of these landmark commitments to celluloid at home in my 3TB horror collection. That issnot the point. People have no class anymore.

And the fucking kids don't play their I-suck-so-I'm-too-depressed-to-even-mumble-a-rap-about-it music loud enough. Eighteen years old and conservatively covering up non-tattooed, non-pierced, non-anythinged flesh while discussing auto insurance trends with people worldwide while pretending to do something inna video game instead of actually doing something like drugs or having random unprotected sex like a real live organismic bony fleshbag.

Except Patricias. My favoritest nurse ever, the epitome of the aforementioned archtype, has returned to play a death-defying sold-out show. And me without stereo inputs to listen to the results. Iffi can suck more juice into my telephono's fuel cell many more posts to follow, of course.

And the weather is....
Yes?

13 08 2021 21:21

Me

You are truly missing.
Where you at?
And how are you defining it to-day?
One of the many points that interests me personally, that is to say, assa person

13 08 2021 22:04

Me

Many unpleasant dreams involving the IV antibiotics.
I am a prophet

14 08 2021 01:46

Me

I am the Future
I am The Way

14 08 2021 01:46

Me

Dr. Moss has reappeared like Marconi at the end of John Dies At The End. He yanked on my ear and observed that I did not deliver an uppercut to his jaw. He has Style, the flavor Charles Bukowski raved poetically about. I will be ejected back out onto the street sometime between now and tomorrow. I'm gonna miss this place. The food is better than I've eaten from most restaurants. No, really. In seven days I have yet to open a single packet of seasoning for any reason. I am not counting margarine on waffles. None needed for the French Toast. The room I am in is actually the perfect size for my entire living quarters for the rest of my life - even iffi were living with a mate. And there's a Patricia here - who probably knows that I'm a Patrick - although like, wow, man, if we're gonna keep this relationship healthy I need to demand that I am not helpless. Shit. What wassi typing about? Right. I need to take the next step, whatever that may be. Your voice helps decide that. Even iffit doesn't show up. Even though divisions of measurement are proprietary, time is still a factor in many equations, and this is blah blah blah
Please
There isn't anyone else who's opinion I value on this

14 08 2021 13:23

Me

Pauline, my only visitor, has brought an Android charger for my trusty Motorola. I had the last one nine years. I think this one is going on four or five. Tonight I will be impressing the Other 'Trisha will my mad electro skills. Mayhap a custom track. Stupid exploding head. This would have been way more productive had I just grabbed my fucking backpack. Fucking week in the hospital and all I have to show for it is being alive

14 08 2021 18:33

Me

I suppose I can't complain my phone only has one tiny speaker since I only have one ear.
The default opening message for my Computrons for years has been:

IF YOU WOULDN'T CUT YOUR EAR OFF FORRA PROSTITUTE
You ain't no kind of artist, man

14 08 2021 18:42

Me

Ah. Thumbing through the albums I also have a sixteen CD set of Alan Watts lectures from the fifties, possibly early sixties. That sounds perfect.

We're living inna wiggly world
(Wiggle wiggle wiggle)
-Alan Watts, and The De-Vo
(Wiggle wiggle wiggle)
[Its never straight up and down]

14 08 2021 18:47

Me

It is Sweetmorn, Beauracracy 7, in the Year of Our Lady of Discord 3187, week 46

14 08 2021 19:14

Me

Saturday the 14th is also a classic horror comedy. I do not see it available for viewing. Together we can either choose to right these wrongs or accelerate them into something far, far worse. I offer my prophetic self as your extra layer of StarCruiser, with the pilot's control center yours for the direction. David Bowie's Helping Hands in the Labyrinth asked which way you wanted to go, up or down. We have all the cardinal points and directions, including the universe nextdoor and any other imaginable. And at this point I don't care which direction is chosen morally either. I have accomplished everything I have ever wanted to do by myself. Which leaves everything accomplishable with a true equal partner. I have never had one of those.
Passionate affair?
I have sugar, which sometimes fits exceptionally well in gas tanks
And all that can be imagined by One
In terms of our unfortunate human forms, One and One can equal more than two, though it is rare
Everything worth something is

14 08 2021 19:36

Me

My radd window view means that when our Sol runs screaming to the other side of the Earth like it should be I can roll up the shades and witness about 200 feet, maybe less, away the airlift land on the helipad. By the way, having watched closely with rapt avid attention a dozen er so of these things land close-up over the past week - NEVER GET ON A HELICOPTER UNLESS THE ISLAND YOU OTHERWISE STRANDED ON IS ABOUT TO BECOME A VOLCANIC CALDERA

14 08 2021 20:57

Me

Oooh. The Other Trish just had one of her henchwomen bring in a sandwich box, with xxxtra ginger ale which issnot standard sandwich equipment. This is our agreed-upon signal for me to start quietly removing the siliconed-in screws (surprisingly few) leading to what will be the Smoking Heliport Lounge after it is christened on my final night here. The Witching hour is the opening ceremony

14 08 2021 21:07

Me

[wiggle wiggle wiggle]

14 08 2021 21:12

Me

The Other Trish has made Her First Appearance tonight. Plans for the new hospital addition were tapped out in Morse with our feet, filtered with an Ovaltine Secret Decoder Ring. Two more hydrocodone and an injection of antibiotic. The next, different one is scheduled for midnight. Possibly with more hydrocodone. Wish you were here

A second helicopter is whirlygigging a few arm stretches away. When something in nature lands - a turtledove, a dragonfly, the sugar glider - there is no clumsiness inherent in its landing, ever. These things tentatively bounce around, hurredly walking across the coals with bare feet.

The prophet [obblonge] is merely relating the events as they actually happened, not as he interpreted them

14 08 2021 21:52

Me

Scintillating weirdmuffin

These words look good together

14 08 2021 21:55

Me

Aim my smilin' skull at you

14 08 2021 21:57

Me

Making something better, more durable, the first time, issnot a problem. It is a solution

14 08 2021 22:11

Me

Well alright. Inna bout five mins I'm about to walk out of this hospital room for the first time in at least six days. My it looks hot outside. Methodist is springing forran Uber ride back to the Obblonge Box innan hour. Still can't hear out of my left ear. Have been eating two hydrocodones every three hours forra week, so I suppose sometime today sooner than later I'm going to find out how much pain comes with not being able to hear.
I am already aware of how much pain it is to not hear from you

15 08 2021 11:14

Me

That is, in fact, the most important thing to me now. To the exclusion of everything else, including getting the funds together to turn my grid back on. Nothing else is important.

15 08 2021 11:18

Me

I just walked by a doctor's brand new Mustang. It does not look cool at all. What happened?I spend one week in the hospital and sports cars look like SUVs.WTF!?

15 08 2021 11:42

Me

Back at home. Showered and shaved nextdoor at Pam's. Will sell something tomorrow for the oral antibiotics. The only goal I have now is to talk to you. As stated before, yours is the only opinion I value. And I have Art that needs to be reviewed. It is the most important thing to me. I have five aunts and probably 50-100 cousins still living in Michigan. One way or another, this will happen.

15 08 2021 14:42

Me

Wiggle wiggle wiggle

15 08 2021 20:05

Me

Kallisti's tenth birthday is in 18 days

15 08 2021 20:06

Me

Lounging innan ab roller™©® in the relative damp coolness of the backyard smoking a cigarette. Nothing hurts assof yet. Could be worse

15 08 2021 23:36

Me

Occluded occultish lunar waning. Cool

15 08 2021 23:43

Me

Another pleasant valley sunday
I could sure use somma those sixties drugs about now

15 08 2021 23:57

Me

The universe is the game of the self

16 08 2021 00:03

Me

What is your self doing?

16 08 2021 00:04

Me

Listening to Alan Watts explain Hinduism - as he calls it - and smoking really great grass, man. Eating separated almond butter witha fork.
Wish " you " were here

16 08 2021 00:19

Me

Or better yet
Wish " you " were " here "
Or
Wish " you" were hee

16 08 2021 00:27

Me

Not " he " of course
That would be weird

16 08 2021 00:30

Me

Fiesta brand's UNCLE CHRIS GOURMET STEAK SEASONING is one of the Perfect Foods, with ice cream and spinach bacon Alfredo pizza and tofu and cheesecake
Especially cheesecake

16 08 2021 00:51

Me

I am [obblonge]
I am a prophet
I am the Future
I am the Way

16 08 2021 01:02

Me

The traps of words

16 08 2021 01:03

Me

Check it out I wrote a poem:

Shower of cinnamon
Dusting of cornstarch
Curtain of sweet glaze
Spiral through production area

16 08 2021 01:06

Me

goddamn that's good shit

16 08 2021 01:07

Me

Brings out the silence witha wallop

16 08 2021 01:13

Me

Wallop issa fun word, like squeegee

16 08 2021 01:14

Me

Intervals are not unimportant

16 08 2021 01:20

Me

My pal Sal Paradise wants his squeegee wallop gluten free
I've bet I've never mentioned that the prophet [obblonge] is Lochenzo Purgatorio

16 08 2021 04:20

Me

Monger issa fun word as well
Try it in your everyday vocabulary
Impress your friends!

16 08 2021 04:24

Me

Down to the bottom of the can stock.
Asshole and alveoli stew
Made in Italy
Exotic

16 08 2021 04:30

Me

Check out this verse:

This is good pot
Blackeyed peas?

And to prove I'm a professional:

This good pot
Blackeyed peas?

16 08 2021 04:51

Me

Christooher Walken says Sicilians are niggers
Fucking wops

I think I'm gonna choose to be racist to Italians fer awhile
Change is good, right?

16 08 2021 05:00

Me

Titmouse

Titmouse issa nother great word

16 08 2021 05:14

Me

Items that survive outside temperature forra week:
Jar of four cheese spaghetti sauce
Wheat hot dog buns
Previously opened box of government cheese

16 08 2021 05:29

Me

So. There's this guy, right? He called up and complained to one of the three networks that they were playing extra sounds during the live PGA tournament. In this case, the sound of a particular bird that had already migrated far past that particular area and season. Only an extremely rare occurrence of that flighted creature to be there in the first place.

So. One of the very few times I turned on the TV in the hospital I witnessed a commercial for a show on the HGTV channel that was all about home renovation (Xtreme). I saw it several times. Innit the protagonist uses a sledgehammer to knock down an interior wall only to discover roaches. Madagascar Hissing cockroaches, specifically. Which you might guess are native to Madagascar, and nowhere else. I am a horror fan, anda fan of How Art is produced. Madagascar Hissing cockroaches are considered a non-invasive species, and thus are bred to use in filmed media, most usually horror movies I would guess. They are distinctive, mainly because they're the largest, most badass-looking goddamn roaches on the planet. Fucking ankleosaurs of the bug world. And if some get away from your film production, its no big deal because they die out, not being able to mate with anything but its own kind inna specific, rare, biosystem. They certainly do not hang out in the walls of bungalows (that's a nother fun word) in New Jersey. These fuckheads had to spice up their boring-ass show and probably got paid for product placement, seeing as how it was a commercial for the show.

I am artist. A genius artist, no less.
And that is not Art

So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]

16 08 2021 06:21

Me

For the true conessuir:
When watching the original Creepshow notice that none of the roaches are of the Hissing kind. The production company went into abandoned buildings and captured the local, horrible roaches for their use. How much do you think they paid that actor?

16 08 2021 06:46

Me

Still have glue on my arms

16 08 2021 06:51

Me

That's this month's catchphrase

16 08 2021 06:52

Me

16 08 2021 06:55

Me

Hey. Patty. Psst. Paaahhhtteee. What got seven legs, eighteen eyes, and lobster-like claws?

16 08 2021 07:00

Me

I don't know either. But you should probably get it off the back of your left shoulder

16 08 2021 07:01

Me

Writing one's life assa movie.
Of course everything you've seen onscreen is possible everyday.
Iffits imaginable, its imaginable

16 08 2021 09:47

Me

The planet is 2/3 water. It is unconcionable that we are not using it to produce more electricity
This could also affect ocean temperatures inna directed way

16 08 2021 10:03

Me

Being independent of the grid is important
The order issin the grid

16 08 2021 10:04

Me

I rapidly thawing strawberry cheesecake
Apparently I cannot eat an entire one fast Enough
Hungry?

16 08 2021 11:49

Me

I know. I'm gonna train through the winter todefeat the Christmas chicken cheesecake, and the Other varieties

16 08 2021 11:50

Me

What does it take to turn any electrical motor into a dynamo?

16 08 2021 11:52

Me

Zohnerism

16 08 2021 11:53

Me

I've am the GOAT
And I live onna ferryboat
Hooray
Hooray

16 08 2021 11:55

Me

Have cleaned off my left earbud withann alcohol pad and rammed as far assit will go. Playing Helmet at maximum, distorting, volume. I saw a commercial for a service that uses focussed sound waves to treat Ed. Figured it might work on the whole dick. I think its working.
Putting together the logistics of the possible next step, the one that does not end in mass violence. Equipment, website, even business cards, logo trademarking, etc.

Have beaten the cheesecake.
Fuck defeat

16 08 2021 13:18

Me

Dude, do you havea bowl? That would really kick this testosterone factory uppa notch

16 08 2021 13:18

Me

Over 10,000 steps today. Down to 3% on phone. And what's so funny about peace, love, understanding, and naked rabbits?

16 08 2021 18:44

Me

Not trying is never accomplishing anything

16 08 2021 20:00

Me

I create my life. I will not merely react to it.

16 08 2021 20:01

Me

Good morning. My first thought upon waking:
Compile data on the most commonly searched words and start writing long titles for the Akashic Records

17 08 2021 08:50

Me

My second thought:
Send that to Patty

17 08 2021 08:50

Me

Third thought:
Eat or sleep? I am inna holding pattern. The will run out soon. And that is comforting. No matter what, this part of my life will be over

17 08 2021 09:09

Me

It is assumed that given enough time for reflection anger subsides. One gets terrible results assuming things. Mine hassnt ebbed forra second. All of the hatred is still right here. Right where it belongs.

17 08 2021 09:16

Me

An army of One is only stoppable by that One. It has no one to stab it in the back. This is the inherent danger in pairing. Unfortunately, in this case, One plus One can equal more than two. Exponentially

17 08 2021 09:20

Me

I have accomplished everything I wanted to by myself. The question is whether to keep going in the same direction with a partner, or to change what it is that I want. I have been good at everything I've ever seriously tried to be good at. And this war

17 08 2021 09:27

Me

Not being able to hear out of my left ear has effected my ability to type

17 08 2021 09:27

Me

I have no home. I have no country. America no longer exists. Not just for me, but for anyone. I, by myself, have no reason to do anything but take back what was lost.

17 08 2021 09:28

Me

A haiku:

Brown lumpy glop inna bowl
Internal turmoil
Witness: Beginning or End?

17 08 2021 09:38

Me

Inspired by the pouch of beef stew

17 08 2021 09:50

Me

Playing with my weirdly racist MUSIC STYLE PLAYMAT. I'm pretty sure its unintentional. The Chinese manufacturer used a translator, a real live one, I think. It says CARIBBEAN on one of the choices for drum machine rhythm. I find that weirdly racist. Like, ironically hip tooit or something. It is perfectly possible to be a Swedish orran Icelandic Reggae artist. This isn't a bad translation. Reggae is Reggae in any language. They didn't start with Reggae to translate. But that's what they meant. So what the fuck?

17 08 2021 10:19

Me

Have run an extension cord from Pam's nextdoor. Sitting directly in front offa box fan and charging everything.

17 08 2021 12:51

Me

If she complains I'm gonna tell her to talk to you about it. For some reason I think that's funny.

17 08 2021 12:53

Me

I can trace the memories through the scratches in the paint on the floor
Where we laughed and spun and sang before

17 08 2021 15:44

Me

This isn't working
I am not working
Only hate and rage
This can't last
I need help

17 08 2021 15:46

Me

To you dear sister Pam, just now:
Really? I spend seven days in the hospital, where they tell me if I'd come in 24 hours later I would have probably died, can't afford my antibiotics when I get out, can't even type correctly, still can't hear. And I can't run a box fan? Then, I knock on your door for the fifth time today and you still don't answer. You have Wesley pull the fucking cord out on hos way in.
Fucking beautiful.

17 08 2021 18:17

Me

She even waited until the hottest part of the day.
Classic

17 08 2021 18:27

Me

Don't place faith in human beings
Human beings aren't reliable things
Don't place faith in human beings
Human beings or butterfly wings
A hurricane triggered by a butterfly's wings
Conspiritors betray you
- Machines of Loving Grace

17 08 2021 19:07

Me

Poetry. Someone's always got your Hallmark greeting.

17 08 2021 19:08

Me

I am a prophet
And your mind, it works much the same as mine
I've heard more than one of your sisters call you crazy
I've been called far more, ah, disturbing things
By better and not so much
But I was compiling a list

This is exciting, walking towards the edge of the ice floe

The imaginal realms are calling again
Mine are filled with ...
You haven't forgotten yours, have you?
Left them inna dustbin in Shaftsbury?
I'm being weird, a zer0 might mutter
(I'd love to see the Mütter museum one day)
What does this One think?
I'd like to ask that every day until .....

17 08 2021 19:25

Me

[just showing up and doing my job]
Really digging the indention button

17 08 2021 19:32

Me

The greens of ferns underlaid mossy tiny fronds grasping like hungry venuses, underlaid black, loamy worm-ridden, grounds for tools potent more than coffee, cool and cold to the touch, stretch your fingers out from your wrists into the Firmament, your body pushes backward sliding into a slitherational swerve and writhe, worm-like, with nine hearts thrumming, pollen entering and tickling, no sneezal ejaculate yet, rich, such wealth, tendons relaxing but searching, greenery in/on darkness whole of vision whether eyes shut or screaming/staring/startling this

17 08 2021 19:54

Me

...is for you. Where do you go from here?

17 08 2021 19:55

Me

Finally. Finality. This will be over soon. Or begun anew. Yawn. I'm sleepy now. Exhilaration into ..

17 08 2021 20:01

Me

And the heat gives way to the rain. Thunderous applesauce. Clams are more fun than oysters. Dyslexics of the world - UNTIE!

17 08 2021 20:06

Me

Lightning and Fatty Armknuckle. Why ammi so hungry all of bowling greensscreens replacial palances clip clop clip clap sturdy mountaincidal splash. I miss Surge. It was Coke's Dew, or wassit 7ups?
Man, I wish I had you laying here and drugs right now, but I have neither
Shitgoddamnmotherbitch

17 08 2021 20:11

Me

I'll snort aline of this Taster's Choice iffyou gimmi a coy wink

17 08 2021 20:15

Me

That was fun. Sometimes I forget what fun is. I like fun

17 08 2021 20:30

Me

They showed us prisons for the models of the city - Machines of Loving Grace

18 08 2021 09:56

Me

11,246 steps. Its not even noon. I have yet to mow neighbor Al's (Alvin? Alhambra? Aloysius? Prince Albert? Fuck. He's lived across from me for more than twenty years) backyard. That that doesn't kill you makes me stronger.
I am the Future
I am the Way
I am the King of the Neighborhood
I am a prophet
The less I have
The freer I am
But I still want
I still need
Consider this an attempt
Atta hostile takeover
Iffit helps you Imagine
If that is your Style
Like Bukowski's cats
Is this arrongance? Is that a detriment?
Awaiting, somewhat impatiently now
Your golden thrill
If you'll pardon the cribbing of the vernacular
From the Machines
From the past
With all that is left of my heart/hearth
This cannot be sustained alone
And you are the only One left I can see
This was not the original intension
But it is the current Salvation
And Detonator
And Operation
And...

18 08 2021 11:43

Me

This is your line, dearest dream
Please notice
Not that you wouldn't
That I never put words in your mouth
This could be crazy
This could be rude
That is up to you
Everything, in point of fact
Is up to you

18 08 2021 11:45

Me

Would you fuck me?
I'd fuck me
- Silence of the Lambs

18 08 2021 11:57

Me

NOW! ! That's what I call romance!

18 08 2021 11:57

Me

Vol. Something

18 08 2021 11:58

Me

Iffits worth doing its worth overdoing

18 08 2021 11:59

Me

18 08 2021 11:59

Me

Gold is the metal with the broadest shoulders. And I bend it to my will. Uri Geller's ghost has nothing on me, man

18 08 2021 12:00

Me

This is what happens when I'm not on drugs. This is also what happens when I'm on drugs. Cool, huh?

18 08 2021 12:00

Me

Do you have any drugs? Ah, you do. The kind that only take effect in proximity. You know what's even cooler than pheromones? Street drugs AND pheromones. Just ask your sister. No, not the stupid one(s)

18 08 2021 12:03

Me

I am eating a can of mixed vegetables with my beloved Fiesta brand's UNCLE CHRIS'GOURMET STEAK SEASONING that says it was packing in Effing Ham South Carolina. That's such a cooler place to be than fucking Rockville, Marylard. Hey man, what should we call our township? Well, what's here? Um, rocks. Well, there we go! Fuck yeah, man! That's iron clad logic! You must be the fucking Mayor, man! Can I shake your hand, Mr. Mayor?

18 08 2021 12:13

Me

No. I know where your hands have been. Now go pick up those rocks and move 'em over there

18 08 2021 12:15

Me

No. Not here. There. Shitgoddamnmotherbitch. I'm migrating south...

18 08 2021 12:16

Me

Okay. Why does the Jiffy corn muffin mix I just consumed uncooked with a dash of vegetable oil and dihydrous monoxide state that it contains waaaay more nutrients than the can of fucking vegetables I ate previously? (Yes. I know why and so do you. But its worth stating.)

18 08 2021 12:29

Me

Fuck, man. I'm popping the top of this here can and eating some Effing Ham

18 08 2021 12:31

Me

Then I'll be cooler. Which is necessary, 'cause its fucking hot in here

18 08 2021 12:32

Me

Fucking mental lowest common denominator Pamela. Every single one of your sisters issa psychopathic brownish-red rancid cuntswab. But I'm preaching to the choir. To the One that every single one of them says is crazy

18 08 2021 12:35

Me

Man, its barely past noontime. I'm on fucking fire. No. Not because I've had sex with half your sisters. Good guess though. Right on. It is fucking hot in here...

18 08 2021 12:38

Me

Hey. This stuff tastes suspiciously like Spam. Man, I could fer some government cheese right now. Wait. I know. The powdered cheese paste of poverty!

18 08 2021 13:02

Me

Ah! The powdered cheese paste of Hamburger Helper Double Cheeseburger Macaroni! Got the elbows cooking via solar energy. That's right. I cook elbows. 'cause I'm a bad grandmotherfucker. [Itsa red stripe on the black belt. Danielle-san]

18 08 2021 13:11

Me

Dare I say, I'm just getting warmed up

18 08 2021 13:14

Me

16,753 steps so far. Approaching a new record. Still haven't mowed Al's yard. Guy isn't home yet. How's your day?

18 08 2021 15:50

Me

Past warmed up. Really fucking hot now

18 08 2021 15:50

Me

Oh yeah. Hooray solar charging battery bank. Got two dots. That's enough to spin this little fan long enough to maybe get some sleep. Wheeee!

18 08 2021 15:57

Me

Kallisti's birthday is fifteen days from now.

18 08 2021 16:21

Me

So. Check this out.

I die and wind up with my eyebrow cocked, facing St. Peter at the gates of Heaven. He's like, " What the fuck are you doing here? "
I search my rumpled ghost clothes and come up with my antique silver cigarette case. I guess 'cause its silver. Werewolves n shit. And whadaya know - its full. Wasn't that way when I died. Bonus.
" I don't know man. Its your fucking gig. "
My trusty Cthulhu Zippo has not made the trip. Graven image of another God. Right. Bad call on my part.
St. Peter: " Alright. So why should I let YOU through these gates? "
Inspiration strikes. I form the familiar rubber band pistol with my thumb and forefinger. Firing the hand gun, a flame appears at the tip of the index. I light my smoke. It tastes heavenly, assit should. Then I realize my somewhat transparent fingertip isson St. Elmo's Fire. I shake it like you shouldn't do tooa Polaroid picture and luckily it sputters out. Not the time to act goofy and lose face, right?
Exhaling the exhilarating vaporistics through my now glass-like nostrils I intone, " I totally banged all four sisters nextdoor. "
St. Peter stands aside dramatically, a fucking angelic matador, gesturing to His side and beyond.
" My man..."

18 08 2021 17:17

Me

Don't let this scenario become a reality Patty. Please. Let the third sister be the last anything I ever have sex with.

18 08 2021 17:19

Me

18 08 2021 17:19

Me

20,627 steps. New record. Still haven't mowed Al's lawn, but I'd be down. Was really being motivated by ice cream, as usual. No fuel for the lawnmover [sic], orri woulda just donnit. Walked and rode around the neighborhood, which I am King of, hand washed laundry, pruned some trees. Fire barrel ready. If I ever give a shit enough again I'll get someone over here witha trailer and scrap these heaps while metals are high. That would be enough for my electric right there, actually. But I'm all sick in the heart. And the head. Left side of head. I think its starting to get worse again. Oops. Well, doting nurses were pretty alright, man. Probably have to goto a different hospital this time. Who knows how much that bill I'm totes never going to pay is. Really really really want to go to sleep, perchance to forget Shakespeare ever existed. But that's a tale for a nother time

18 08 2021 19:08

Me

Feeling like Douglas Adams, with all the baths. He trip was depression. Mine is. Not. Exactly. But. You know

18 08 2021 19:11

Me

Muah!

18 08 2021 19:12

Me

Ha! 27,154 steps. If you can break a record, shatter it.

18 08 2021 22:42

Me

10,634 steps so far today. Halfway through with Prince Albert's overgrown backyard. Got doused with a sprinkler system. Apparently he had been growing watermelons. At least I didn't run over a hose

19 08 2021 10:49

Me

I want my ice cream

19 08 2021 10:50

Me

11,774. Doesn't seem as impressive now. I have no idea what the temperature is. I bet its hot. Really hot.

19 08 2021 13:29

Me

I want my ice cream. Al's not back from his doctor's appointment. Which is fine. I'm not done with his yard. But I wanta be done when he gets back. Iffi canneat a whole cheesecake I can consume an entire half gallon. No problem. I'm gonna get competitive with this. I bet I can eat more ice cream than you, man

19 08 2021 13:31

Me

I really feel its the bread that makes the chicken sandwich. Otherwise you're just eating chicken, you know?

19 08 2021 13:44

Me

Am scheduled forra playdate tomorrow. My buddy from Binghamton is now living in Austin. He went to culinary academy. And now works for Amazon. He's gonna swing by and pick meeup after his shift. So, he still goes by the alter ego of his favorite author, Jack Kerouac: Sal Paradise. It has been allong time since anyone called me Lochenzo Purgatorio.
Ah. More chicken sandwich. More heartbreak. More garlic

19 08 2021 13:59

Me

One of my favorite movies is The Last Man on Earth, starring Vincent Price. It would later be remade as The Omega Man, with Charlton Heston, and there was one with Will Smith as well. Iffi remember correctly it was written by Richard Matheson, or his son Richard Christian Matheson. The garlic

19 08 2021 14:01

Me

14,626 steps so far. I have finished the tanglebrush of Aloysius' rear garden. He is still not home. I am still lacking ice cream. And the Heavens wept.

19 08 2021 16:24

Me

...the color of your head as perceived by your eyes

19 08 2021 16:27

Me

Ah. Two T-38s flying in relative formation.

19 08 2021 16:36

Me

This is exciting

19 08 2021 16:37

Me

Camptown ladies never sang ah the doo dah day. No no no
-Squirrel Nut Zippers

19 08 2021 16:41

Me

Under observation, squirrels were found to not remember where they buried 9 out of 10 of their acorns

19 08 2021 16:42

Me

The ab louger's mesh seat has proven to be the ideal place to charge the solar battery bank

19 08 2021 16:44

Me

There issa street, a main neighborhood throughfare, off of Nacogdoches titled Vista View. Which is hilarious. I just heard Alan Watts say that sightseeing was equally so

19 08 2021 17:08

Me

My pal Sal and I, so long ago, both had Nextel walkie-talkie cell phones. We had different jobs. He wassa concrete foundation foreman and I managed a carpet cleaning company. The owner of my company actually ran over my phone with the Ford Aerostar he would later sell me forra dollar. It was a blast to engage the walkie functions on both phones and get them in varying proximity of each other. Oscillation occurrence oftens. Especially in line atta shitty drive thru.

Whadaya think this is, some kind of joke? Gimmie ten Big Macs anda small diet Coke
-MC900ft Jesus

19 08 2021 17:17

Me

MC nine oh oh also currently works for Amazon, in Houston. Also a flight instructor. Hasn't made an album past the third one, just like Machines of Loving Grace. Someone's gotta carry the torch, man

19 08 2021 17:19

Me

Tell me
Tell me assan observer so as not to disturb you
Tell me
Were you in pain when you died?
-
Talking to the Spirits
MC900ft Jesus

19 08 2021 19:33

Me

If I were to choose my own subject
I would have brought you a message on the love of God
Good on Heaven
But the Lord brought you a message on Hell
I say Hell issa place of extreme bodily suffering
I say Hell issa place of loneliness

19 08 2021 19:39

Me

In Austin, at Brother Mark's. Sal Paradise has upgraded his living accommodations since the last time we destroyed audiences in unison, 2012. He sprang forra Soundgarden ticket and picked meeup forra weekend. Those two days were the only 24 hour periods Kallisti did not see her father in her life. Priscilla was obviously still there, and she was barely two. It was the third and final time I saw Chris Cornell perform. Once with Audioslave, once solo, and once with the greying but still feedback drenched Soundgarden. He would later hang himself inna Detroit hotel room. Hanging out at his current luxury compartment's pool (it issa well known factoid that ear infuctions are best intimidated by direct confrontation) the prophet [obblonge] was promised cocaine the next day by a 57 year old Health and Human Services Manager and engaged inna voracious conversation with a rotund black woman carrying an infant son around the water covering my theory of information transmittal, UAPs, and, under the aqua marine by the concrete steps, my penis. Traded digits and networked with the latter, who also promised to return later on to-day. Woke up about an hour ago. Typing to you on/in his palacial courtyard, under cover of tweeting bird darkness and the occasional motorist transporting human cargo and such down Metric. His current business card proclaims him an Ass. Manager, which nearly makes up for the cut, copied, and pasted flash art and boring typography. The fonts of the business world are boring. Purveyors of large slabs of frozen dead animal carcasses are not impressed with wingdings, ASC II, or my beloved Gorey. Fucking square-o s, man. Mark has since convinced himself that he is gluten allergic and no longer consumes beer or bread, imbibing red wine and sparkling 5% alcohol seltzer instead. Which tastes like rotten, spiteful Sprite. Gluten: very important part of human diet. His style has not changed. When his son was much younger (he's 17 now. I remember him being born.) his living compartment's several patio areas directly abutted a large, fountained duck pond. Quack. Give us gluten or we'll eat yer cigarette butts. Fucking ducks are truly dumb. They always get the copy of the home game assa consolation prize. Also amusing to me is his hipsterish Austinite conversion to records, the large, petrochemical, extremely fragile way to enjoy degraded copies of music that cost way more without passing the royalties to the artists. My friend since fourth grade is now weighing in at 288 pounds and utters Jesus assa half-expletive every dozen sentences. Its cool. Jesus the Christ doesn't care. I promise. Also actually (no, for reals) picked up at least one paying client for my ghost and demon removal services. They aren't sure which the problem entity is, but were given a comprehensive informational lecture on the different dangers and price scales corresponding with both types of infestations/manifestations. Being provably the son of offa preacher man with a gun gives credence to my inherited skillset. They were also informed that the identification of the supernatural nuisance was not part of the bill, however I do not currently have motorized transportation so associated business expenses, including breakfast or lunch, were. The visage of my

prospective client was haloed arc-light holy resplendent. I'm here to help. Going back to sleep, hopefully, after raiding my man's icebox and absconding with cheese, never to be seen again. Love and kissles, dear. Muah!

21 08 2021 04:22

Me

Have ordered a set of four classic poison control center Mr. Yukmouth stickers with my last remaining eight dollars of eBay gift card. Scanning my gmail inboxes looking for evidence of your attention with my heart precariously perched onnan emotional precipice, I do see aforementioned, latterly, evidence of the flattering attention of the pool-wading recent mother. Her name is Zawan, which is way cooler than Michael. Pretty much any name is way cooler than Michael. Except Mohammed and Kevin, and Todd. Have three garbage bags of mouldering, sweat-soaked laundry to mechanically abuse inna false river of non-rocks and detergent to-dayish. This prospect neither excites nor disappoints me, proving it is not Art. But you are

21 08 2021 04:35

Me

Laying down again, I direct, repeat, and focuss my thought patterns on the dream I wish to experience most vividly: smelling the sweat on your scalp behind your ear after a full day's exertion, and matching my pulse rate yours, which would be much slower, and insure a longer, healthier life

21 08 2021 04:49

Me

Shitgoddamnmotherbitch. Brother Mark hassan hour or so of Something Official to do right about now, and has thus programmed his alarm to sound, in theory to rouse his bad self. Which it is not doing, steadfastly. It is, however, very effectively interfuckingrupting my custom healing mantra. Ace of Base's The Sign. On repeat. In full. The chief songwriter in this particular group, the guy in the video not doing anything but looking likea non-sexy jerkface, has a COLOSSAL, terminal case of Lead Singer Disease, which is deceptively titled, for it is not solely reserved for a lead singer. This fucking guy will most assuredly intone dramatically that he invented the missionary position and the element Selenium over a weekend onna whim. I hate people, individually and assa group. Am raiding homeboy's refrigerator for cheese out of the purest form of spite, which issa crystalline structure under a microscope. Lots of jagged edges to snag a set of carefully constructed personality traits.

And in this era, the prophet [obblonge] looked upon the Firmament, and detailed the ubiquitous improprieties presenting themselves. Solving them near immediately, his hatred and anger prevented Him from adding the most Holy information to the Akashic Records. Entopy was both pleased and not-pleased

21 08 2021 05:25

Me

It is Pungenday, Buracracy 14, in the YOLD 3187, week 47

21 08 2021 12:57

Me

Laundry in. Will be borrowing a laptop (stupid, stupid computer) from Cassady, Mark's son, named after the fictional alter ego of Jack Kerouac's hetero life mate Neal Cassady, for the purpose of transferring oh so many words to gmails and loading new books and music on my phone.
Am tenseor on pseudo-vacation, flexable but heating at the folds, breathing less oxygen inna purposeful manner, and continuing to quaff fermented demented Perrier. Have successfully avoided bringing anyone else down with my barely controlled tearful outbursts.
This cannot be sustained

21 08 2021 13:04

Me

Registered to attend a virtual four day symposium on the 20th anniversary of the Million Book Project, the page by page hand scanning of books for free universal perusing. The goal was surpassed long ago, now at tens of millions.
The Akashic Records are no longer a thought experiment.
Equality has been restored.

21 08 2021 14:14

Me

Utopia is already present
My anger prevents me from facilitating the global transition
To Paradise
Instead
I actively encourage and welcome
All the violence and suffering
Possible from its resistance
I am aware of this assan outside observer
Mine are the eyes of God
And what they see is not what was meant to be
I am trying
I am not immediately succeeding
If my abscence is imminent
Please
Do not react to the stimuli around you
Create the world as it could be
All it takes is your willingness

21 08 2021 14:21

Me

Listen close to this crooked mouth
For my story I will tell–o
I lived in Mexico by the name of Wenseslao Moguel–o
Left my home in Santiago
The heart of the city of Merida
Served with my brothers and sisters all
For the army of Pancho Villa

[Chorus]
Stand me straight against the nearest wall
Line up your bravest soldiers oh
Ten good shots, I'll take them all
They call me El Fusilado

[Verse 2]
The Federales captured me
Bound up my arms with wire
Officer came he says, "Take your aim –
Steady your guns and fire!"
Bullet holes all across my chest
Ripped up my shirt and my body–o
Heart beat on through the silenced guns
To the rhythm of life inside me–o

[Chorus]
Stand me straight against the nearest wall
Line up your bravest soldiers oh
Ten good shots, I'll take them all
They call me El Fusilado

Fell to the ground, the officer came
One last shot to the head-–o
Heard through the pain as he walked away
And left me there for dead–o
All went quiet so I crawled away
I wasn't giving up to the glory
Ten good shots, I took them all
And lived to tell my story

[Chorus]
Stand me straight against the nearest wall
Line up your bravest soldiers oh
Ten good shots, I'll take them all
They call me El Fusilado

[Chorus]
Stand me straight against the nearest wall
Line up your bravest soldiers oh
Ten good shots, I'll take them all
They call me El Fusilado

[Chorus]
Stand me straight against the nearest wall
Line up your bravest soldiers oh
Ten good shots, I'll take them all
They call me El Fusilado

Wenseslao Moguel (c. 1890 – c. 1975[1]) was a Mexican who was captured on March 18, 1915 and suspected of taking part in the Mexican Revolution. he was sentenced to death and shot eight or nine time before being left for dead, after a head shot an close

range.

He survived his injuries, and was found unconscious among the bodies of his comrades. He was given the nickname ‘El Fusilado’ meaning ‘The Executed One’. He appeared on Ripley’s ‘Believe it or not’ radio show in 1937.

21 08 2021 14:33

Me

I have informed Cassady that if his father and God-like uncle don't have to bail his ass out offa decrepit, disease-ridden, bribery-fueled Canadian jail by the time he turns eighteen there Will Beean Intervention. This target date gets rescheduled if the lad is still technically in school or close enough excuse for self-education to 21

21 08 2021 15:56

Me

My last load of laundry is spinning heatily in the dryer. Files have been moved to my phone - different music than I have been listening to the past month and a few hundred books. Including my own tracks. Several personages poolside have requested listening. Cassady also has the complete discography on his Chromebook. I have been informed that he has been jamming CDs I made many years ago his whole life. Its nice to be appreciated. He also has several basses in his room. Spent an hour gushing the audio science when I noticed he had downloaded the demo of FL Studio. If forthcoming conditions permit I will throw together a Computron that can actually handle the math necessary for him to use it. Laptops arra personal symbol of Consumer Ignorance, but by now you must be aware of this. The moon is full over the luxury second story peak, and unconcerned with wisps of stardust. Lisa the Human Services Manager who did not show with cocaine is slurring and loud and would be staggering if she wasn't floating. I wonder if she lives onna third floor, but I remain silent. Billy Idol onna Bluetooth.

Mysteries are not unraveling.
I still wonder where you are, and where your thoughts venture

21 08 2021 21:41

Me

I must be taking my leave of this damp scene. My aloneness has been amplified by repeated recounting of my memoirs. I feel alien again amidst the revelry. A dozen days

21 08 2021 21:48

Me

Facebook has reminded Mark that the aforementioned Soundgarden concert occurred today, exactly nine years ago

21 08 2021 22:59

Me

A long time, to the fairest one
I love you Kallisti
May your eyes and mind be fed with the opulence they deserve,
My Lovely Wall

21 08 2021 23:06

Me

The prophet [obblonge] reports from his perspective, where time is not sequential, but all moments occurring at once. This is not the only perspective. I am not the only Chosen One

21 08 2021 23:25

Me

So. Four thirty in the am I springbok up from the comfortable, non-sweat soaked bed in the arctic air controlled environment and stride across the beautifully swept parking lot (oooh shiny) round the corner to the left to the right to the left and finish the corn chips with professionally crafted salsa (mmmm serranos) and mega stack of deli meats, cheese, and still crisp vegetables (don't forget the gluten!). My pal Sal has parrotheaded his way into his grunge era Jimmy Buffett track, asleep by the pool under the full moon, arms defensively akimbo. The unopened 750ml bottle of both oak and red wine sherry aged whiskey is now down tooa third. Actually a bit lower now since my arrival and departure. Rock over London, Rock on Chicago. Breakfast of Champions!

22 08 2021 05:39

Me

Good. Mourning.

22 08 2021 05:41

Me

There is now, according to Oxford, an official word in the English language that rhymes with orange. I forget what is. Wasn't very exciting

22 08 2021 05:43

Me

Hippocractic yoplatic breakfast dessert. Probe idiotic. Macro life studies micromanaged. And you shall know them by the trail of the dead. Am returning to my Ace of Base postponed healing mantra, perfect assit it is and was. See you on another side...

22 08 2021 05:52

Me

By the way, let this creature that is my self profess that this is as far as any physical-related fantasy including you has ever been imagined. Anything farther I consider rude. I will never envision your nude form without first seeing it firsthand with permission and desire. The concrete reality of your structure is beyond my creative capacity

22 08 2021 05:56

Me

So. I've been thinking. The plural of chupacabra issnot chupacabras. It is chupacabrae, following the Latin root. A group of chupacabrae, the travelling family pack, possibly issa congress.

22 08 2021 10:14

Me

Back omnipresent on location@ObblongeBox
Still no electricity
Still can't hear out of the left side of my skull
Still only want your trusted and valued opinion
Gonna smoke a cigarette
And stare at the sunlight
And wait
Until the waiting it must end
Every fiber of my being wants that to be with your voice
No matter what it is saying

22 08 2021 14:22

Me

Next heap with
Waxen pith
Earwax keeps
An ion stress levels
Pass it along

22 08 2021 14:26

Me

First word in my skull when I awoke: marrow. Suitable enough. Feeling close to the blood/brood. Sometimes too many choices prevents one from making one at all. That isn't progress. And we are here to go. Moved a few hundred books to my phone and forgot to download an ereader. Shitgoddamnmotherbitch. Will have to rectify that to-day

23 08 2021 14:17

Me

Ha! Installed Moon Reader and now my library is visible. Will hopefully hit up a food bank to-morrow. Down to cans of collard greens and cooked cabbage. I don't generally recognize these substances as food. Still no motivation to make money. It makes me sick. Or more specifically, living as Them makes me sick. This cannot be sustained. There is change coming, and I need your help to guide it. Please.

23 08 2021 15:48

Me

Back lounging in the abroller in the backyard, moon one-day waning from full, slogging off my father's personal size drinking cooler, filled with Coke from the Lone Star. It was on the end, the size of this thing preventing choice from a selection in the middle. Reading Andersen Prunty, one of my all-time favorite authors. A collection of short stories - Hi! I'm a Social Disease. The last one in the set is my favorite from this tome. The Night the Moon Made a Sound. Andersen Prunty is the one who wrote what I am reading on the track A Self-Contained Walk. And who sent me a thank you email after I sent it to him. It is a strange feeling to get an acknowledgement from one of one's heroes. Now iffi could only get an acknowledgement from you

23 08 2021 22:30

Me

I have written my last will and testament and sent it to the recipient, and several others. In the event of my death all of my possessions and property are to be transferred to the ownership of Jeremiah Charles Fletcher, aged 23. I requested that he continues the effort to get The Meaning of Art into your personal possession. And to save Kallisti's toys and clothes for her, in the event that he should ever meet her. Strange, isn't it, how the most meaningful people in one's life can appear so recently

23 08 2021 22:49

Me

Tyranny is the rule of law. Anarchy is freedom

23 08 2021 22:56

Me

People are what matter. Not possessions. And no person issa possession. No person is property. My daughter was stolen and sold as property, under rule of corrupt tyranny. This shall not go unpunished

23 08 2021 22:58

Me

The moon, it is silent.
But I
Am not

23 08 2021 23:14

Me

So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]
Discordian Pope
Obblonge Box Cabal

23 08 2021 23:15

Me

And back to the story at hand
Market Adjustment

23 08 2021 23:27

Me

My birthday is mentioned in the third story of this collection, The Man With A Face Like A Bruise. But, of course, that's co-incidence. When one mentions a day, it has toobe one of 365. Have partial hearing restored to my left ear. But not your voice. I am growing ever concerned for your safety.

24 08 2021 00:33

Me

The Meaning of Art is the unfinished, working title. Should it ever get your input, as I am seeking, the projected possible finished title is The Gospel Of Saint Patricia

24 08 2021 00:38

Me

Being a Pope, I have the authority to canonize sainthood. All Discordians are Popes immediately upon conversion to the worship of Eris. There is even a photocopiable Pope card that can be carried as proof in the Principia Discordia, the first Holy Book. The second Holy Discordian Book is generally considered toobe The Black Iron Prison. Of course, different cabals have different opinions on this, as designed and then alternatively cast out by our Lady of Discord

24 08 2021 00:46

Me

Assuming I do not lose my legs dancing with a train, or something less fun, I will be lobbying and applying for tax exempt status, assa Discordian church. All churches are tax-exempt, even though they make profit. My particular Cabal (the official term forra Discordian church) has already produced a One, a prophet

24 08 2021 00:54

Me

Cool how the skully changes size depending on whether its with words or not, huh?

24 08 2021 00:55

Me

By the way. The goddess Eris does not give a backwards flying jellyfish's non-ass about the worship of other dieties in her congregation. Even if those gods or goddesses are placed higher in her adherents than Herself. That is canon, and is not changed or modified by any Cabal

24 08 2021 01:04

Me

Today is Sweetmorn, Beauracracy 17, in the YOLD 3187, week 48

24 08 2021 01:08

Me

The hybrid watched as its personal demon, their personal demon, bombed his way down into the darkness. Turning away from the city, the hybrid split apart, beautifying itself, becoming countless, becoming whole.
-Andersen Prunty

24 08 2021 02:59

Me

By the time he reached the cemetery gates, Thrip felt, for the first time, what it was like to feel someone die a second time. Once safely outside the gates, he collapsed onto the ground, reeling with the vast torment of Nascent's afterlife. If the man had escaped death once, Thrip didn't see how he was going to escape it a second time. Not with his body as torn apart as his soul.
Thrip watched the dawn gray the dark purple of the sky. His first dawn in months. He picked himself up from the ground, damp with dew, and went in search of a convenient store. He desperately needed a cigarette.
-you guessed it

24 08 2021 03:15

Me

A conclusion is simply where you stopped thinkng

24 08 2021 03:41

Me

The moon is lovely
Like My Wall

24 08 2021 03:45

Me

I just woke up fromma dream where I cooked giant cheeseburgers over an improvised grill inna stadium and handed one to Keith Richards before he hit the stage. Cheddar, extra sharp. Peppercorns in some kind of whitesauce.

24 08 2021 08:03

Me

Well. Breakfast is looking like a box of cream of chicken soup made in New Jersey by Tabatchnick Foods. Washed down with plenty of tomato sauce. I am not building a fire.

24 08 2021 08:13

Me

Everywhere there's lits of piggies
Living piggy lives
You can see them out for dinner
With their piggy wives
Clutching forks and knives
To eat the bacon
- The Beatles

24 08 2021 13:10

Me

Afternoon guv'nor

24 08 2021 13:11

Me

You should have received my letter by now. Still no response. You are not a coward. Therefore, the cowardace must lie within another. See you soon, My Lovely Wall

24 08 2021 13:14

Me

These are exciting times, are they not? Ones can feel the power all around them. Zeroes only fear and distrust

24 08 2021 13:16

Me

Nine days until Kallisti's tenth birthday

24 08 2021 13:20

Me

Sometimes, Oletta knew, when a person wanted something so much, it was not necessary to question the source. It was not necessary to question the truth or validity behind that desire. A Christian wanted a God to save her and an afterlife to house her soul when she dies. The Christian does not question these things, she believes them and calls that belief faith. So Oletta believed in her new baby maybe not so much as born but given to her on this Halloween day.
-more Prunty

24 08 2021 13:26

Me

Finished the first read. Now into Sunruined, another book of short horror stories. Andersen Prunty does not only horror, but started off that way and continues to as much as anything else

24 08 2021 14:51

Me

Fucking ear. Still can't send a text message right

24 08 2021 14:52

Me

Maybe the workers, the people who ran the dead blemish were the Devil and they had been cast out.
-mmm-hmmm

24 08 2021 20:49

Me

The Smoke of Samuel. That's a good one. Forgot about that one

24 08 2021 20:58

Me

The wisest man in the world comes to my door. He has a very long white beard and wears a series of richly textured and flowing robes. He, more or less, lets himself in. I know he's the wisest man in the world and I plan on having him answer some questions.

He strolls to the middle of the living room and reaches down, trying to push my heavy wooden coffee table up against the couch. He labors for nearly a minute.

He looks at me. "Some help?" he asks.

"Oh, of course," I say and help struggle with the coffee table.

By the time we finish, both of us have worked up a pretty good sweat.

The wisest man in the world stands in the middle of my luxurious white carpet. He looks at me and raises a finger of proclamation.

"These are the days," he says, "when everything has value."

Then he squats down a little, grunts, and defecates on my carpet.

"Ah," he says, "that's done with."

Instead of staying in the room to ask him my series of important questions, I quickly go to the hallway closet and retrieve an abundance of cleaning supplies.

I return to the living room. The wise man is gone. He has accidentally stepped into his mess and tracked it all the way to the door

24 08 2021 23:42

Me

Woke up with an erection onna soaked mattress again. No energy anymore. Another cold bath and collapse.

25 08 2021 10:00

Me

Thanksgiving: Dramameal

25 08 2021 13:51

Me

Consuming cans of refried beans and tomato sauce with FIESTA BANDS UNCLE CHRIS' GOURMET STEAK SEASONING, looking out my backdoor, and thinking of you

25 08 2021 18:40

Me

Sugar in grapefruit juice. Sì

25 08 2021 18:49

Me

MC Frontalot says memes are dumb. What do you think?

25 08 2021 19:37

Me

The pupils of Gethsemane High (or Get High, as some of the wittier stoners were fond of calling it) learned of Jeremy Liven's death over the morning announcements. The principal, Mr. McFee, unable to shift between emotions with the alacrity of an evening newscaster, came on with the announcement about Jeremy's death and signed off with a moment of silence. Nothing about the upcoming battles of the baseball or softball teams. Nothing about the lunch menu that day. Nothing about any policy changes or the usual timewasting nonsense that filled the corner loudspeakers in each room

25 08 2021 20:34

Me

- Andersen Prunty
The Sorrow King

25 08 2021 20:34

Me

These white pouches that say Fast Mac macaroni and cheese from 2019 are really a handy-sized easily portable carbohydrate solution. Little squirt of water from the tap, little mixing, morroffa folding motion really, and crunchy cheesy goodness right in one's hand

25 08 2021 21:20

Me

Hmmm? I was re-reading this novel for the third time. What was that?

25 08 2021 22:12

Me

Did I mention the three days, sequentially, before I left forra Jimmy Buffet song, were all record-breakers as far the amount of steps Sweatcoin counted? Over 25,000, 27,000, and then over 29,000? Haven't received the payslip for the week yet, but that's gotta be more than eighty thousand steps that week. Haven't broken top 15% of users before.

25 08 2021 22:18

Me

10,319 steps to-day. Very much want to pass out. Wish you were here

25 08 2021 23:43

Me

It just occurred to me that my father was not the seventh son, but he was the seventh child. Its in my blood

26 08 2021 12:22

Me

Listening to Coil's The New Backwards. Man is the animal. Nature issa a language. Can't you read? Itsa test. Got my Mr. Yukmouth stickers inna day early. Yay!

26 08 2021 12:37

Me

There's an angry light in the stones
And I'm gonna give you honey iffi can

26 08 2021 12:41

Me

I am the most accomplished surgeon of moral deformities
Professor of energy
I am pricking both your thumbs
Something wicked this way comes

26 08 2021 12:51

Me

Smear thyself witha vixen's tang
And beware the bloody steps of man
Your glorious palaces are hospitals set amid cemeteries
I am trying to strip the science away
I am there witha hiss
That's where all the magic is

26 08 2021 12:55

Me

Bonus:
Something wicked this way comes issa novel by which author?

26 08 2021 12:57

Me

-Coil

26 08 2021 13:01

Me

I thought that I heard you laughing
I thought that I heard you sing
I think I thought I saw you try
-R.E.M.

26 08 2021 13:46

Me

There issa advertisement glued to my wall that proclaims " Whooping Cough is like pool floaties ".
Alright, class. Explain why or why not

26 08 2021 14:52

Me

The Winner:
from Sal Paradise

Whooping cough is like pool floaties because it gives you wings

26 08 2021 17:46

Me

So. Iffi selfie my self taking a shit and then charge $15 forra copy with licenses, how much d'you think i'd make?

Hey. No stealing my idea

26 08 2021 18:19

Me

This is gonna be awesome to advertise with business cards

Gonna hafta go door to door with this message of peace and friendship

26 08 2021 18:25

Me

What if the rapid disappearences of civilizations from what we have until these points in the written record are merely the successful attempts of groups continuing their journey

26 08 2021 18:37

Me

To Cleveland. Goddamn Orbitz™®©

26 08 2021 18:37

Me

I, the prophet [obblonge] hath presented His Chosen Few witha glimpse, again, of the future. All text messages, which will all be free, will be accompanied by advertisements

26 08 2021 18:52

Me

Trust no one, for anyone on your contacts list might, at this very moment, be taking money fromma multinational corporation to take part inna worldwide marketing campaign using product placement in text messages.

If you don't analyze every word cluster in your inbox its all your fault when you're in their net...

26 08 2021 19:01

Me

Brought to you in part by your friends at Johnson & Johnson

Free floaties with third booster shot

26 08 2021 19:30

Me

I'd love to be by your side at the end of the world

26 08 2021 20:18

Me

Its how you think. What you think issa subject of the present. The ever-present present (presented by those who make presents). How you think is rare, and at this point I don't want to take my eyes offit. I need to be told. From your lips. I would really very much appreciate it if you gave me your opinion of this project

26 08 2021 20:22

Me

The answer to this morning's trivia bonus question is: Ray Bradbury. Thanks to all of you at home for playing along

26 08 2021 20:25

Me

The Jackthief
By Andersen Prunty

Oletta Goom awoke on the morning of October 1st, going into the baby's room and knowing exactly what she would find.
Emptiness.
The crib stood in the middle of the room, white cotton blankets piled up against one side. Outside, the wind, turned cold with the season, spat at the house and invaded the open window. Oletta grabbed the worn wooden rail of the crib with a bony hand and cried, her tears running down her wrinkled face and falling onto the cotton sheet that still smelled faintly of Jacquelyn.
"Jack," Oletta had called her. But now Jack was gone. Just like all of the girls that had come before her. And it was always on this day, the first birthday, that the Jackthief came and took them away. Now she would have to wait another year before going into the haunted woods to claim her prize.
Unless she could find out where the Jackthief took the babies. Unless she could get this one back.

Oletta had been several years younger when she retreated to her house in the woods. Perhaps it was more of a shack, but it served the purposes of shelter and warmth. Shelter and warmth. Maybe it wasn't all she wanted, but it was all she needed, along with a little food every now and then.
What Oletta wanted more than anything was a baby. She was not a young woman anymore, twenty years past childbearing age, but that desire had never left her. It was only upon the death of her husband she had realized it was an impossibility. Before, she had always prayed for a miracle. Maybe, she had thought, God would fix whatever was broken inside her and she would finally get pregnant. But it never happened. She refused to succumb to the determinist attitude that said, "It just wasn't meant to be."

26 08 2021 20:43

Me

So her husband had died and she had moved to the woods. If she was going to be alone, she thought, she was going to do it right.

That was what she had expected to find in the woods—loneliness, solitude, the chance to confront a past that had fallen so far from her little girl dreams. But moving to the woods proved to be the source of more joy and sorrow than she would ever know.

It was there she met the Jackthief. There, during the strangest of circumstances.

Summer drew to an end and autumn crept in and Oletta didn't see how she was going to spend a winter alone in the tiny shack. She figured her best days were well behind her and there weren't going to be any good ones ahead. She had experienced all the self-exploration she could and, finding only emptiness, decided to end her life of longing. She found a length of strong rope in the old woodshed. She was going to take the rope out into the woods, find a good sturdy branch, and hang herself. She didn't plan on learning how to do it proper. If she had to dangle for a while, choking on her own windpipe, then that would be penance for the awesome sin she was about to commit.

After a brief survey, she found a capable branch. The rope was slung around her neck to give her frail arms the strength to carry an old wooden ladder. The day was monochromatic. The clouds were bloated black-gray, threatening rain. Maybe, if it rained, it would help weigh down her body.

It took about a half hour to make sure everything was in place. She figured the knot was strong enough to hold. Climbing to the top of the ladder, the fiber of the rope scratchy around her neck, the sky rumbled a hungry growl and she hoped it would drown out the sound of her strangling to death.

Standing at the top of the ladder, she wondered if she was doing the right thing. But this wasn't a spontaneous decision. It was something she had thought about for a very long time. This was the only way out. The lonely days had become unendurable and she was too proud to be stuck in this constant state of self-pity.

The sky screamed.

Oletta took a deep breath and kicked the ladder away.

She dropped. The rope tightened around her neck.

And then broke.

She fell to the ground. Lightning streaked across the sky, fat cold drops of rain hammered down, and her life changed forever.

26 08 2021 20:44

Me

On the other side of the huge sycamore tree she had tried to use to kill herself, she heard a baby crying. Oletta unfastened the rope from around her neck, not believing what it was she thought she heard. Nursing a twisted ankle, she trudged through the dead leaves, turned soggy, until she found the source of the crying. When she saw the baby, swaddled in black cloth, at the base of the tree, her face split and her tears mingled with the beating rain. Stooping down, she picked up the baby and took it back to the house, wanting to get it out of the rain, wanting to get it into the warmth.

26 08 2021 20:55

Me

Sometimes, Oletta knew, when a person wants something so much, it is not necessary to question the source. It is not necessary to question the truth or validity behind that desire. A Christian wants a God to save her and an afterlife to house her soul when she dies. The Christian does not question these things, she believes them and calls that belief faith. So Oletta believed in her new baby.

26 08 2021 20:56

Me

She took it home with her. First she named her Jacquelyn and called her Jack. She loved Jack. She fed her and sang to her and talked to her and cared for her and took her everywhere she went. She even took her into the town to buy food and clothes, not caring if the folk talked and wondered. They would, Oletta knew, come up with their own reasons why she now had a baby and those reasons could not come remotely close to the fantastic truth.
For exactly one year, Oletta was the mother of a beautiful baby.

26 08 2021 20:57

Me

On Jack's first birthday, a full year since Oletta had found her, Oletta opened the door to her room and discovered the baby gone, the bedroom window open, a cold wind blowing in. For an entire year after this discovery, she searched for baby Jack. Searched and mourned because she knew the baby was gone. She began to wonder if Jack had ever been there in the first place.
That was the worst year of Oletta's life, having had something and then lost it. Each day was worse than the one before. Her life had become a spiraling black nightmare as she wondered about who would steal the only thing she had ever wanted. She never found the Jackthief but she had a picture of him in her mind. The Jackthief was carved

26 08 2021 20:58

Me

from wood and bone. He traveled by moonlight and drank the sorrow of others. He was drawn to this sorrow, drinking it in and, drunk from it, had to create more. Oletta knew the Jackthief had always been there. He was the one who had snapped the rope when the only thing she wanted to do was snap her neck. He did it because she had not suffered enough. She was a well of suffering and the Jackthief had not drunk the last of that well. So he had let her love the baby for a year. And just as quickly, he had taken it away, once again cloaking her in sorrow. Now he surrounded her in the woods, watching her, mocking her silently as she searched and searched.

No, she never saw him but she knew he was there. Exactly a year since losing Jack, she found the baby in the same place she had found her two years earlier. The baby was the same size as that first time and Oletta had a distinct feeling of falling back two years in time. But, once again, the sorrow had lifted. She had her baby. Maybe the circumstances were not normal. Maybe they weren't even believable, but it was nice to hold Jack in her arms once again and feel a year of sadness melt away.

26 08 2021 20:59

Me

Over the next two years, the cycle repeated itself. After losing Jack again, Oletta did not search for her. She sat in her house and waited, her mind expanding out into that depressed ocean, knowing that her time would come again. Yet, knowing that did not make it easier. The only thing she could think of was the year after, when she would have to go without the baby again. And, after all, wasn't the point of having a baby to watch it grow? To shape it and give it a good life? To see what kind of adult it became?

That year, Oletta decided she was not going to go without Jack again.

On October 1st, when she found Jack under the tree, Oletta said to her, "I'm never letting you go. If he takes you again, I will find you." And she took the baby back home and they had another good year but now the time had come again and Oletta stood in an empty room, surrounded by nightmares.

26 08 2021 21:00

Me

That morning, she left the house in search of the Jackthief, knowing he was out there, somewhere. She was not going to go back home until she found the baby. For days, she wandered deeper into the woods, the noose of cold and hunger wrapping around her neck.

Madness rats nibbled at her brain. She followed the Jackthief. She followed his scent. He smelled like wax and fallen leaves. He smelled like memories. Some nights, she thought she heard the baby crying. Some nights, she thought she heard the Jackthief laughing, laughing as he told the most sinister bedtime stories to the baby.

She became hungry and confused, knowing she was too far from her house to ever get back. The sorrow was black and swollen in her mind. She let it grow, knowing the greater the sorrow, the more likely she was to see the Jackthief. And then she could take her baby back.

On the night of her death, before the Jackthief came and took the sorrow away for good, Oletta couldn't open her eyes. She couldn't see the Jackthief. But she thought she could open her eyes far enough to see the little black bundle that he held in his arms. She pawed at the blankets, wanting to touch Jack's soft baby skin one last time but the thing inside the blankets was not Jack.

It was carved from wood and bone.

It smelled like burning wax and dead leaves.

And when it opened its mouth, it didn't want milk, it wanted to drink sorrow and a whole life filled with longing. And when it satiated itself on those things, it laughed, and moved on to the next person in the next town, fat on sadness.

26 08 2021 21:01

Me

There are two jets flying innon separate trajectories towards Bexar County. They are high, the atmosphere blurring and deadening the engines. If I wasn't laying prone and hilariously beyond horizontal I wouldn't have noticed them myself. Something involving generals is happening

26 08 2021 22:12

Me

Nearly 10,000 steps. Friend stopped by with McDonald's burger combo. Allof the saturated fats and sugars were much appreciated by my body. Anything after 6 quarts of grapefruit juice and two cans of pears and two large bags of grapes in 48 hours. I don't know why. It just made sense. Now I understand that people get paid to do shit like that

26 08 2021 22:59

Me

And again, if you've never had Zip-Fizz©®™ tryit with your favorite mixer. Doesn't matter what it is, you're guaranteed amazing results. NOTHING will keep you down forra certain short period of time. 66,667% of the Recommended Daily Requirements of Vitamin B12 inna mixture that only explodes when it hits anything liquid. Keep in mind my child's school district sent her home with it in her backpack amongst the other snacks onna Friday. Three tubes offit. I actually passed a bowl of methamphetamine with my friend the next day while looking at each other with raised eyebrows and observing what it does when it touches anything liquid and saying shit like, " Are we really gonna drink stuff? " Look, your does it too! " " What the fuuuuck? "

26 08 2021 23:14

Me

I can personally, that is to say assa person, attest that if you or someone you've met once, mix one vial of grape Zip-Fizz™®©, some of aforementioned substance, some of possibly another substance (feel free to fill in your own), and some sort of liquid and then shove them up an ass, person (maybe) attached to said ass will taste grape in less than three seconds. Promise.

26 08 2021 23:20

Me

Oh yeah. Don't use the tea flavored stuff. That's like horrible bootleg er something. What you're looking for is a color only seeable on LSD-25. The closer you can match that description the better your experience...

27 08 2021 00:17

Me

That pretty much goes for anything. Shitgoddamnmotherbitch I'm a genius. Did you see that? I just did it again. I can't stop doing it now. I just keep droppin' the hits, yo

27 08 2021 00:18

Me

And the rosy fingers of dawn insert themselves again into the nose of unfulfilled promises. Smoking the rest offa blunt left earlier, reading a book, and drinking a caffeinated gatorade from the food bank. Could be worse. AT&T says the phone payment didn't go through. Wonder if that means my aunt is dead. Wonder if that means my phone won't work assa communication device soon. I am not reliant on any one technology. My feet have never failed me. Always a good time to go on walkabout

27 08 2021 10:22

Me

Everybody knows what's best for you
Everybody knows what's best for you
Everybody knows what's best for you
Everybody knows what's best for you
-Bad Religion
Best for you
(obviously)

27 08 2021 10:36

Me

There's got toobe a pill for forgiveness
There's got toobe a trigger for happiness
-Machines of Loving Grace

27 08 2021 11:20

Me

Checking my mail reveals that I have still overpaid my water bill. Go me

27 08 2021 11:52

Me

Another jet. This one much lower. Headed northward from somewhere south of here, not anywhere in Bexar County. Military jets do not fly east and then north over their own country. Airlines and Cessnas get the FUCK out of their way. No guess where it came from. I guarantee it was not headed to Camp Bullis or Fort Sam Houston. Same reason

27 08 2021 12:55

Me

Heard thunder and started circling/cycling the neighborhood. Some one knocked the Falcon mailboxes diagonal. Notta lovetap. Full airbags deployed

27 08 2021 14:01

Me

I can hear the siren from Randolph over the thunderheads rolling by. It has dropped in pitch after a solid minute. I have been informed recently that females can now be drafted. Is Britney a single parent? The air horn has given way to police sirens.

27 08 2021 14:16

Me

Randolph is still ringing the siren. The thunderheads are closer. The frieght cargo schedule of the trains has been accelerated. This is notta training exercise

27 08 2021 14:20

Me

Just came across a commercial bag of Cotton Candy drink mix, the kind that would fuel the cappuccino machine inna convenient mart. Mixer glass, ice, vodka or gin. There. Pull closer, dear. And be alive. Alert, and alive

27 08 2021 14:53

Me

11,000 steps so far. Starting to tire out early. Ate too much food. Fatass Americans. Shaving by the dim of the thundering sky. Lord Cool out of Egypt makes amazing razor blades, plus that's a logo worthy offa t-shirt collection. There's another manufacturer out of what I assume is somewhere in the Eastern Bloc, but I don't read cryllic. What's the difference between the razors? No idea. But some are definitely better than others. What a boring one-sided conversation to have. Where are you?

27 08 2021 16:22

Me

According to NPR, baby bats babble. Up to 40 mins atta time. Loudly

27 08 2021 17:49

Me

Awww. Lookit that flying rat looking cutesy over there

27 08 2021 17:50

Me

Makes me wanna watch Nightwing

27 08 2021 17:50

Me

Acid rainflux taptaptapping on my rooven grooves. I would go play innit but I'm too sad. I'll be making my own rivulets indoors

27 08 2021 17:52

Me

This is not sustainable

27 08 2021 17:53

Me

I am well fed and sickened and I wish you were here. I need help

27 08 2021 17:57

Me

I have not seen my daughter Kallisti in person since January 2019. There has been nothing but blocked numbers (like yours) from her teachers. She turns ten in six days.

27 08 2021 18:09

Me

20,146 steps. And my math above is wrong. Time in sequence means less and less toome

27 08 2021 23:15

Me

Anymore than you can get wet in the word water

28 08 2021 14:33

Me

Dried fruits, caffeinated gatorade, duality, multiple storylines doing exactly as predicted. I am the Future. But this is obvious even to the casual observer. Upon waking inundated my head with my back catalogue from my telephono via Tranya's earbuds. 80mins. Three distinct periods of artistic study. Speaking of telephones, never, ever, place someone's words into someone else's mouth. It makes the character incapable of provoking involuntary suspension of disbelief. See you soon, My Lovely Wall

28 08 2021 14:43

Me

So. I ride up to the Lone Star and back because riding inna circle reported less scenery, listening to Alan Watts lectures. And as I'm pulling into home base I realize the entire trip back I was focussed on making out exactly what the motorized vehicle heard in the background was. BECAUSE I AM ZEN AS FUCK

28 08 2021 15:18

Me

Boo!
(saw you flinch)

28 08 2021 15:28

Me

The choir is exactly who is supposed to be preached to.
I would know

28 08 2021 16:53

Me

Got another t-shirt design:

[obblonge]
ZEN AS FUCK

28 08 2021 17:14

Me

When you are fighting monsters, do not equip yourself with the garb of the day - the armor, the crossbows, the recoiless rifle. Then you are still a human with tools. Without the items carried you are fear with four limbs. Become a bigger monster. One that eats the smaller monsters. Then you are Unending Hunger and Victory

28 08 2021 17:51

Me

Muah!
Love& Kissles

28 08 2021 17:52

Me

The crickets have returned. I think Southampton issat bat

28 08 2021 18:09

Me

So that line from that Coil track has been making the rounds all day, you know?

Smear thyself witha vixen's tang

I assume he means menstrual blood, as it is an element found in ritual magick at times, and that is obviously what the rest of the verse at least is referring to. But both the guys in Coil were gay, so it could merely beea reference to vaginal fluids of any kind, or even sweat.
Any ideas?
Inanny case, that's what I've been thinking about for the past 45 mins.

28 08 2021 18:38

Me

So those two gay dudes wrote allot songs that make me wanta have sex with women. If either of them were alive I bet they'd think that's funny

28 08 2021 18:46

Me

Oooh. T-shirt number two!
[obblonge]
Felonious potential

28 08 2021 20:21

Me

Sweatcoin payslip of 70,555 steps last week. Still only put me in the top 10% of app users.
Be strong
Get stronger
Rollins Band

28 08 2021 21:55

Me

I think these two t-shirts pair well with [obblonge]
Offensive Coordinator
Don't you?

28 08 2021 22:01

Me

Need to get rubber stamps (make?).
So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]
Discordian Pope
Obblonge Box Cabal

Totes a time-saver

28 08 2021 22:43

Me

Quick! What song is playing in your head? What were you about to hum?

28 08 2021 22:47

Me

That sounded hostile, accusatory, and harsh, man. Still, I find it difficult to apologize for my brisk rudeness. I'd offer a penny but the tentative plans are to trade it forra 59¢ Black&Mild in short haste

28 08 2021 22:51

Me

Is short haste likea gasp? A sharp, inward breath? I guess a step or some sort of locomotive movement is required as well.
This is my job. This is what I do.

28 08 2021 22:54

Me

Day count timer almost reset. Must include more words for this day's batch. Maybe this will work

28 08 2021 23:55

Me

Everything seen by the optic nerves and brain is an hallucination

29 08 2021 00:15

Me

No one will ever be able to read another's thoughts unless they are processed first into a common universal notation

29 08 2021 00:17

Me

Your eyes are sparkling.
They are
Yes
Yuh-huh

29 08 2021 00:19

Me

Apparently diet Pepsi is what happens when aspartame, perrier, matcheads, and banana peels open age inna copper hoplite helmet. Wow

29 08 2021 01:51

Me

I just hadda Goa moment listening to Coil live recordings and drinking phosphoric carbonite fizz. Wish you could've heard that right then. It was wiggly

29 08 2021 01:55

Me

Matriarch. Vicious. Calculation. Spider. Behead. Cake and species. Blood. Next. Finish

29 08 2021 07:50

Me

Icing. Razor. Teeth. Smile. Frozen. Passion. Arrest. Force. Content.

29 08 2021 07:52

Me

Matriarch

29 08 2021 07:52

Me

Goid. Mourning

29 08 2021 07:52

Me

Awoke to inspiration-
She sounded salty

29 08 2021 11:24

Me

Apparently I am there withan ssssss

29 08 2021 11:24

Me

Dude. This diet Pepsi does the exact same thing as hydrogen peroxide if you putitt in your ear

Which is, of course, nothing except make it vaguely sticky

29 08 2021 11:28

Me

You know, huh, maybe not. That's interesting. Wow. I was having a conversation with myself there. Trippy

29 08 2021 11:34

Me

Hah! Gymkata! Double Dragon Whammy!

29 08 2021 19:30

Me

No whammies
No whammies
Stop!
Patio furniture

29 08 2021 19:31

Me

A precious metal band
The Porn Tortillas

29 08 2021 19:31

Me

Pauline just messaged that she had tried to get you on the line again, to no avail. To which I replied: Rachael Ray hasn't written me back yet either. But they're both very busy women. Might as well visit both when I'm in that latitude

Why did you write to Rachael Ray?

Wow. You're like joke repellent. Living your life has robbed all humor from you. That was not only funny, it was funny enough to get paid for.
One of your only friends is actually a professional fucking comedian and you have no idea. That's irony, Alanis

29 08 2021 20:12

Me

How does a person who has forgotten how to smile, who, in fact, has permanent frown lines around her mouth, ever....

29 08 2021 20:14

Me

Ah. Finally. Some life being alive in the neighborhood. People outside still. Talking. Laughing. Using motor vehicles, and their component stereo systems. Enjoyment of conciousness. And crickets.
Am volunteering at the Fuck You Buddhist Temple on Kallisti's tenth birthday. Thick man with venom and vengeance clear path, maybe even an eight-fold one. A constant smallish waterfall from the neighbors that are not Pam's above ground pool. Not breeding mosquitoes like the free range duck cages. More brush reduced to ash. No tears today, or yesterday. Only movement, and inspiration. The storylines that branch from my overarching hallucination are still capable of being made objective. The ones that I prefer are in play, some of them surprising even their author with their tenacity and complexity. One that is incapable of surprise is miserable indeed.
Love and kissles
My Lovely Wall
I keep you in my thoughts daily
You are one of Us
Until you express wishes to defect
With your own voice, of course
(winky face)

30 08 2021 02:05

Me

I was wrong. The sadness and the anger and the absolute hatred always returns. This is not sustainable. No one cares. Alone. As always. I trust no one except a Wall. Longing forra touch that will never come and smiles that will never manifest. Laying my head on Kallisti's Littlest Pet Shop pillow, I am not attempting to direct the dreams. Let the violence come. It is home now. Good-night dearest Wall

30 08 2021 03:35

Me

...to be assa beast. No language to clutter and hesitate. Gnash calcium iron rust red wide-eyed shriek. Silence and satiation. Sleep. Repeat.

And on the Firmament did many tendons twist and shout

30 08 2021 15:43

Me

My, what honesty can do!

30 08 2021 16:03

Me

Time ran together likea sloppy oil painting. All moments at once. There is space forra paper airplane contest in the eye offa hurricane. I am the Future. I am the Way

30 08 2021 16:27

Me

I still am incapable of comprehending why she can't just call me. Because she issa better person than that.

30 08 2021 22:57

Me

I have no problems fighting for what I believe. And I believe in her. I heard her voice. I heard her understand the world around her. She is awake, aware, and beautiful because of it. It is merely one of many foreseen storylines. Bu far not the least likely.

30 08 2021 22:57

Me

As I stated
Clearly
That until I speak with her
I will not believe anyone
But the woman herself

30 08 2021 22:58

Me

I have nothing to lose
I have already lived a whole, eventful, satisfying life
Having a conversation with someone
Someone who clearly, expressly invited me to do so
Is a noble goal in life
It is How To Live
Actually

30 08 2021 22:59

Me

People matter

30 08 2021 22:59

Me

The world is still full of wonder
Because I have interacted with Patricia
And all I wish to do is tell her thank you
To do as she requested and exhibit my Art to an opinion that I trust and value

30 08 2021 23:00

Me

To think that Patty would read those words and not call is not congruous with the amazing communicator I spoke to for nearly 24hours in two weeks.

30 08 2021 23:01

Me

And since I have no direct evidence, when it is so easy to establish,
And seriously
No one sends a legal threat second hand through another person
For the reason that that wouldn't be legal

30 08 2021 23:01

Me

All of the pieces are moving exactly as predicted

30 08 2021 23:02

Me

So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]
Discordian Pope
Obblonge Box Cabal

30 08 2021 23:03

Me

Got a fourth t-shirt design:
Official Oppressor

This issa gonna be cool

30 08 2021 23:03

Me

I just heard Alanis Morrisette sing @w, can you feel it?
Which is funny, because she's totes talking ab something different in that song. Involving Dave Coulier. So. Of course, that would make it different

30 08 2021 23:04

Me

I get knocked down
But I get up again
And you're never gonna keep me down
-chumbawamba
(they mainly write songs about bombs)

30 08 2021 23:05

Me

Honesty. Mmmmn

This iss gonna sell a million copies before it hits print.

30 08 2021 23:43

Me

There issa distinct reason for my alienation. Itsa really obvious one. One that will make you slap your forehead. The best place to hide something is right in front of your face

30 08 2021 23:52

Me

Honesty means never having to say I'm sorry
-Michael Patrick Mackenzie

31 08 2021 00:30

Me

Ah. Well then I'm going to sleep. I have a fantastic healing mantra/lucid dreamstate that I've been working on for over a week now. Wonders for the happiness quotient. There's that word wonder again. Itsa great word. Gonna include it in more sentences

31 08 2021 00:39

Me

May your astral travels be free of parking tickets, but full of flat tires that lead to dandelion fields. Good-night, My Lovely Wall

31 08 2021 00:42

Me

Pamela is locked inna loop of depression. I shouldn't care about anything involving your " family ". But I do. This is my fault

01 09 2021 03:43

Me

Notice the word should is part of that sentence

01 09 2021 03:45

Me

No one can hurt you except you. Unless you allow it

01 09 2021 03:46

Me

I am the son offa preacher man witha gun and paranoid schizophrenic agoraphobic. I learned how not to live by them. And I am still happier than anyone I've ever met
I am the Future
I an the Way

01 09 2021 03:53

Me

I am not salvation. Salvation lies within yourself. This is up to you, and always has been. It is time to wake up

01 09 2021 03:57

Me

Challenge me with your intellect. Tou are rare. You can be a true influence. Do not be held down by those who view you as property.

01 09 2021 04:02

Me

You will not agree with me. This is where discovery begins.

01 09 2021 04:04

Me

No one you know says these things
We are Ones
Not zeroes

01 09 2021 04:05

Me

Fear is not the natural default state
Take control
Speak

01 09 2021 04:10

Me

The answers you seek lay in communication
Unless you think you know it all
Who is like God?
Michael

01 09 2021 04:12

Me

I beg you
Do not die worshipping possessions

01 09 2021 04:13

Me

I am the Future
I am the Way
If you have a voice then raise it
All you have to do is speak
Or forever be a coward, like your husband, in the eyes of your God
I hold the proof

01 09 2021 04:16

Me

If you disagree then prove me wrong
In front of your God
Money

01 09 2021 04:19

Me

Silence is complacency

01 09 2021 04:24

Me

This is your chance to free yourself
Or follow
For the rest of your life

01 09 2021 04:25

Me

Tell me i am wrong
Or forever be held in hell

01 09 2021 04:27

Me

My daughter's number one rule
THE ONE YOU AGREED WITH
Never do what you are told

01 09 2021 04:28

Me

Stop following
Start thinking for yourself
Stop being property
Or die under your jailer's flaccid penis

01 09 2021 04:30

Me

<end transmission>

01 09 2021 04:30

Me

This entire thread, since you have refused to participate, is the sole property of Michael Patrick Mackenzie.
September First 2021©®™

01 09 2021 04:32

Me

Get out of the Black Iron Prison

01 09 2021 04:32

Me

I love you
No matter what you do
You are forgiven
Thank you for the attentions you have shared with me

01 09 2021 04:44

Me

I should trademark the Christian sword. Oh. I mean cross. That would be awesome

01 09 2021 04:52

Me

You can do this.
The way that we want is what we've become

01 09 2021 04:55

Me

Man, you didn't promise to obey,cdid you?

01 09 2021 04:56

Me

You are my family
Because I have chosen this
I will choose to stand beside you
Even when you are wrong
This is my love

01 09 2021 05:08

Me

Post Script:
I am not your brother-in-law
And never have been

01 09 2021 05:08

Me

I was chosen by Gloria
Whose father taught my mother and her sister

01 09 2021 05:10

Me

Wouldn't it be amazing to learn every day, and help people?
I think its amazing
Because that's what I do
And so can you

01 09 2021 05:13

Me

Suffering is not the default pattern of life

01 09 2021 05:16

Me

Yeah
I woke up this morning and I got my self a beer
I woke up this morning and got myself a beer
The future's uncertain
And the end is always near
- The Doors

01 09 2021 08:57

Me

Why are we here?
Because we're here
Why does it happen?
Because it happens
Roll the bones
-Rush

01 09 2021 09:28

Me

It's the Jews, isn't?
Fucking Dago Wop Kikes

01 09 2021 09:29

Me

Gimmie shit
And I become the
Twofoldgodhead
I am never
Ever
Beaten

01 09 2021 09:32

Me

Rebecca Nurse is disappointed in you
By the way
(Ghost and Demon Removal)
Way to let your family down
Again

01 09 2021 09:33

Me

I said hurtful things because I am hurt. And the point of this is honesty

01 09 2021 15:07

Me

I'm not doing this for profit
I'm doing this for a prophet

03 09 2021 02:18

Me

Ode to John Keats issa synonym for the beige, bland, non-salted lukewarm grain cereal of attention span deficit. It was the $1000USD first prize winner one year for The National Library of Poetry's annual publishing contest. Out of tens of thousands of entries my submission came in the " top 3% ". My poem was bleak and typical offa depressed teenager witha slightly larger than average vocabulary. Slightly eye-rolling innan eye-rolling way.
However
Ode to John Keats is just terrible
Almost a Mad Lib offa poem
Then and today

That's the whole thought

03 09 2021 03:22

Me

Bourland and other advocates also suggest that use of E-Prime leads to a less dogmatic style of language that reduces the possibility of misunderstanding or conflict.

Kellogg and Bourland describe misuse of the verb to be as creating a "deity mode of speech", allowing "even the most ignorant to transform their opinions magically into god-like pronouncements on the nature of things".

04 09 2021 17:09

Me

The publication of The Gospel of Saint Patricia is set soon. It is a story, non-fiction, that is inspiring. I do not plan on profiting, as that is what it is intended to do. Exactly what it inspires, I suppose, is dependent on the ending.
This is exciting.
Will Evil be defeated?

10 09 2021 14:09

Me

People are not possessions
My daughter was sold as such
Anyone who owns people
Is one of Them
And what do We do with Them?

10 09 2021 16:50

Me

Love is never having to say
" Man, I can't believe you just did that! "

10 09 2021 21:03

Me

Broke my glasses earlier
Seems fitting
All I see is hatred and isolation
Might as well be blurry
That's what the tears do anyway

10 09 2021 21:46

Me

Alone. In pain. As usual. I don't have any choice

11 09 2021 02:27

Me

I love you, Kallisti
I have never forgotten the beautiful person who gave me hope
When no else did
Thank you, Patricia

11 09 2021 02:28

Me

I just spent twenty hours in Guadalupe County Jail.
'cuz I'm a bad grandmotherfucker

12 09 2021 14:11

Me

Ah. All the confines of confinement washed away. Me and Tom Waits always feel much better after it rains.
May your dreams be as mine, infinite

12 09 2021 19:51

Me

My most recent Art issa mirror

17 09 2021 20:15

Me

My chest is empty. There is nothing but hatred and anger to fill it. What is inside must come out

19 09 2021 19:45

Me

You're the most beautiful person I've ever met. And I can't even remember what color your eyes are.

19 09 2021 19:46

Me

The cicadas are loud like the trains. The cedar my father planted so long ago is finally ash, mostly. Though I am not allergic, others are. Another erasure of my father on my part. The last of the antisocial plants on the half acre. My aunt no longer responds. I will be more alone than before very soon. Someone is arguing a few properties away. Love and kindness is so easy. Why are they so rare?

20 09 2021 19:29

Me

Full moon, no stars, crickets and still the yelling behind the treeline. Reminds me of my parents. Someone else is cooking dead animals over outdoor heat. Where are you, and why have you run away?

20 09 2021 21:42

Me

Do fish drink water?

22 09 2021 06:45

Me

It's Friday night! What're you doing?

24 09 2021 20:19

Me

Volunteering at the Fuck You Temple tomorrow. Getting plenty of Vitamin D production in for the winter.

24 09 2021 20:20

Me

Listening to an interview with Ray Charles. He says Be Yourself. Meean Ray Charles. We're like this ___

24 09 2021 21:45

Me

Thinking of you
I miss our conversations

26 09 2021 02:55

Me

Intervals are not unimportant

26 09 2021 03:03

Me

You cannot be paid to help
You can only be paid to profit

30 09 2021 17:18

Me

You cannot be shielded from the truth

30 09 2021 17:24

Me

Lord Cool is the raddest brand name ever. They're an Egyptian company that makes the razor blades I'm currently using. I want a Lord Cool t-shirt

30 09 2021 19:37

Me

I am praying for your safety. You have been decived. The devil works in lies. I love you, for who you are. Someone who stands up for what is right. Someone who never agrees with me. And has the courage to speak. Which means you are being held captive

01 10 2021 00:35

Me

I will be there, police in tow, soon

01 10 2021 00:36

Me

Since everyone agrees on the infallibility of the American legal system, everyone agrees on this

01 10 2021 00:37

Me

Prissy told me you're an opioid addict.

01 10 2021 05:53

Me

Obblonge
Change Agent

01 10 2021 17:11

Me

Obblonge
Effective Immediately

05 10 2021 20:05

Me

There are two coffee filters full of pure gold in my sink. The first batch from CPUs and RAM cards. A few grams I suppose. A larger batch is soaking in chemical solution. I have a third one after that. Pure gold is worth $1800 an ounce. It is ugly. Money is ugly. Only love is worth anything

05 10 2021 20:46

Me

And no one loves anything but money anymore

05 10 2021 20:49

Me

Pam and I started yelling at each other a few days ago. I don't expect to speak to her in a civil tone again. She is upset that I will no longer do free labor for her, etc. A stupid black hole of selfishness. She is not forgiven I haven't spoken to anyone since then for days. I do not listen to music anymore. Nothing but the sounds of traffic and trains coming in through my door

05 10 2021 21:18

Me

The baying of malnutritioned hounds
I hadda poem published with that line
Its what I hear now
I don't know why you won't speak to me
I'll be up there as soon as my taxes hit
I'll bring the police assan escort
Why would you tell me to call you day or night, anytime and then never speak to me again?
Why would you be so cruel?

05 10 2021 21:27

Me

Spoke to my aunt. She is the only other person besides yourself who supported me. She is constantly in the hospital and sounds like it. There are several cases around the country charging CPS with theft. Everything is happening just as I predicted.
I am a prophet
My church-singing aunt approves this message

05 10 2021 22:55

Me

The lights in the sky are flickering
Information from aeons ago
In ultraviolet and aquamarine
When the stars are right
Prophecy is fulfilled
We will see each other then as something new
Until then I read the signs
The entrails and snail trails
And report

06 10 2021 00:25

Me

The choir is exactly who is supposed to be preached to.
I would know

06 10 2021 00:31

Me

The commercial says
Nothing is Everything
Inna happy sing song voice
And I laugh bitterly
Because that is the view
From Hell

06 10 2021 12:21

Me

Next time someone gives you shit tell 'em its just your superiority complex

06 10 2021 18:04

Me

Important legal precedent:
Nintendo has clearly, like my self has just recently joined, been onna racist campaign against Italy for decades. (Which is doubly amusing because they were Axis allies. Trust No One indeed.) Luigi issa an overweight stereotype, as is his brother Mario, whose face is difficult not to see on every video clip embedded on xnxx.com, one of the world's largest websites (#22 or #23, larger than Google Spain). And have been successfully marketing this racism for generations in every country with electricity. No bribes to judges involved. The only way it could be more racist is if they ate pizzas as 1ups. But really, mushrooms are common pizza ingredients. (The 1up depicted in the games is actually Amanitas Muscarias, a hallucinogenic toadstool. However, it is always referred to in the product's accompanying literature assa mushroom.)
Just studying the classics

08 10 2021 14:57

Me

Back to sleep
To dream of you
I never give up
And never will
Only love, or the hope of its understanding, is worth anything

09 10 2021 12:48

Me

Upon waking I am immediately refreshed, and inundated with an entire encyclopedia's worth of usable, amazing ideas. My personal, proprietary training program to enhance and harness creativity has paid off extraordinarily well. It is akin to being the subject of mythology to be this unstoppable and focused.

09 10 2021 18:46

Me

They are an embarrassment upon the Firmament - the hypocrites and the liars, in service of the Prince - are they not?

11 10 2021 14:38

Me

So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]

11 10 2021 14:38

Me

People are what matter. Not possessions. And no person issa possession. No person is property. My daughter was stolen and sold as property, under rule of corrupt tyranny.
And with your silence
You assisted
Why are you still silent?

11 10 2021 16:14

Me

I took it easy today. Pretty much just layed around in my underwear. Got kicked out of quite a few places though
-Bug-eyed Earl

11 10 2021 16:27

Me

There are very few things more disgusting than money
Some of them are people
Or rather
Bipedal roaches that look like people
Watch out for those ones Patty
Itsa disgusting feeling
The barbed insect legs on your back

12 10 2021 09:13

Me

We never take walks on the beach at sunset anymore

12 10 2021 18:35

Me

Oh yeah! Duh! Pollution and disappearing shoreline!

12 10 2021 18:36

Me

My girlfriend told me I had'ta grow up. That I wasn't never gonna be president, or go to the moon or cure cancer.

I broke it off with her right then, 'cuz she was always puttin' down on my dreams.

Besides, right after I cure cancer and become president of the moon I'll have my own harem of lunar maidens anyway
- Bug-eyed Earl

12 10 2021 21:51

Me

Found a solid metal brick walking back from the store. Perfect for windows

16 10 2021 15:43

Me

One does not appreciate what happiness truly is until one is left without it

18 10 2021 01:43

Me

Silence demands that the listener fill in the answer. Never accept silence

18 10 2021 02:07

Me

The worship of a possession is the worship of a golden calf. The worship of an equal is true love

18 10 2021 13:08

Me

You can be free. But you have to do it yourself. Because no one can speak for you

18 10 2021 13:23

Me

We are just hummingbirds unwilling to move. And there's good news for people who love bad news
-Issac Brock

19 10 2021 22:57

Me

Why is there nothing except selfishness? I need your answers Please

19 10 2021 23:58

Me

You have divinity within you
Do not crush it like a cigarette underneath your bootheel
Open your heart
Exalt and be exalted
Wallowing in the sepulchre breathes in the dead
The time is growing nigh
Become Hope
And shed Greed
Before it is past time to run
My visions are growing more sharp-lined
Temporality is smearing
As flesh beneath a bootheel
I am the Future
I am the Way

20 10 2021 00:08

Me

I need your help

20 10 2021 00:11

Me

Wilderness with trees planted in perfect rows
Mossy green bed grabs at my feet
Wading through for ...?
Backpack is heavy
Alone
The Waters made us leave

20 10 2021 00:22

Me

Something is wrong
Something is very, very wrong

20 10 2021 00:47

Me

No one is here
I am alone
I have been abandoned
No one is answering

20 10 2021 00:58

Me

No one retreated
They died away from their horses
With fits and palsy
Sweat to the Earth
Which grew poisoned flowers with their tears

20 10 2021 09:04

Me

I have nothing but love for myself
And others
It is not enough
Because others only have hate and greed
And there are more of them

20 10 2021 09:05

Me

And what I'm frightened of
Is that they call it god's love

20 10 2021 09:07

Me

Ezekiel saw wheels within wheels
And I am seeing multiple endings
They aren't here yet
So any can be reached
I see so many
Some are beautiful
Utopian
Most are not
No one is listening and I'm here alone

20 10 2021 09:07

Me

Another year of taxes are on their way. It makes me feel sick. Have gotten rid of most any projects I had been working toward and most other possessions. Nothing matters anymore. There is no point to any of this. I just want to hurt people, as many as possible. No one cares about anything except themselves. As is evidenced by silence. I still believe that you arenot one of Them. It is the only thing that stays my hand. Every day hurts worse. How long can silence be hope? Why would anyone be so cruel? Why won't you answer? Why did you abandon us?

21 10 2021 19:14

Me

Your choices make you who you are

21 10 2021 20:15

Me

You are more than the sum of what you consume

21 10 2021 20:16

Me

Mmmm.. chocolate and cheese. Website will be up soon

22 10 2021 14:14

Me

A Lake of Spaces, and a Wood of Nothing, And wander there and drift, and never cease Wailing for substance.

-W.B. YEATS, The Hour Glass

22 10 2021 14:44

Me

No, they'd find all they needed to know if they just looked inside him. Find the story of the lost children, find the glory of his martyrdom. And they'd know, once and for all, that he was of the Tribe of the Razor-Eaters.
- Clive Barker

22 10 2021 22:52

Me

The usual banalities from the radio station filled the room: songs of love and loss and love found again. Vicious and painful lies, all of them.

22 10 2021 22:55

Me

Cigarettes and crickets and cool humid air and sorrow plagued by uncharacteristic optimism. What are you feeling?

24 10 2021 03:47

Me

Hail Eris
All Hail Discordia

24 10 2021 11:54

Me

There is no such thing assa conspiracy. There is only selfish individuals grasping desperately for their own benefit who can be viewed in the past from the present and be seen as working together after the fact. A conspiracy requires people to work together. It is nearly impossible to find two people who are fucking each other who aren't stabbing their partner in the back one year later. We went to the moon. When we said we did

24 10 2021 21:48

Me

There is no justice in following unjust laws
-Aaron Schwarz

24 10 2021 22:15

Me

The Akashic Records now exist.
Equality has been restored

24 10 2021 22:17

Me

So. I am eating a box of Hot Tamales candy, which proclaims its America's #1 cinnamon candy. Made in Bethlehem PA. Reading the ingredients list I discover four different descriptions of sugar. Five different numbered artificial colors (the candies are all solid red). Two forms of cell glue. And no cinnamon. Artificial flavors is the closest suspect. How fucking expensive is cinnamon? And how izzit cheaper to make fake cinnamon? Did we ship across the Pacific and truck it to Pennsylvania? Why? Who the fuck eats chewy lozenges that burn your mouth? Someone gave me this box of candy because they didn't want it. Shit. Why am I eating these? I haven't even slowed down. So many questions

25 10 2021 02:18

Me

For the record, Lemonheads have lemon juice in them

25 10 2021 02:30

Me

History is no longer written by the victors. It is now written by the victims as well. Everyone has a story to tell. And they must be recorded. The Internet Archive makes lying publicly impossible. Every day every single webpage is recorded. On the entire internet, worldwide. Information cannot, ever, even in the event of World War III or survivable asteroid collision, be changed. Self expression is life. Anyone putting words in someone else's mouth is guilty of violating their human rights.

Equality has been restored

25 10 2021 15:08

Me

Life came and went. But absence, he knew, went on forever.
-Clive Barker

25 10 2021 17:21

Me

Storm clouds won't bother to gather
She cashed in cut the tether
She's gone
It's no mistake

The angels
Have come too late
They've come too late
In my hands I hold the proof

[Chorus]
That something's sure to hit you
Pure flesh and bone to rip through
Don't let ‘em tie you to the stake
Whatever it takes

Flood waters raise the ramparts
I'll meet you now wherever you are
I'm here until the frontline breaks
Whatever it takes

[Verse 2]
Then she turned off the headlights
Cranked the radio
Ran the red lights
Never found the missing bride
Windows dark
But they're all inside
They're all inside
In my hands I hold the proof

[Chorus]
That something's sure to hit you
Pure flesh and bone to rip through
Don't let 'em tie you to the stake
Whatever it takes

[Bridge]
Flood waters raise the ramparts
I'll meet you now wherever you are
I'm here until the frontline breaks
Whatever it takes

A general without an army
I stopped lookin' then they found me
On the hill, a horn is blowin'
It's over man, you just don't know it

[Chorus]
That something's sure to hit you
Pure flesh and bone to rip through
Don't let 'em tie you to the stake
Whatever it takes
Flood waters raise the ramparts
I'll meet you now wherever you are
I'm here until the frontline breaks
Whatever it takes

[Chorus 2]
Climb backwards through the red room
A jungle of thieves to get through
Time's up how long you gonna wait
Whatever it takes

So, Jack, grab paper and pen
I'll say it once won't say it again
Loosen the core until it shakes
Whatever it takes

26 10 2021 17:30

Me

When fine society sits down to dine
Remember that someone is pissing in the wine
- Chumbawamba

26 10 2021 18:59

Me

The ends of our cigarettes glowing in the dark
As perfect as we could get
The laughter like knives cutting the stupid air
- Charles Bukowski

26 10 2021 21:13

Me

How does one date Life Savers?
Do you count the rings?

26 10 2021 21:29

Me

Razing of structures. Shards of data strewn like broken viruses. Like people at their most common. And most glorifyingly ugly. Painted white brick edifice burned black at the now-exposed seams...mortar like wounds...was this a school...orra prison...orra church...orra waterworks? Was this the result offa game? There is no blood, only remains of structures. No oil. No liquid or evidence offit. Tubes, pipes, rebar. Estuary of sanded colloids. No blood. No graves, no need. Why am I seeing these things?

27 10 2021 00:55

Me

Aerial view of scarred earth. Not blackened, but dredged, ditched. Again, no water, no liquid. There should be evidence of water from this high up. The picture is a still shot, not moving assa video taken from a plane or drone. A satellite image in average resolution. There is green. No blue or mud. No flowout from the trenches. Brown and green and shadows for too many miles

27 10 2021 01:20

Me

I would rather be temporarily conjoined with a rotting dog carcass than to ever touch Pamela's skin again. To think I was inside her even once putrifies every fiber of my being. To even touch the event horizon of such a black hole of selfishness is to encounter something so misshapen it defies categorization in a human mind. The purest form of monstrosity from a Lovecraftian nightmare

27 10 2021 01:40

Me

Just received a letter from the offices of Ken Paxton, the state Attorney General, regarding my child support. They are concerned that I have not received any. They are correct. Will be pressing charges as soon as I hit wifi. Over $30,000. Priscilla will be placed onnan ankle monitor until she pays it off.

Silence means no one has told me no

Only a person themselves can speak for themselves

Unless someone has taken their voice

27 10 2021 12:18

Me

I had a key to her front door a week after meeting Gloria. I was a guest at your grandmother's and your aunts' houses forra year before I was ever introduced to her daughters. Its a good thing there is t any afterlife, isn't it?

27 10 2021 12:51

Me

Nothing more than the night before. Alone. The moon hiding...from what, or whom? Not even the crickets scratch their legs in unison with the squealing of the train stopping to let another dance raucously past. Air conditioners chug from nearby oblong boxes, protesting their usage at such a temperature. We and we die in our oblong boxes, may as well remove the moisture of breath, baby's or otherwise. I plug my ears with my headphones to hear the heartbeat, leaving any sounds where they lay. It is not the sounds that make the music. It is the spaces between notes

28 10 2021 23:29

Me

Ever feel like an iconoclast onna solitary picnic, perhaps delivered to the site innan Econoline van?

Me neither

29 10 2021 00:00

Me

How do swarms of mosquitoes effect space shuttle launches from Florida?

29 10 2021 00:33

Me

Echoes of highway traffic off the right angle housefronts. No moon to speak or unspeak of. Alone. As usual. No one and nothingness. Cheap menthol cigarettes burning one after another. I don't want music, mine or others. I don't want so much

29 10 2021 21:58

Me

Surrealism was first and foremost an expression of liberation from all traditional cultural and societal boundaries. It also emphasized a belief in the power of the human imagination and its capacity to speak to the human unconscious via wordplay and image associations.

29 10 2021 22:58

Me

Screwy people with their witty wordplays and highly regarded Image Associations

29 10 2021 23:00

Me

Was the poet really the sole creator of the final product? A poem did not necessarily come into being merely through the efforts of the poet. The crafting offa final art object gave way to something unpredictable. Whether the product wassa collage orra sound poem, chance predicted the outcome more than anything else did.

29 10 2021 23:09

Me

With the publication of his first manifesto, Breton had laid the groundwork for the Surrealist movement, which would focus on creativity assa positive force.

See. Me and Unabomber aren't the only ones who write manifestos

29 10 2021 23:22

Me

Upon your darkened red mouth wild birds scream
And bowls of fish swim their jungles
A China morning; a withered noon of axes and witches
You desire a man-plagued sun and strands of fiber calling my name
Beware, I am not your silly husband
I am your silly lover
And of all your silly lovers
The last one here
-Charles Bukowski
(not a surrealist)

29 10 2021 23:46

Me

Tumbling hair
Picker of buttercups, violets
Dandelions
And the big bullying daises
Through the field wonderful
With eyes a little sorry
Another comes
Also picking flowers
-e.e. cummings

30 10 2021 00:05

Me

What did I do these things for?
Sometimes I remember
Then I go back to sleep

30 10 2021 00:30

Me

The wind oppresses-
As the taste of blood in one's mouth
Syrup, iron-rich, and drying to blackish maroon
Shadows long from the soon forgotten burning
Green mountain/gold canyon/red land
Laying in sequential orbital order
Towards and past
Drones mechanical
And insextoid
Insulated from bitrumen
By air and lack of angles
Or constant ones

30 10 2021 00:41

Me

The lens filter is blue
A royal cobalt in sharp contrast with the greys and white
Train tracks sprawling parallel from the nadir
To behind the guests spotlighted
Moving forward to the roving celluloid
Two, female, their eyes corroded as metallic veins of ore skirt past the strata
Sirens averse to melancholy
Optimistic in their hunger
Soon teeth will be bared

30 10 2021 00:50

Me

Harlequin romance dust mites consignment store
Watercolor oil
Bloodletting leeches and glucose monitrations
Bags of crisps and cookies
Crinkle shimmer newly freed from rack stations of industry
Emptied hopefully spread tastefully
Eighty-nine cents plus

30 10 2021 00:56

Me

Salted roads and snails
Delivered in restaurant sized tins
Copper laced flowerpots to curb the slimy climbs
Butterflied with gusto and pesto
What that a pun?

30 10 2021 01:01

Me

My ear itches
Maybe it has a civilization inside of it
Of spiders inna Dyson Sphere
They don't notice
Like Lionel Ritchie they're usedta skittering on ceilings
Whether or not gravity issa push orra pull

30 10 2021 01:08

Me

A smorgasmic compartmentalized tray of donated drool fodder
How The Roman Soldier Invents Pizza
Gluten good
Beans, no chili
Hmmm. Add beans
And moisture in the packet of cornbread mix
The butter tub became penicillin
And was medicinally incinerated
Oily-like to the sky
An unctuous offering to anyone but Eris
She's watching her crow-feather'd figure this time
But not the next time its measured

30 10 2021 01:17

Me

The imposition of order
equals
The escalation of chaos

30 10 2021 01:20

Me

Madonna was inspired by Ginger Rodgers and Fred Astaire
I'm much more
Linda Blair and Leslie Neilsen
in Repossessed

30 10 2021 01:29

Me

Four flies on grey velveteen rabbit skin.
Siphoned out the eyeholes. Hollow and light so they don't hurt as much
The goat-footed balloon-man twists another puppy
And sells balloons
Of course

30 10 2021 05:37

Me

The last thing he remembered was having his toes eaten by a transparent squid.

30 10 2021 14:46

Me

Japanese cue balls are orange dreamsicle, like dead clown noses disintegrating foamy in the ultraviolet. Lithium squidge with FD&C#? Only the madcaps don vertical striped trousers since the fifty years have been counted. Bubble guns leaking prismatic spherical drops down laughing dirt-lined hands

30 10 2021 15:06

Me

Why, yes, I would lovea parfait
So. How's your day?

30 10 2021 15:10

Me

Some of my family was there watching Kitty Genovese, they talked to their palms about it. Then they bought tickets tooa gun show. Sponge was playing and there were free fish samples from all the leading purveyors. Fuel was cheaper and travel was more prevalent in those days. Follow the tracks to the waterfront and the Church of the Starry Wisdom is on the Right. Don't blink too much, you might miss it, like those faces on the milk cartons

30 10 2021 18:37

Me

Yes, there is horror, isn't there?

31 10 2021 10:00

Me

Yes, there is horror, isn't there?

31 10 2021 19:06

Me

My child is ten. I should be with her

31 10 2021 19:07

Me

CPS is being sued for theft all over the country. It won't be long until Stuckey is disbarred

31 10 2021 19:12

Me

Called my assigned Child Support office. They're sending me a happy little form in the mail. Will know the exact amount when I get around interwebs

01 11 2021 08:48

Me

Just walked to UC and back. About 30,000 steps. Have some candy and cigarette roaches and child support case information to show forrit. Score

02 11 2021 00:44

Me

Mmmm. Chewy Lemonheads are Skittles from Mexico

02 11 2021 00:51

Me

When I was in UC I had an anti-vaxxer complain near me that their relatives smoked pot. The rationale for not getting a vaccine is that it is unconstitutional and immoral for anyone to tell anyone else what to put in their body. Which also means that it is hypocritical for anti-vaxxers to protest abortion. Ru-486 and coat hangers are both substances that enter a human body. Hypocrisy is unamerican and unpatriotic

02 11 2021 01:40

Me

And yes, I am unvaccinated for covid. BECAUSE IF I CAN ASSIST IN FUCKING VERMIN SUFFERING FROMMA DISEASE I'M FUCKING DOWN FOR THE CAUSE

02 11 2021 01:46

Me

02 11 2021 01:47

Me

If you're hearing no, you don't have enough imagination
- Anna Kendrick

03 11 2021 00:24

Me

He died when I was seven. Skipped town with a waitress from the VFW, and two days later their car was hit by a train down in Westminster. Killed them both instantly. I remember thinking that something was wrong with me because I didn't feel sad. There was no crying, and the people on Mom's soap operas always cried when someone died. But I didn't cry for him, not then and not since.
-Brian Keene, Terminal

03 11 2021 01:49

Me

Carry on my son
There'll be peace when you are done
Lay your weary head to rest
And you will cry no more
-Boston

03 11 2021 02:15

Me

Yellow Dog plumbing and baseball sponsorship
You must be shorter than this sign to qualify
What's your sign?
The shorter the lease on life
The less they care about others'
Or issat backwards?
Nobody, nothing, no more
Alone in the dark
The night is still
Saxophones and brass
And, blessedly, the end of privacy

03 11 2021 02:22

Me

Black Octopus
Kallisti has been reading that off my screens for years
Alternative Tentacles in my ears
One bat's claw holds a broken cross
The other a billion dollar unguided missle
Ligaments and gristle
Grease, Paint, and crocodile tears
Alligators never choke to death
Because their god loves them more than ape descendants
Off the jetties of shadowed Innsmouth
Suctioned fronds spire upwards through the inky Black
A brain, a consciousness
With nothing but chameleon arms
One manner of perfection
Of form and function
Is not superior to another
Equality has been restored
Iä! Iä! Cthulhu Fhtagn!
And when the stars are right
We will see each other in a new (black)light

03 11 2021 02:36

Me

Sawtooth waves cut flesh on the floor
Sines are signs of cleanliness
Not always, but in this case desireable
Anvils to withstand the hammering
Rusting roots are iron-rich
I'll be commissioning paintings soon
Fromma source a long walk but near and dear
And still fresh in my mind
My attention span is infinite
And my ability to love and cherish is the same

03 11 2021 02:47

Me

No problem. Both of my neighbors have dogs. Most of my neighbors do, actually. I've gotta Texas BBQ burn barrel. When the gristle is gone we'll grind the bones and teeth into paste, make an ashtray out of it, and sell it forra quarter inna consignment shop

03 11 2021 09:18

Me

John Denver beats the shit out of Sonny Bono inna Celebrity Deathmatch every time

03 11 2021 09:35

Me

Engineering is achieving function while avoiding failure

03 11 2021 09:37

Me

I just remembered a goal, as of yet unachieved, I had set for myself in my early twenties. To bathe an onlooker with my recent stomach contents on demand. From chest to toes. Yes, a conversation I just had did remind of this. So much work to do

05 11 2021 00:06

Me

We don't wanna sing along
We don't wanna sing along
We know every word to this song
But we don't wanna sing along
You better watch your step
Bully
We don't wanna sing along
-Chumbawamba

07 11 2021 14:33

Me

I am the prophet [obblonge]
We live and we die in our oblong boxes
I am the Way
But I am not the way to salvation
That only comes from within

I miss you

17 11 2021 16:49

Me

I feel my feelings intensly, and man, it makes memories

21 11 2021 22:47

Me

Muah!

21 11 2021 22:47

Me

Thinking of you and smiling
- the prophet [obblonge]

21 11 2021 22:49

Me

I love you

21 11 2021 22:49

Me

I just remembered a Temptations quote. I remember it on my phone, writing it down in text. And you telling me about it, so many years later.
I want you is most rapidly becoming
I need you
In my head
I most apologize if this is inconvenient
But I'm not apologizing for anything else

22 11 2021 00:34

Me

It is very real that I hadda Fugazi Repeater (+ 3 songs) tape case in my interior jacket pocket filled with joints that day. [The heroin and cocaine are with you, my dear..]

This hurts. Please. I need you

22 11 2021 00:58

Me

My number isson Facebook

22 11 2021 00:59

Me

peacock lapis earrings
hazeled eyes and turtleneck oversized neckline
gold jewelry
what's on your wrist?
an appreciation for art is seeing
you are sitting on the couch
an oblong camera lens overlaid
[Snap!]
your attention issto the right and hands are gesturing (genuflect)
animated
you have a sharp nasal ridge and eyes that focus intensly, more than mine
I feel no guilt for this pleasure
How long have I remembered you in prominence already?

22 11 2021 01:09

Me

black patent leather shoes
cloth stiched trousers (jourdache?)
white long sleeved collared cuffed shirt
is thata tie?
steps down onto concrete
only so many to the curb
where a dark-colored sedan awaits

22 11 2021 01:22

Me

I am embarrassed it has taken so long
Please come home

22 11 2021 01:23

Me

I love you and the tears are stinging

22 11 2021 01:23

Me

For the record, Pamela is still the second most repulsive female I've ever witnessed. And she poisoned me. With at very least jealousy. Just. Eeew.

22 11 2021 01:26

Me

I am longing to find out our positions on the couch that sucks careers away

22 11 2021 01:28

Me

This is the most important thing to me

22 11 2021 01:32

Me

You're so much more attractive than I am
And I feel special
That you would ever hold me in your embracing arms

22 11 2021 01:43

Me

I haven't showered in 180 days
And rust it tints my mouth
My everything is drained
Void and cast, mint
The sweat behind your ear
I need you now and again
To taste what I've never known

22 11 2021 01:47

Me

Lettuce draw the bubble wrap and burlap sack around us
Foiled again and juicy

22 11 2021 01:49

Me

My lover, a dream relived
No nylon pantyhose

22 11 2021 01:50

Me

My promises remain true
Forrat least the moment my anger has subsided

22 11 2021 01:52

Me

I think the arcade game I dropped the most token in was Gauntlet. It had the most levels. Second: Moon Patrol.

Honorable mention: the Journey game was so bizzarro it just has to be mentioned

22 11 2021 09:18

Me

Joust?

22 11 2021 09:22

Me

The first comic book I remember reading was Amethyst. We were living in Austin. It was the year I was supposed to go to kindergarten. I read it in entirety to my monster mother while sitting on the kitchen floor of the rented house in Shadow Bend

22 11 2021 09:32

Me

293-7539. That was a phone number. Myrtle Beach?

22 11 2021 09:33

Me

Wow. I worked it through it in one third the time

22 11 2021 09:55

Me

Please. Come home. I really do need you. And I want that

22 11 2021 09:56

Me

Hey. I am pleased to report that, yes, my penis does appear to be functional. I'm gonna eat a peanut butter and jelly sandwich now. Grape. Extra crunchy

22 11 2021 10:00

Me

Texas toast.

22 11 2021 10:00

Me

Untoasted. (No electricity)

22 11 2021 10:00

Me

It ensures we snuggle on the couch

22 11 2021 10:03

Me

Will this be to the minute you handed me that second cigarette?

22 11 2021 10:10

Me

Shit. Never ate that sandwich.

22 11 2021 10:11

Me

Can't stop taptaptapping

22 11 2021 10:12

Me

Are you onna plane to Florida?

22 11 2021 10:13

Me

Yes. In public

22 11 2021 10:15

Me

I love you. Precognitives insist you're onna path to my east entrance. Just realized I have been smiling.

22 11 2021 18:53

Me

I'm waiting impatiently. We hate waiting, I've heard cooed in my ears

22 11 2021 19:21

Me

Pleased to confirm reports that the reproductive system has been re-erected

22 11 2021 19:23

Me

For the record, Pauline and Pamela most certainly working together. Pam mentioned botulism in the front yard when attempting to describe ptomaine

22 11 2021 19:27

Me

So I drank 18 quarts of pink grapefruit juice, expired, left in the sun

22 11 2021 19:27

Me

I was even holding one when she said that. And looked over her shoulder at Lisa across the street, who apparently thought that was worth an eye-roll as well

22 11 2021 19:29

Me

She said her boyfriend had just been released from a hospital with botulism.

22 11 2021 19:34

Me

Please do not visit your sister first

22 11 2021 19:34

Me

Just in case

22 11 2021 19:35

Me

Can't stop involving you in so many alternate universe plots and schemes. You have some killer dialogue and scenes. Please report to 117 Eagle Dr. Nowhere, TX to review your script options

23 11 2021 08:00

Me

(Its adjacent to Squaresville, home of the brown cube factory. Go Beiges!)

23 11 2021 08:01

Me

I'll never stop talking to myself. I'm the best conversationalist in the room. Since you're not here

23 11 2021 08:12

Me

So. What are you wearing? Since my penis has so amusingly sprung back to life I'd like appreciate some fodder for fantasy. Always avoid alliteration

23 11 2021 08:23

Me

Drawer #4
Size 12 wide
Perfect coupling

23 11 2021 08:24

Me

Still my brain lens insists on blurring and obscuring a mental image of you. Doesn't stop me. Nothing stops me. I'm invincible, because I'm in love. So. Last month I masturbated for eight hours to a highly detailed clothed conversation with you. You were quite mean, and scored many victory points. Vicious females.

23 11 2021 08:32

Me

So. How's your day?

23 11 2021 08:33

Me

Do you paint? Hadda vision of building a cinder(breeze)block wall around the structure and foaming it brick by oblong brick directly to the trailer. Then you using it assan ever-changing canvas.

23 11 2021 09:02

Me

You are the most important, truly special woman ever to exist

23 11 2021 09:05

Me

So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]

23 11 2021 09:05

Me

You know, I've looked at clouds from one side now. Never hire Gomer Pyle to host your murderous xmas party. Bells and organs' magic, red. Footsteps in the sand leading to the razor clams. All you can eat black tarred pearls for cheap with peanut shells at Chromer's

23 11 2021 12:04

Me

I usedta laugh heartily when my mother would call me a son offa bitch. Still funny, actually.

23 11 2021 12:06

Me

The magic word

23 11 2021 12:06

Me

Twatwaffle issan interesting ...

23 11 2021 12:09

Me

1, 2, 3 REPEATER

23 11 2021 12:10

Me

Steady Diet of Nothing, In On The Kill Taker, 13 Songs, Red Medicine, The Argument, Furniture, Instrument soundtrack

23 11 2021 12:13

Me

Stranger in a Strange Land. Robert A. Heinlein. Do you grok?

23 11 2021 12:14

Me

I chose and choose you over Kallisti. For without love in my heart there is nothing but hatred and anger to teach. You told me you didn't care about her, because you were being honest. We spoke of honesty at length, widely. And when I told you that you were the only person in my entire experience on Earth that I have chosen willfully and expressly to trust completely, I was being absolutely truthful and honest. With every fiber of my being, I believe in you

23 11 2021 12:26

Me

Please. Come home. Stay with me for as long as you wish and want. We agreed on sex, drugs, and noise making - and that money is no concern.

23 11 2021 12:28

Me

You told me your husband believed that Rush Limbaugh was assassinated.

23 11 2021 12:30

Me

And I said, " Fucking Q Anons! "

23 11 2021 12:31

Me

Words at rapid pace that intertwine like teeth offa zipper

23 11 2021 12:31

Me

Quick! Another segue!

23 11 2021 12:32

Me

You asked me to marry you and I agreed. " I do "

23 11 2021 12:46

Me

And was promised and rewarded. " We will be together as soulmates 'til the end of our lives. Forever ", you intoned sweet and soft, in my Frankenbolted ears, flashing

23 11 2021 12:48

Me

I have lifted the burden of the past off my sternum. I am free to dream again. Anger and hatred are once again optional, and not preferred. Thank you for your patience. Whole, a One, I am again. Not assa phoenix, of course.

23 11 2021 12:51

Me

My love, where are you?

23 11 2021 12:52

Me

We agreed to have the rings tatooed, so they never came off

23 11 2021 12:53

Me

You told me not to leave, lest we miss each other in transit. So here I am at home, without electricity. I miss it not.

23 11 2021 12:56

Me

I miss you

23 11 2021 18:27

Me

Where are you, my love?

23 11 2021 21:28

Me

" How long has this been goin' on? "

23 11 2021 22:56

Me

Where is Patricia?

23 11 2021 23:00

Me

Come home, baby. I love you

24 11 2021 07:38

Me

I can't wait to hear your voice again

24 11 2021 10:44

Me

So. I'm laying down on our couch and getta slightly scary hallucination which culminates in two taps on my left shoulder.
Was that you?

24 11 2021 16:02

Me

Oh. I don't remember if I mentioned this. I have officially pressed child support charges on Priscilla. Last time I checked, many years ago, she owed $25,000. It's probably at least $35,000 or more by now. That was last month, er something

24 11 2021 20:24

Me

Please. Where are you? My heart feels assif it is succumbing to necrosis.

24 11 2021 20:26

Me

" Praise be", she said, as her phone's directed electrons dwindled to traces of the holes they left moving backwards.
" Hail Eris ", he intoned. " This has got to be the One that I was scouring the Firmament for all this time. Because I only so much left. And I don't know how much longer I can hold on all by my self, all alone. "

25 11 2021 00:04

Me

My words and phrases that they build are starting to run away across the table's faux woodgrain. I need you. I want you. And I love you

25 11 2021 00:08

Me

25 11 2021 00:08

Me

If you can bake a cake
You can build a bomb
And I am a ticking,
Ticking timebomb
Nyah nyah nya nyah nyah
-Chumbawamba

(blows raspberry)

Aim my smilin' skull at you
-Alice in Chains

25 11 2021 00:12

Me

< roll credits >

25 11 2021 00:13

Me

I love you, baby
Happy Thanksgiving

26 11 2021 00:01

Me

See you soon

26 11 2021 00:02

Me

Post Script:
That doesn't mean I'm coming up

26 11 2021 02:36

Me

I'm staying at home until you walk through that door.
Which is going to happen any minute, right?

26 11 2021 02:37

Me

She wrote this novel.
I just ad libbed the dialogue

26 11 2021 03:37

Me

Yes, there issa pack of Marlboro Light 100s waiting for you here. Also, five plates of food. I'm drinking the beers. There's still some left. Two Monster coffee 16oz cans, one mocha, one reg. Sodas, various. Methamphetamine, not much.
New pipe though. A couple hundred dollars in my wallet.
Where are you?

26 11 2021 03:44

Me

My feet and knees are sore from pacing. So many cigarettes, gone. All this time, just as I angrily predicted, there was no image of you clearly to cherish. Only nightmare pictures of women and beings who are not you distorted through the bottom offa Coke bottle. Without the physical permission of our lust to spark connections I travel the floor pained. These storylines are becoming increasingly sorrow-full. I want you. I need you. Please. Come home

26 11 2021 04:04

Me

I promise you. I am what I said I was. Read me at face value, or see me as...

26 11 2021 04:07

Me

I've never even kissed you. The most physical contact we've ever had is along one inch or less of our forefingers. Dendrite and synapse light reds and yellows and oranges across gray matter. Breathing your air and tasting your breath is my fantasy described in imaginal, consented memory.

26 11 2021 04:12

Me

Well. I woke up this morning and I got myself a beer. Picked up right where I left off. Open container. 16oz Shiner Bock. Last bowl of methamphetamine. Camel Silver Crush cigarette. Lazershow yellow urine on stark white background. Solitary candle providing the only source of heat, besides my own neglected loin.

26 11 2021 10:52

Me

Patty. Where. The fuck. Are you?

26 11 2021 10:53

Me

<Doors music playing>

26 11 2021 10:53

Me

PART TWO
THE NEXT STEP

26 11 2021 10:58

Me

Bring some zipfizz baby. Only the most intensly unnatural colors for us, babydoll

26 11 2021 11:00

Me

" Groovy "
-Bruce Campbell, author of
Confessions of a B Movie Actor

26 11 2021 11:02

Me

The entrance to my Obblonge Box is painted white, a steel door, not the type that come standard with '80s trailer homes. Lovingly copied fromma screenshot of Kubrick's classic, REDRUM is painted in movie blood red on both sides. Murder, as scene bya child

26 11 2021 11:06

Me

And the heads tumble. Let them roll, baby, roll

26 11 2021 11:08

Me

So speaketh the prophet

26 11 2021 11:09

Me

In my own proprietary tradition, I wash down with the rotten sugar of liquid bread, worthy offa monk, my daily vitamins and minerals: extra strength Prevagen, TRU Niagen, sublingual of (red for the blood) B complex, GNC MEGA MEN vitamin pack- consisting of six different pills- including one for sexual health. Pleased to see they've added some new ingredients to the asterisks. Will have to query the interwebs as to their actual effectiveness. Later, perhaps. Now (dramatic pause) is time for action

26 11 2021 11:20

Me

<music volume increases>

26 11 2021 11:21

Me

Fucking bitches, man

26 11 2021 11:22

Me

And one should believe in solar lodges
-Jordan Krall

26 11 2021 11:25

Me

As one of my screensaver slideshows proclaims
Horror isn't a genre
Itsa lifestyle

26 11 2021 11:34

Me

Hockey masks and donkey punches
Ass Burroughs cartwheel
Bring out your dead, which you will know them by the trail thereof
Five slugs fifty chrome desert raptor
There are no fugly women
Not on the outside, at least
One woman, many faces
Take that assa kaleidescope
And roll the cylinder in your fingers
Christmass comes but once a year
And I'm gonna usea clip fromma geltip pen to throw the pins on the hall closet lock
So's I can rend the bowed, pounded dead trees off
And claim my present early
Or tornado tantrum I unleash

26 11 2021 11:42

Me

Sometimes itsa pair of arms around a missionary
Sometimes you just unevenly load the washing machine and she lays her perfect breasts on the top loading door just as spin cycle hits
Legs flailing to either side diagonally

26 11 2021 11:50

Me

And I am moved to sing unto the heavens: the chorus (anda Hallebarrah!) of the Queens of the Stone Age song Little Sister

Where you at?

27 11 2021 18:28

Me

I love you. And genius artist that I am, I still can't imagine the fully awake and aware yet ultimately confusing and hallucinogenic state that kissing your lips (either/and/or) could/would/should/will induce. Neither do I possess the adjectives in the literary stockpile to describe...

27 11 2021 18:34

Me

Hey, sister, why you all alone?
I'm standing out your window
Hey, little sister, can I come inside, dear?
I want to show you all my love
I want to be the only one
I know you like nobody ever, baby

Little sister, can't you find another way?
No more living life behind a shadow
Little sister, can't you find another way?
No more living life behind a shadow

You whisper secrets in my ear
Slowly dancing cheek to cheek
Such a sweet thing when you open up, baby
They say I'll only do you wrong
Come together 'cause I understand
Just who you really are, yeah, baby

Little sister, can't you find another way?
No more living life behind a shadow
Little sister, can't you find another way?
No more living life behind a shadow
A shadow

27 11 2021 19:13

Me

Eleven twenty nine ish. Daylight. Too much daylight. Obblonge Box is cooler than out of doors (music). Phone call and right-handed cigarette. Adrean informs me that the silver Civic destined to rest in the driveway is about to get a new ECU, which I recognize from my father's J.C. Whitney catalogs means Electronic Control Unit. This will allow the VTEC to be powered, pouring more oil on the pistons. Cool, yo. Puff. I think a beer or two floats in the salted cooler water. Good to wash down the daily nutrients. There's still foiled platos on the worktables. Yes, even eggs. Traffic echoing through the open portal, drivers in circles. Ah! The pipe, she is loaded, as baked potato skin chips.

So. And you're.. .

28 11 2021 11:51

Me

Hot. You're hot. And sexy. And in my head you never shut up, which I like for two reasons and scenarios.

28 11 2021 11:53

Me

But what you aren't is right here, right now. PAAAAATTTHHHHEEEEE. Where are you?

28 11 2021 11:54

Me

Morphogenetic fields of dandelions and strawberry patches being harvested for Soylent Green packaging, which is still made the same way, of course. Well. What to do? Right. Get off toilet. Do all previously mentioned drugs. Pace the floor and look for you to appear

28 11 2021 12:02

Me

Because I need to get laid, man

28 11 2021 12:03

Me

Yes. I am yours

28 11 2021 12:04

Me

I am ecstatic. The nearness and maturity of your amazingly precient love is omnipresent. More clear are the images flooding of your body, your face, your clothes, your diction, your...

29 11 2021 03:36

Me

The past is past me. Our future is present. Omnipresent. Our present is our present, for we have worked and toiled well for our reward

29 11 2021 03:38

Me

(Snoopy is ratatatatating at the Red Baron)

29 11 2021 03:39

Me

Pulling the biplane up at the last second before it hits the barn,

29 11 2021 03:42

Me

pulling it off with style, like I meant to do that

29 11 2021 03:43

Me

I feel like the phrase sad sappy sucker no longer applies to me. I am sappy and unapologetic

29 11 2021 03:48

Me

I am the sole reason that the Hallmark store went out of business. No one can match this gush of lovey gooeyness in prose. There might be arrogance in this, but it is well known by All that it is deserved

29 11 2021 03:51

Me

Again, intel reports indicate that penile activity has been detected and is growing in strength and number

29 11 2021 03:53

Me

Split the square. Get with a real poetry engine yo

29 11 2021 03:55

Me

Are you giggling? I think you're you're a giggler. Left arm around small of back, skin to skin, fingers rest on pelvic bone, thumb searching in arcs downward. Right arm underneath left armpit, slightly lower than that, diagonal up to right shoulder, fingers gradually sidestepping towards your neck. My nostrils inhale your skin cells at the nape. Eyes rolling backwards behind half-exposed lids. Breath exhales and ooohhs enchantingly. Mezmerized in ecstasy

29 11 2021 04:01

Me

'neath the blankets, covered, couch, sinking, cares slipping, us, slipping together

29 11 2021 04:05

Me

sharp inhale and gutteral growl as teeth pierce shoulder and your nails rake

29 11 2021 04:07

Me

You are perfection of womanhood.
And of this you are aware, certain.
Absolute confidence, a goddess
my worship shall never truly be complete

29 11 2021 04:08

Me

I believe in you and you alone. Valued is your opinioned mind, its contents translating off the diving board of your tongue. Perfect score, unanimous decision

29 11 2021 04:16

Me

I can see your face so much clearer now. Its comforting. You're are the epitome of beauty. No more sea monsters. That was disquieting. Does this mean you're close? Me hopes so. I have hope again, and its all your fault. Gonna ride the bike I painted like it was stolen, murdered - I've been informed its called, up to WallyWorld and grab sommore candles. Stubbornly still refusing to pay my electric bill. There are 11 cigarettes left in your pack. Please baby, I miss you and its been so long since I've heard your voice. I am wearing new prescription glasses. Frameless, rectangular, like you predicted. The sunglasses should be in soon. New tires and tubes on the bike. About $150 left in my wallet. Not concerned. The IRS owes me three stimulus checks and two tax refunds, maybe I'll call them and let them know later. Now that I think about it, Prissy probably owes me closer to $45,000

29 11 2021 10:21

Me

Zipped the lining in my leather jacket for the first time ever. My blood pressure is lower than its ever been, even when I was eighteen. With lower temperatures reaching, I'm told, down to the 40's, the raddest tent on the block is still comfortable and certainly livable. Especially on the couch. Actually, I'm missing the couch right now. Maybe I'll just take a nap.

I love you, Patricia

29 11 2021 10:29

Me

Oh. Its been five days and no words from your exquisite mouth. Since I have no refrigerator these devilled eggs might be gone when you get here. I saved the two plates that were actually homemade for last in case you graced me with your majesty.

29 11 2021 10:34

Me

Downing the Budweiser (because u deserve what every individual should enjoy regularly) I saved for the morning vitamins, it occurs to me that I am sleepy. And missing the couch. Maybe I'm convinced that if I stay there long enough you'll pick up on the warm coziness and be enticed to join

29 11 2021 10:52

Me

Ah! Inspiration strikes! I'll load up this here bolio with additional vitamins and minerals and get cozy on the couch and think of you, now that my brain will allow me to remember what you look like. Hurry, babydoll. Memories can be deceiving and I don't want to get anything wrong. And I've never seen you nude form expressing itself before me

29 11 2021 10:56

Me

Telephono's almost dead. Ten percent. Might be radio silence soon. I'll see what I can do.

29 11 2021 10:58

Me

Post Script:
You're fucking hot, man

29 11 2021 11:01

Me

You have prolonged and inspired my life. Fullfilled my lifelong actual fantasy. And then helped me to create new ones, many of them, which you insist will be fullfilled upon your arrival. You are truly my soulmate, my best friend, the keeper of my secrets, she who holds my heart in her hands. I want you. And I need that, honey

29 11 2021 11:09

Me

The end of privacy
is the beginning of freedom

So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]

29 11 2021 11:25

Me

So. Ross and Sam gave me a three panel solar USB charger, slightly larger than a full bill size biker's wallet. It has been in direct sunlight for six hours, charging a battery bank. The blue LEDs are flashing on three out of four. There are three different types of solar panel: monocrystalline, etc. That is actually a considerable amount of free energy from a small surface area. In real world testing this is actually a good sign that not only is true off-grid capability a feasible idea, but also that DIY panels, even start to finish construction, are possible at nearly any home or price point.

29 11 2021 14:11

Me

Wishing you were here

29 11 2021 21:16

Me

The silence and the traffic echoes. Its been a long time since I've used the earbuds. No music.

29 11 2021 21:20

Me

I love you. I'll never get tired of saying that. Back to the sofa, I think, to avoid dreaming and instead actively thinking

29 11 2021 21:23

Me

I remember you saying that you wanted toobe just like me. And I have never felt so flattered in all my existence

30 11 2021 01:26

Me

We are Exponentials
We mesh and intertwine
Beneficial to each another
And as you stated
Forever, this time

30 11 2021 01:28

Me

I long for your permission to be full-filled

30 11 2021 01:30

Me

Still eleven Marlboro gold 100s in your pack. Had to eat the eggs, they were leaking. Smiling inwards, and radiating purest 14x refined joyousness, I taptaptap in the flashbulbs' reflections. Its quite comfortable in here. And there's room for one more, baby. As we agreed. It turns out we write beautifully together, true collaborators. Inspiring me still to this moment. I am in ecstasy as I await your knock on the entrance

30 11 2021 01:36

Me

My blood pressure is lower than its ever been, even on " medication ". I am not accustomed to appreciating frigidity with longsleeves or jacketlinings. Already something new from even a brief encounter with you

30 11 2021 01:39

Me

Voices in one's head are fun to torture. Their complaints are sadistic hors'douvers to creatures such as us, the children of the night

30 11 2021 01:42

Me

I am not a bastard. My parental units were married over thirty years. And the fallout was nuclear

30 11 2021 01:44

Me

Fugazi, anyone?

30 11 2021 01:45

Me

Whatever you do
Don't tell anyone
-queens of the stone age

30 11 2021 01:46

Me

Distrusted
I look for wires when I'm talking to you
Distrusted
You'd make a great cop
-Fugazi

30 11 2021 01:47

Me

Music- someone's always got yer haulmark greeting, man

30 11 2021 01:48

Me

Did you hear something outside?
It sounded like a gun
Stay away from that window boy
Its not anyone that we know
Only about ourselves and
What we read in the papers
Don't you know ink washes out
Easier than blood
But we don't have to try it
And we don't have to buy it
-Fugazi

30 11 2021 01:50

Me

Its nearly impossible to read these lyrics in my head back w/o hearing the accompanying soundtrack and sung/yelled pronunciations

30 11 2021 01:54

Me

And if you complain once more
You'll meet an army of me
-bjork

30 11 2021 01:55

Me

According to an interview, bjork rhymes with jerk

30 11 2021 01:56

Me

Hey, look what I figured out how to do
Bjørk

30 11 2021 01:58

Me

Issa seemingly eclectic playlist really evidence offan
Discordian tribute, a sacrament tooa/fromma goddess?

30 11 2021 02:03

Me

Innany case sensitivity, I still don't wanna hear Green
Day before or after NOFX

30 11 2021 02:04

Me

And neither does Turtle

30 11 2021 02:05

Me

Why yes, I am impressed with my Self. Almost as
impressed as Eye am w/you

30 11 2021 02:10

Me

Mmmm. Spinach, straight from the can

30 11 2021 02:11

Me

I'm winking at you
Like an asshole in Moby Dick

30 11 2021 02:12

Me

Issthata Tootsie Roll bank orra penis pump?

30 11 2021 02:16

Me

Legitimate uses for pantyhose:
Combined w/embroidery hoop, pop filter in front of
microphone
Emergency belt for motorcars, etc
Dead pop star hanging device in hotel room
Robbing banks, O.G. style

30 11 2021 02:19

Me

Are magic words safe? Can safe words be magic?

30 11 2021 02:25

Me

Hocus Pocus Alamagokus

30 11 2021 02:25

Me

Abracadabra
I wanna reach out and grab ya

30 11 2021 02:26

Me

Rhubarb

30 11 2021 02:26

Me

Crowd scenes filmed with extras in yesteryear's moving pictures.

30 11 2021 02:27

Me

Rutebega. Ruffles have ridges. Wouldn't you like toobe a Pepper tree too?

30 11 2021 02:28

Me

Jalepeño suppositories
Red, yellow, green, serrate
Strongest muscles extended, salivate
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle
That's allot of booty in that song
Prism's rainbow of ZipFizz
Bubble, bubble, bubble
All night long

30 11 2021 02:31

Me

30 11 2021 02:32

Me

30 11 2021 02:32

Me

Sometimes I feel like you're the only one who appreciates my Art

30 11 2021 02:34

Me

Seeing is believing

30 11 2021 02:35

Me

And I believe that if you could see me right now
We'd be in the same room

30 11 2021 02:35

Me

Are you close by?
I still havea beard anda surrender, sweetly to offer

30 11 2021 02:42

Me

Please?

30 11 2021 02:43

Me

Brenda Starrr reporting in live
Opus, are you confident that penguins can argue politics in color?

30 11 2021 02:45

Me

San Antonio Light was the superior newsmedia made out of wood

30 11 2021 02:46

Me

Okay. I love you. Hello
Crawling back under the covers
To my lonely but expectant perch (Peter Finch)
On the cushy cushions

30 11 2021 02:48

Me

Rigatoni?

30 11 2021 02:50

Me

Still up, staring at the Cheshire moon. Rolled the sleeves of my black flannel shirt down. I really do need you, and I really do want you. Your/you're everything, all I can see. All I can hear, except, of course, the you that's in my images and film reviews may as well beea demon: its not the real you.

30 11 2021 04:05

Me

A'waiting my best friend
To hold my hand
And kiss me

30 11 2021 04:07

Me

Mmmm. Yes. Back to childhood, holding a pillow, knowing one day that it may be possible to dream during the waking hours with eyes open and envision a girl that would ask the question you did. Truly a fantasy made reality by you

30 11 2021 04:11

Me

Every fiber of my being is in your gratitude. Thank you, Patricia

30 11 2021 04:12

Me

(I am smiling broadly once again)

30 11 2021 04:14

Me

What are the odds?
Nine billion, er so, to One

30 11 2021 04:15

Me

Peeling the crying Hello Kitty sticker off the dirt-found silver cigarette case reveals the word Ann engraved underneath. Sweated white on the opposite side loosening adhesive andan M, scratched with less care. This seems fitting

30 11 2021 08:53

Me

Up. Off career-eating stoner sofa. Fuzzy slippers skidding down the street towards the mailbox. Three letters, business. Two are not for me. Fire fodder. The third is addressed to my dead father AND me.

FARRELL VS. BANK OF AMERICA NA SETTLEMENT

It issa check for $0.91USD

That's art. That's going on the wall, man

30 11 2021 22:21

Me

This morning I called your phone, again. Instead of four rings, which eventually I figured out was Do Not Disturb, I got one ring. Either blocked or phone off. I assume the latter. Which means if you have it you are aware of a few letters sent digitally.

Please. These are my thoughts, day to day, with a focus on honesty. This was my intention for two reasons. I wanted to ask you to play art critic and tell me what areas my strengths and not so strengths were. Etc. And then to take the whole project assa whole and judge me.

30 11 2021 22:28

Me

I don't know if you're alive. But if you see this:

I love you, Patricia
I believe in nothing, in principle
But I believe in you
Please come home to me
Where I will worship you assa goddess

30 11 2021 22:45

Me

I love you

01 12 2021 08:45

Me

Only we can write the ending to this. Together

01 12 2021 08:45

Me

Baby, I need your arms and your legs around me. Your breath in my face. Your sweat mixing with mine. Your attention, your affection.

01 12 2021 08:48

Me

Please. I am dying w/o you

01 12 2021 08:49

Me

I already said the magic word Christmas

01 12 2021 08:49

Me

The magic word is the magic word

01 12 2021 08:50

Me

" How long has this been goin' on? "

01 12 2021 08:51

Me

Where are you?

01 12 2021 08:51

Me

I am laying back down. I don't feel like doing anything else. Please. If you're still alive. If you can read this. I need you now

01 12 2021 08:53

Me

I am utterly alone now and everything is sorrow. No more hate and anger, only emptiness and despair.

01 12 2021 08:55

Me

You are my lifelong fantasy. We have missed each other all our lives, over and over again

01 12 2021 08:56

Me

Every story now ends in decay, mass murder, betrayal, suicide, rape. All roads lead offa cliff to the razor sharp jetties below

01 12 2021 08:59

Me

I haven't even seen your lovely face in so long it blurs and distorts

01 12 2021 09:00

Me

I've never even kissed you

01 12 2021 09:01

Me

You asked me if I'd marry you. I, utterly stunned and in tears, agreed. Absolutely. Yes.

01 12 2021 09:03

Me

Now we are engaged to be wed, at least in spirit, or common law. We can always fill out legal documents. This is all I ever wanted. And you called me.

01 12 2021 09:06

Me

We made a promise to each other.

01 12 2021 09:07

Me

We insured our honesty

01 12 2021 09:07

Me

You are the only person I have ever trusted completely.

01 12 2021 09:08

Me

Now I am broken again. I don't have any hate or anger. What I have issan empty coffin without electricity or love

01 12 2021 09:10

Me

And without love, I don't want to live anymore.

01 12 2021 09:10

Me

I am laying back down. And trying to go to sleep. My chest hurts but the tears won't come

01 12 2021 09:11

Me

No matter what, I will always love you

01 12 2021 09:12

Me

But without you innit, life is meaningless. There is no reason to do anything

01 12 2021 09:13

Me

Where are you, Patricia?

01 12 2021 09:25

Me

You told me to stay home

01 12 2021 09:25

Me

So I did

01 12 2021 09:26

Me

And now all I have is...nothing

01 12 2021 09:26

Me

No family. No child. No love. No beautiful dream. No will to live.

01 12 2021 09:27

Me

Where are you? You promised me we would be together forever

01 12 2021 09:28

Me

Here I am. Nextdoor to your parents' old place. Nextdoor to Pamela, who tried to poison me with botulism

01 12 2021 09:29

Me

Who Tommy paid to lie over and over to me

01 12 2021 09:30

Me

Blocking my calls. Blocking my texts

01 12 2021 09:30

Me

Tommy Randle and Pamela Daby are the most disgusting, disgraceful, ugly people I have met in the past year. A long line of wastes of life trails previous

01 12 2021 09:33

Me

I am done. Without your voice in my ears there are only distorted voices.

01 12 2021 09:36

Me

I love you. If you are alive I hope to see you soon

01 12 2021 09:37

Me

There is no electricity. Come to the backdoor. Knock hard. If the storm door is closed, I am inside.

01 12 2021 09:40

Me

Please. Come home. I need you

01 12 2021 09:45

Me

No one ever cares about anything except themselves, do they?

01 12 2021 09:47

Me

I will believe in you until I die

01 12 2021 09:49

Me

The blue trailer right nextdoor. The one you were already at. On Christmas

01 12 2021 09:50

Me

The magic word is Christmas

01 12 2021 09:51

Me

I love you

01 12 2021 09:51

Me

And if I have to die of despair forrit, then my words will be immortal.

I am the prophet [obblonge]
We live and we die in our oblong boxes
I am the Future
I am the Way
But I am not the way to salvation
That only comes from within

01 12 2021 09:54

Me

See you soon, my dearest

01 12 2021 09:54

Me

At least I got to talk to you.
Most people never get to do that.
My perfect match. My lifelong dream.
My fantasy. The oldest sister nextdoor.

01 12 2021 09:57

Me

You asked me to marry you. I said yes. I am still here waiting.

01 12 2021 09:58

Me

Come home, baby. 117 Eagle Dr. Cibolo TX 78108

01 12 2021 09:59

Me

My name is Michael Patrick Mackenzie.
Yours was to be Patricia Ann Mackenzie
You have two daughters and I have one
That was taken and sold
By roaches that look like people
Roaches like Tommy Randle and Pamela Daby and Paula Smith and her (Kallisti's) mother Priscilla Roberts

01 12 2021 10:02

Me

My daughter Kallisti Aeon Mackenzie is ten years old.
She is autistic. She is beautiful, like you

01 12 2021 10:05

Me

The magic word
Is
THE MAGIC WORD

01 12 2021 10:05

Me

THE MAGIC WORD IS CHRISTMAS
ALSO KNOWN AS CHRISTMASS
THE MASS OF THE CHRIST

01 12 2021 10:06

Me

Jesus, the Christ

01 12 2021 10:06

Me

Your words are oh, so polite. And distinctive. I long to hear them again. The sound of your " oooohh "

01 12 2021 10:08

Me

Those two 14 and a half hour conversations we had were the happiest hours of my life. When you handed me that second cigarette in the rented car on the way back from New Braunfels it sent a shockwave through me. And you, as well. We almost haddan accident

01 12 2021 10:10

Me

Pamela's gradual poisoning is probably affecting you as well. In addition to the botulism, bleach has also been used, I suspect. My memory isn't as sharp.

01 12 2021 10:13

Me

Your former boyfriend Tommy Randle has probably done the same, if not worse, to you. I tried, baby. I am exhausted. I hope you're okay. And on your way home, to me

01 12 2021 10:15

Me

I love you, Patty

01 12 2021 10:15

Me

Be careful. Don't go nextdoor to Pamela's, 115 Eagle Dr. Cibolo TX 78108

I am in the blue, faded, trailer to the right if you're facing her house from the street

01 12 2021 10:18

Me

See you soon
I miss you

01 12 2021 10:18

Me

I love you Patricia Ann Mackenzie

02 12 2021 12:05

Me

Come home. Please. Come home

02 12 2021 12:05

Me

Also, bring drugs and adult shop merchandise. Please.

02 12 2021 17:01

Me

What are you wearing?

02 12 2021 17:02

Me

Issit a good hair day? Its humid down here

02 12 2021 17:03

Me

And other things of this nature

02 12 2021 17:04

Me

Last cigarette before I start innon your pack again. To witness you in physical person again will probably bring tears streaming. Building a more physically perfect mate than your Self would be impossible with stock or custom parts

03 12 2021 00:08

Me

By my estimate I have burned off thirty pounds of fat and gained at least ten pounds of muscle mass since last your orbs gazed in my direction

03 12 2021 00:10

Me

Truly inspiration issin your every movement, word, aura, sweat

03 12 2021 00:11

Me

Many thankings of you. Because of your friendship I have grown attan exponential rate. Now I am looking forward to forever, with you, my dear

03 12 2021 00:13

Me

Since Pamela called the police two days ago I have enlisted the help of my friends. The police claimed they called the Lake Orion police and had them perform a welfare check at four in the morning. You should the cop's face when he gave me a bullshit story about a " misunderstanding " and I informed him that the Truecaller app I use allows for recording calls directly from the interface. 30.45 hours. Where you specifically ask me to marry you. I'll be in touch with Lake Orion soon. I pray to your God and my Goddess that you are safe from harm and alive. I don't even know if my fiance is alive. I miss your words in ears so much. You're all I've ever wanted in life. A dream come true, only to have the treachery of jealous sisters, psychopaths, come between our communication. I will never stop searching for you. Please. You promised we would be together, forever. I love you more than anything imaginable. Where are you, my love?

03 12 2021 16:35

Me

I will wait here for you. I have spent my current finances down tooa dollar in change. I am exhausted, both physically and mentally. I assume that two rings means you can see this. But I don't know for sure. I'm going to lay down on the couch now. I don't have any more tears to cry, but that's all my body wants to do now. Please. Come home. I love you

03 12 2021 19:56

Me

I need you. I can't take this anymore. I need you right now.

03 12 2021 20:02

Me

There are three Marlboro gold 100s left in your pack.

03 12 2021 20:04

Me

I don't even know if you're alive. You are the only person I have ever completely trusted. I believe in you Please. Come home. I need you now. Right now. I don't know how much left there is of me. I am almost done. I am utterly almost broken.

03 12 2021 20:09

Me

Two cigarettes. Make that two cigarettes

03 12 2021 21:22

Me

'cuz I'm dead
All right
And there's no use tryin'
To resuscitate me
I'll be fine
'cuz at now I'm smiling
-Conehead Buddha

03 12 2021 22:24

Me

'cuz at least now I'm smiling

03 12 2021 22:25

Me

03 12 2021 22:25

Me

I've got something to say
I'm gonna let it all out
'cuz I can finally speak again
There's a chill in the air
Anda spring in my step
Walking around I finally feel like everything's gonna be okay
I know what it is
I think I figured it out
I must have died in my sleep
'cuz I'm dead
Alright
And there's no use trying
To resuscitate me
I'll be fine
'cuz at now I'm smiling
-Conehead Buddha

03 12 2021 22:32

Me

Ah. Pale gray fogdust - not optimal for solar phone charging. Have been rescued from my doldrums by Brother Jeremiah, who invited me to a church dinner er lunch er something. Also hung out forran hour er two and provided refreshing refreshments. Am currently hand sawing a headstock replacement for an Epiphone 12 string given to me awhile back. Already got the strings. Might have to cut a nut from a piece of Corian™ I found assa sales demo example for countertops. I recognized the name from reading catalogs. The Martin company has been using this material forra while. Honduran mahogany smells like what a deodorant stick targeted forra male inna perfect world would smell like.

04 12 2021 08:37

Me

Well alright. A somewhat headstock shaped object has emerged hewn . Coping saw looked like it wood work and it did. Sanding, drilling, clamping, gluing, stringing, playing. Yay! I did something. Miss you baby.

04 12 2021 11:15

Me

Getting sleepy now. Must be the daylight. Wish you were here. I really do

04 12 2021 11:16

Me

So. This is, like, the weirds. I have an unconfirmed report that one of my tracks, thankfully one that was created after I bought all my programs, has been uploaded to YouTube. And is apparently approaching past the 750,000 views mark. At 1,000,000 views onna channel advertising royalties are paid. Which means, if true, that it would be about time to have said clip moved to my channel. Which I have but never uploaded anything to. It is the only track credited assa collaboration, and is actually in need of being relabed inna proper manner. ELAINAH CATCHES THE UPTOWN, A STALKER FOLLOWS, one of the two I originally sent you. I compiled a USB with 49 tracks before my electricity lapsed into dormancy. I have never uploaded anything to YouTube

04 12 2021 12:50

Me

Huh. The vox are provided by Laura, whose name I was unsure of fer like seven years. She sent me three phone recordings in emails and I sat on them for six months. The address she sent them from was her daughter's, Elainah.

04 12 2021 12:53

Me

One of her other daughters is dating Brother Jeremiah. I'm kinda stunned. I don't know what to think about that. I didn't even consider it finished. Huh

04 12 2021 12:55

Me

I'm thinking it might have been the actual Elaniah that posted it. Maybe I'll wander into some Wifi somewhere someday

04 12 2021 12:58

Me

So. Christmass comes but once a year, says a song

04 12 2021 12:59

Me

Fashioned a headstock for the Epi acoustic. Sanding the back of the neck now. Just need to cut new nut and glue and in theory the resultant mess may be a playable instrument. Changed the home screen image on the phone for the first time in years. I didn't have any pics of you, which I would prefer, so I used a high resolution one of the Chernobyl city limit sign. Smiling and laughing occurred more often recently. Sitting in the backyard (overgrown). There are signs of life: noises, both animal and machine. You'll be here soon, right? I hope so. I miss you very much

04 12 2021 22:56

Me

I love you. You're still foremost in my mind every day

04 12 2021 22:57

Me

Astral butterfly kisses on your inner thigh for you, my dearest

05 12 2021 00:21

Me

Butterfly kissles on your inner thighs
What was that, dear?
it was muff-led
but the syllables were lilting
individually and assa group
Tension, tension, and release and relaxing
Fingernails scratching
our tongues touching
Playful, back and forth and side to side
Hold me close, my lover
Take two handfulls and pull me into
Ecstasy erotic
Butterfly kisses flustering on your perfect breasts
taste of salt on the neck
breathing
(tense then gasp then loosely machine-gunning)
The soles of your feet gliding in pair up my calves
toes
(2, 4, 6, 8, 10)
This is my favorite as well
I love you Patricia

05 12 2021 00:37

Me

Maroon leather couch
Big enough for two
Giggling, both towards the backrest
Our right hands' fingers casually intertwinned
You're shorter than me
but not much - it makes no difference on our left sides
Blanketbedspread (mmmm spread) ruffles covering
Skin on skin necks to heels
a left arm's greedy hand doesn't want to sleep
It wants to dream
It wants to touch
Admired much perfection
(that's what its called)
More giggling
Lithe posterior sachaying
Left and right fore and aft
Is up and down in this perspective
Left hand isn't the only thing that's greedy
And doesn't want to go to bed

05 12 2021 00:48

Me

Why, hello
You're certainly no stranger
Fancy meeting you here
My fingers kneading the knots out of your calves
Yours on the back of my
Downward your hazelled gaze, but equal, of course
Locks tickle tease caress my face
Exhaling on my lips
Barely moving oftentimes
I am glad I am sitting down
because I have forgotten what I was supposed to do
forgotten everything and everyone but you
The entirety of world and womb is us
Barely moving oftentimes
But just as oftentimes
Shaking the Earth

05 12 2021 00:57

Me

I will not lie to you. I'm going to go back to bed/couch and masturbate while thinking specifically about you, a dream, a fantasy, a desperate wish, a woman, a Goddess, a Patty.
See you soon

05 12 2021 00:59

Me

This is wonderful. That I can smile and masturbate and think of the most desirable smiling face instead of hurting the mother of my child again. Thank you. I am whole, once more. Come home, baby. Please

05 12 2021 01:40

Me

Oh. And no need to worry. There's plenty left for the enjoyment of two. You and I

05 12 2021 01:44

Me

Has anyone been able to get through to or locate any evidence that Patricia Ann Dumas AKA Patricia Ann Randle scheduled to be known as Patricia Ann Mackenzie is even alive?

05 12 2021 06:59

Me

I need to rest. There is only one cigarette left in your pack

05 12 2021 08:21

Me

Nevermind what's been selling
Its what you're buying
And receiving undefiled
Never mind what been sellin
Its what you're buyin
And receiving undefiled
-FUGAZI

05 12 2021 12:45

Me

Moved some new music to the phone. Deleted porn and pictures of naked girls. About 509gb

05 12 2021 14:10

Me

So. How's your day?

05 12 2021 14:10

Me

Patty, where are you?

05 12 2021 14:38

Me

Titem
Toremoole
Totem
Totempole

05 12 2021 17:09

Me

Please. Come Home

05 12 2021 17:10

Me

Factorum
Factotum
And the crowd screamed
Sacrifice the liver
If God takes life he's an Indian giver
But who would want to be such a control freak?
But, God, who'd want to be such an asshole?
-Modest Mouse
Charles Bukowski

05 12 2021 17:23

Me

Are you ready for this announcement?

05 12 2021 17:25

Me

I don't know. Roger.
How long has this been going on?

05 12 2021 17:28

Me

I don't know how to make a collect call

05 12 2021 17:29

Me

And I can't make one from this or to your phone line

05 12 2021 17:30

Me

The Commadores

05 12 2021 17:42

Me

I am smoking the last cigarette from your pack.
I no longer wish to play this game
I no longer wish to live

05 12 2021 18:18

Me

I will always love you

05 12 2021 18:19

Me

Life is not worth living without you.
I miss you, Patricia
I can't bear this pain any longer

05 12 2021 18:22

Me

No. I can't bear the pain anymore. All my life I have been in the service of others with no expect of reward. Honestly. Never acting in any manner that would cause me guilt. And now it appears that my lifelong dream, my fantasy since I was a small child, has either been killed, abused to the point of constant fear, or corrupted by evil - for all liars are truly in the service of the Prince of Lies. I cannot live with this pain. This is not sustainable

05 12 2021 21:18

Me

I am sickened by all I have seen, and heard, and tasted, and smelled, and felt. And I am exhausted from the poisons of selfishness, jealousy, and greed. I will not last much longer

05 12 2021 21:26

Me

Its all in the waiting
-Buckethead
(Instrumentally)
Colma album

06 12 2021 13:18

Me

I love you

06 12 2021 13:19

Me

Some friends dropped by. Apparently its cold outside, and daylight. They're bringing me some beer. I offered my last two dollars, but its still on the worktable. One left a chain, usable assa grounding cable, silver plated copper. Werewolves n shit. Fancy

06 12 2021 13:45

Me

We are truly unique. There will never be another paired so perfectly in existence.

06 12 2021 13:47

Me

Your physical form is perfection. I couldn't construct a more desirable woman with access to an unlimited number of options. I am in love, and thus am invincible, unable to die, and end this suffering.

06 12 2021 13:47

Me

I have never kissed my soulmate, but I have held her tightly, assa lover would, in full approving view of her family. I have had the privilege of hearing her voice. Not just one word, but so many I could only guess, over more hours than that which fill a day's rotation.

06 12 2021 13:48

Me

I have lived now 43 years. Ever since I can remember I slept holding onto a pillow, fantasizing that one day it could be replaced for just one minute with a girl that cared in any way about me.

06 12 2021 13:49

Me

The end of privacy
is the beginning of freedom

So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]

06 12 2021 13:50

Me

Fnord

06 12 2021 13:52

Me

Leaving briefly to go score my prescription sunglasses. Be back within two hours

06 12 2021 14:39

Me

Score. On way back. Be there in 20 mins

06 12 2021 15:05

Me

Home. Come home, baby

06 12 2021 15:19

Me

Just listened to Fugazi's Repeater +3 album. Thinking of you. See you soon, my love

06 12 2021 20:17

Me

Naked, and alone. You told me to stay home, so I am. I will not leave until you get here, as promised. I believe you. I believe in you. You are the first and only One I have ever met that I can say that about.

06 12 2021 22:25

Me

Am down to a handful of canned goods, foodbank fodder. I will not go to any paying jobs. That would mean leaving.

06 12 2021 22:27

Me

On month eight of no electricity. All citizens should be responsible for themselves, which means generating at least half of one's own electrical usage. You continue to beean inspiration. And I've never even kissed you. Please. Where are you?

06 12 2021 22:29

Me

You've had an exhausting day of socializing
-Amber Curtis

06 12 2021 22:31

Me

I need you. I want you. I need you and I want you. I am dying. All of my systems are shutting down, just as predicted. The absence of your company is the only thing I cannot survive.

06 12 2021 22:32

Me

This is truly torture

06 12 2021 22:33

Me

Where are you, my love?

06 12 2021 22:33

Me

I need you here with me, as promised.

06 12 2021 22:34

Me

And because of what we agreed upon, all I can do is sit here, in the dark, no music, no comfort, nothing but worry and loss. You told me you would be here no matter what. And I have to believe that. I have no choice. Nor do I want one. After what we said, there will never be anything worth living for if you don't walk through that door soon. No one will ever equal you in my heart

06 12 2021 22:38

Me

Please. Where are you? Aren't you done hurting someone just to feel what its like to be just the same as those, like Tommy Randle, who have hurt you?

06 12 2021 22:40

Me

It doesn't matter what anyone else says. Only us. We made this agreement.

06 12 2021 22:41

Me

And only we, in person, can dissolve it

06 12 2021 22:42

Me

The money from the IRS will be here soon. When it gets here I will have no choice but to come looking for you. I pray to both your God and my Goddess that you are still alive and unhurt

06 12 2021 22:44

Me

I love you, Patricia. I will love you until my blood stops sustaining me. I will keep you in my thoughts daily until I have no more days.

06 12 2021 22:45

Me

We keep shifting our limbs, our heads, our entirites
Here under the blankets
On the couch
A narrow space that our two prone bodies take up completely
Did I say prone?
That would mean no movement
We are most certainly moving
All through the night
A psychedelic dance of not-remembered partners' movements
Two minds in rest responding to the Other's
We never remember all the steps we took to wind up this way
In the "morning"
We are somewhat sweaty
Everytime
I like, I long
For the slickness that you can produce so effortlessly
To my senses everything you do is effortless
Perhaps I am jealous after all
Perhaps that strange feeling is what awe and wonder of One's partner feels like
Your head nestles itself between my shoulder and my jaw
You are cooing
Dove-like
With the exhales of the next four breaths
Softer every time
Your right leg is over my left thigh and curled around
My heart has gotten accustomed to pumping more blood to my right arm
There is warmth between us and around us
And the smell of us, our pairing
This is my last thought as I drift away
Ah! Not quite
It is that I love you,
And that I want to be there when you wake

06 12 2021 23:21

Me

Totem totempole the magic word is. Christmas. Please Patty. Where are you. I am dying without you

06 12 2021 23:49

Me

Please

06 12 2021 23:50

Me

My chest hurts. Everything is broken without you. I need you. Where are you, Patty?

07 12 2021 01:12

Me

This hurts so much. Why won't you answer me?

07 12 2021 01:13

Me

I don't want to live anymore. Not in this world where all is selfishness and hate and greed and suffering. You are my last hope

07 12 2021 01:14

Me

Without the trust I have in you being real, being realized, nothing is worth anything. We made plans. You asked me to marry you. You said you'd be here by this Thanksgiving. You told me to wait here if you weren't. I am still here, but I am completely broken now. I have list the will to live without your touch, your voice in my ears, your breath on my face. Please. Tell me you'll be here soon. Tell me you didn't lie. You and I are special. We are together in this. I have been dying all this time, and I am exhausted. I need you here, or I can't go on. Not without love. And there can never be love from another. You know this. We discussed it in detail.

07 12 2021 01:20

Me

Please. Call me. Tell me what is going on. Tell me you're even alive.

07 12 2021 01:21

Me

Your cigarettes are gone. And I am almost. My friends know what to do, and the bots will take care of the rest

07 12 2021 01:23

Me

I love you Patricia. I long to see our rings tatooed on our fingers, so that they never come off

07 12 2021 01:24

Me

I will pray, to your God, that my goddess returns to my arms

07 12 2021 01:25

Me

Your God protected me from evil in Pamela's house. Now perhaps it will help me again. I don't have faith in it. But I have faith in you

07 12 2021 01:26

Me

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine. You make me happy, when skies are grey. I've always known you, we are eternal. Please. Don't take my sunshine away

07 12 2021 01:42

Me

This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang, but with a whimper
-T.S. Eliot

07 12 2021 14:28

Me

Went by Curtis' to charge the phone. He made me laugh telling stories. It felt good to laugh again. I miss you. Patty, where are you?

07 12 2021 22:59

Me

I burn a fire to stay cool
I burn myself I am the fuel
-Fugazi

08 12 2021 19:34

Me

Still here. After all these years. I am still in your thrall.

08 12 2021 19:35

Me

Back to the couch, waiting, wanting, needing

08 12 2021 19:35

Me

I have already died, many times over.

08 12 2021 19:36

Me

The time for action is very fucking nigh

08 12 2021 19:37

Me

See you soon, baby. One way orra nother. Whatever it takes

08 12 2021 19:37

Me

I was sitting, waiting, wishing
That you believed in superstition
-Jack Johnson

08 12 2021 19:42

Me

Naked and alone, as usual. I am dying

08 12 2021 19:43

Me

Again

08 12 2021 19:43

Me

Have you ever been cruel?
-Fugazi

08 12 2021 19:43

Me

Still holding a pillow to my breast, like I did when I was a child. Alone and terrified.
There's people everywhere
And I'm alone
-Bjork

08 12 2021 19:48

Me

There is nothing to live for
Without your arms and legs around me

08 12 2021 19:50

Me

I love you, Patricia
And I will die this way
I have no choice

08 12 2021 19:51

Me

Now that I have heard your voice
Your volition,
Your intentions

08 12 2021 19:52

Me

Nothing else can ever be important

08 12 2021 19:52

Me

You are mine and I am yours, we agreed

08 12 2021 19:53

Me

And I need your gaze upon me
And your touch upon me
And you around me
Itsa mission
To be inside you

08 12 2021 19:54

Me

One can't murder a roach
One just steps on them
And continues towards One's goal

08 12 2021 19:56

Me

The dying native is getting restless

08 12 2021 19:57

Me

And hungry

08 12 2021 19:58

Me

Its time to eat
-Kallisti Aeon Mackenzie

08 12 2021 19:58

Me

See you soon, baby

08 12 2021 19:59

Me

Tonight
We're in paradise
Soaring through the sky
Seeing pink and white
Yeah, we can make it right
-Charli XCX

08 12 2021 20:06

Me

The nights of all my youth pressed into one glass of water
-Alt-J

08 12 2021 21:07

Me

Vroom Vroom, Pop2, An Awesome Wave

08 12 2021 21:08

Me

(limited edition)

08 12 2021 21:08

Me

In your snatch fits pleasure
broom-shaped pleasure
Deep, greedy
And Googling every corner
Steepled fingers
Queue jumpers
In your womb lies a heartland
Toy woman, pull the pylons down
-Alt-J
Fitzpleasure

08 12 2021 21:13

Me

Do not spray into eyes
I have sprayed you into my eyes
Watermelon ice on the lips
And you in my heart
We'll be together, forever
I trust you, my love

08 12 2021 21:23

Me

With what is left of my heart
I trust you Patty

08 12 2021 21:24

Me

And as I turn off the earbuds
They say, in unison
Disconnected, Pairing

08 12 2021 21:25

Me

My toes are frozen
Pacing naked back and forth
No heat, save my own
Back to the couch
Maroon and marooned
Under the covers

08 12 2021 21:27

Me

I love you
My head and heart is your female whim
To toss away into the barrel's fire
Or nurture with your ooohh
Voice and head and womb and hands and everything
and warm, warm aperture'd wholeness
My One
My goddess
My one goddess
I worship at your..
From afar only for now
I trust
Where are you, baby?
I need you
Now, with your guidance
I know I've always needed you
Thank you, for everything
For bringing to everything
When I have always been so far away
Please
I am waiting, and dying without you
Dying from not being within you
Dying from never have been within you
And knowing now what I was missing for so long
There isn't much time left
Please
I don't want to die alone and cold
Without ever tasting your...
Or drinking in your ...
We agreed
You are mine and I am yours
We belong together to each other forever
I need you, I scream again
And my heart it is breaking still
And violently
Where
Where are you
My trusted One

08 12 2021 21:35

Me

The poetry it re-sounds
Re-pealing bell-like and hyphenated
Punctual punctuality punches kid-gloves
Undercovers laughter-ings
Skate-ing fingernails down and around 'crost curled
matted extension-ed
Tension-ed
Where is our mutual re-lease on life?

08 12 2021 21:42

Me

I am dying, my love
Iffi do not make it
Iffi am too afraid
Something I've remember'd I felt before
Then these words will have to do
Please hurry
The password is fear
lowercase fear
e.e.cummings would be proud, perhaps
I am proud
To die from a broken heart
For you

08 12 2021 21:45

Me

And she asked Michael Patrick Mackenzie to marry her, she did. And he said Absolutely! Yes! And they envisioned her as Patricia Ann Mackenzie. And I am still in her thrall
Thank you, Patricia
If you don't arrive in time to see me alive
Know that I died with you in my mind and heart
And was lucky to do so

08 12 2021 21:48

Me

And One should believe in solar lodges
Three point one four one five
I didn't have the audio turned on
Two pats from Patty on my left shoulder
We are connected, you and I
And I am dying
Please
Where are you, my love?

08 12 2021 21:52

Me

I have died forty times
And I will die forty more
Before the clock re-sounds
It is mid-night

08 12 2021 22:00

Me

Epicene Wildblood and Saul Goodman
Polio vaccines and James Joyce
Terraces of mushrooms
And wakes offan Irishman
Howard the dolphin speaks to Leviathan
And we are just possibilities
Here and nextdoor, the universes
Cats both alive and dead
Polynomials
Polyglots glossalias
Oooohhh, she intunes
In my ears
Real

08 12 2021 22:05

Me

Don't forget the ZipFizz, dear

08 12 2021 22:06

Me

You are the only One I'll ever want
Until I die, I promise

08 12 2021 22:07

Me

As foretold
Fortune tellers we are

08 12 2021 22:08

Me

I long for your kissles upon my...
And the taste of your...
Breaths on my ..
Your breasts
Perfect
As the rest of you, wholly/holy
Perfection

08 12 2021 22:09

Me

I miss you

09 12 2021 01:35

Me

Listening to Fugazi's Steady Diet of Nothing album

09 12 2021 01:47

Me

Language keeps me
Locked and repeating
-Fugazi

09 12 2021 01:58

Me

(instrumental)
-Fugazi
Steady diet of nothing

09 12 2021 02:00

Me

I am a patient boy
I wait, I wait, I wait, I wait
My time is water down a drain
Everybody's moving, everybody's moving, everybody's moving moving moving moving moving
Please don't leave me to remain
Inside the waiting room
Close the, close the door
Sitting outside of town
Everybody's always down
Because they can't get up
-Fugazi

09 12 2021 02:10

Me

Still. The air is still. My lungs, my heart, my chest, hurt.
I am in pain without you. Please. Where are you, baby

09 12 2021 03:25

Me

Nightmares and tears.

09 12 2021 14:52

Me

Down to spaghetti sauce, two year expired peanut butter (rapidly dwindling), halfa box of cherrios, assorted cans of things I don't recognize as food. Don't want to open the door, go outside. We knew this would happen.

09 12 2021 15:08

Me

Well alright. Hooray for friends with drugs. After a bit of conversation and inspiration to get off my teary-eyed ass, Brother Melvin convinced me that I had better maybe do something besides mope and conplain while I'm waiting. So. Hand washed a trash bag's worth of laundry. Am currently busy hand sanding the thick lacquer off the back of the Epi's neck. Actually wearing a mask, for once. Will keep you posted on progress. Perhaps I'll start calling the IRS tomorrow as well. Two years taxes and three stimulus checks. My aunt may send me some cash for Christmas as well. I'm still stubbornly refusing to leave for longer than two hours atta time. Because I'm expecting someone (that apparently very few people even believe is real, at least that's how I'm reading the reactions). What do they know about love, my friend? - Butthole Surfers

09 12 2021 22:23

Me

Laundry is hanging. Neck is halfway sanded. I am shaven and cleaner than usual. Halfway succeeding at being a brave little boy and convincing myself that everything is alright. Alone in the dark, naked, even manscaped. The tears are coming, I know they are. Chest and stomach are aching cavities. This is awful. Please baby. Be here soon

10 12 2021 02:28

Me

I love it when you fall asleep for justa few mins maybe ten
with me still inside you slightly underneath, hip over hip
this time your arms and hands curled up adorably underneath your chin, head turned, slightly
Sometimes they just slowly slide down to your sides, legs, thighs
I'm still very much erect
I seriously wasn't sure everything still worked properly
Your vagina is pulsating with your heart rate, slower bit by bit now, matching your breathing, snare and hat
Everytime I think that this, this time, is you at your most beautiful. Every time
Closing my eyes forra moment my visual return is rewarded even further:
You're awake, and smiling
Broader still, closing the distance between our faces, our lips and tongues twist, tangle
You've reached down and retreated temporarily, enough to free my penis and replace your warmth with the warmth of your hand
Your other hand is now around the back of my neck/head
<don't stop>
sliding farther down on your back, thighs/legs farther apart/then closer/ah! there right there
Your hand is no longer on the back of my head but palm out against my lower abdomen
your lips whisper something against mine, but I'm not sure iffits words - what are words?
Your other hand is underneath and behind me, pulling slighly, matching well the push (slightly) of the other
What did she say?
I think you are moving more than I am, but think-
Oh.
Wow.
That.
Ah
Your mouth opens breathlessly against mine, upper lip brushing my nose
My arms tighten around your torso you've moved your hand back forward, around my base
My lips go to your vampire neck
Haven't bitten you yet(?)
This is-
Minute(s)? Halfway in

10 12 2021 04:59

Me

Well alright. Tax years 2019 and 2020 are on the way. This will also activate the stimulus checks. Only took slightly less than an hour

10 12 2021 07:53

Me

I can't stop hearing your (not) voice. I still can't form a clear mental image of you. I am in pain because of this. Please. Where are you?

10 12 2021 11:09

Me

Do not go nextdoor to Pamela's. She tried to poison me. I fear her stupidity may still endanger you. Please. Come home

10 12 2021 11:30

Me

Such ugliness is rife in the world. I am weary offit. I no longer wish to live. Not without you by my side. Let us lock the doors and stay home, together

10 12 2021 11:32

Me

And in isolation, I was born to murder the world

10 12 2021 11:33

Me

Stop this, my love. Please. Only you can stop this noise in my head

10 12 2021 11:34

Me

You are everything I've ever wanted

10 12 2021 11:34

Me

Your attention and affection. There is nothing else that matters to me. As we agreed. I am waiting. I am hurting. Sorrow is a horrible way to die

10 12 2021 11:36

Me

We are eternal. All this pain is an illusion
-Tool

10 12 2021 11:37

Me

Black and white are all I see
In my infancy
Red and yellow then came to be
Reaching out to me
Lets me see
As above so below and beyond I imagine
Drawn outside the lines of reason
Push the envelope
Watch it bend
Over thinking, over analysing
Separates the body from the mind
Withering my intuition
Leaving opportunities behind
With my will upon the ground
I lose myself between the sound
And open wide to shelter in
I feel it move across my skin
I'm reaching up and reaching out
I'm reaching for the random or
Whatever will bewilder me
What ever will bewilder me
Spiral out Keep going
Spiral out. Keep going
Spiral out. Keep going
-Tool

10 12 2021 11:45

Me

This body. This body holding me
Be my reminder here that I am not alone
In this
Body
This body holding me
Feeling eternal
All this pain is an illusion
-Tool

10 12 2021 11:47

Me

Why can't we not be sober?
I just want to start this over
Why can't we drink forever
I just want to start this over
Waiting like a stalking butler
Whoupon the finger rests
Murder now the passage must we
Just because the Son has come
Mother Mary won't you whisper
Something but the past and done
I want what I want
-Tool

10 12 2021 11:52

Me

Say hello
To the rug's topography
It holds quite allot of interest with your face down on it
I'm taking her home with me
All dressed in white
She's got everything I need
Pharmacy keys
I'm taking her home with me
All dressed in white
She acts just like a nurse
With all the other guys
-A Perfect Circle

10 12 2021 11:59

Me

There's got to be a pill
For forgiveness
There's got to be a trigger
For happiness
-Machines of Loving Grace

10 12 2021 12:02

Me

Everybody has a little secret they keep
I light the fires while the city sleeps
-MC900ftJesus

10 12 2021 12:04

Me

Sports are gay
-King Missle

10 12 2021 12:05

Me

I am at home. Knock hard. Beat on the walls if you have to. I am doing as I was instructed

10 12 2021 12:09

Me

Wear the grudge kike a crown of negativity
Calculate what we will or will not tolerate
Desperate to control all and everything
Unable to forgive these scarlet lettermen
-Tool

10 12 2021 12:12

Me

I don't need to be a global citizen
'cause I'm blessed by nationality
I'm a member offa growing populace
We enforce our prosperity
There are things that seem to pull us under and
There are things that drag us down
But there's a power, a vital message
That's lurking all around
We've got the American Jesus
See him on the interstate
We've got the American Jesus
He helped build the president's estate
I feel sorry for the Earth's population
'cause so few live in the USA
At least the foreigners can cooy our morality
They can visit but they cannot stay
Only precious few can garner the prosperity
It makes us walk with renewed confidence
We've got a place to go when we die
And the architect resides right here
We've got the American Jesus
Bolstering their shallow faith
We've got the American Jesus
Overwhelming millions every day
Yeah
He's the farmer's barren fields
The force the army wields
Expressions on the faces of the starving millions
The form letter that's written by the big computers
The force behind the Man
The fuel that drives the Klan
The motive and the conscience of the murderer
He's the preacher on TV
The false sincerity
He's the nuclear bombs and the kids with no moms and
I'm fearful that he's inside me
-Bad Religion

10 12 2021 12:29

Me

Come, let us make bricks and burn them hard
We'll build a city with a tower for the world
And climb so we can reach
Anything we may propose
Anything at all
Build me up, tear me down
Like a skyscraper
Build me up, and tear down these joining walls
So they can't climb at all
I know why you tore it down that day
You thought that if you got caught
We'd all go away
Like a spoiled little baby
Who can't come out and play
You had your revenge
-Bad Religion

10 12 2021 12:32

Me

3000 miles of wilderness overcome by the flow
A lonely restitution of pavement, pomp, and show
I seek a thousand answers
I find but one or two
I maintain no discomfortsure
My path again renewed
Against the grain
That's where I'll stay
Swimming upstream
I maintain against the grain
Here labelled assa lunatic
Sequestered and detent
Here ignored and defeated by the government
There's an oriented public whose magnetic force does pull
But away from the potential of the individual
The lull is getting stronger with small increments of time
Eddies of new ideas are increasingly hard to find
You need all that the other has
Its your right, just sieze the day
But in all your acquisitions you will soon be swept away
Against the grain
That's where I'll stay
Against the grain
I'll maintain against the grain
-Bad Religion

10 12 2021 12:42

Me

I wish the milkman would deliver my milk
In the morning
I wish the milkman would deliver my milk
When I'm yawning
I would like some milk from the milkman's wife's tits
-Aohex Twin

10 12 2021 12:46

Me

Patty. Psst. Patty? PAAAAATTTHHHHEEEEE

10 12 2021 12:47

Me

So. What songs are playing in your head?

10 12 2021 12:59

Me

I love you Patricia. Always will

10 12 2021 13:00

Me

Absence makes the heart grow
Into a mass murderer
When it doesn't get appeased
Isn't love a many splendored thing?

10 12 2021 13:01

Me

So. I'm waiting. Not going anywhere. Just like you told me to. Where you at?

10 12 2021 13:02

Me

Oh. And when you get here. After the honeymoon. We should most definitely decide the fate of those nextdoor. Your God protected me from their evil. Perhaps your God's herald has some ideas. And I am an archangel.

10 12 2021 13:04

Me

I have become my namesake
The living embodiment of the archangel Michael
The right hand of God
The one with the flaming sword in it
Destroyer of Sodom and Gomorrah
(I was particularly fond of Sodom)
Murderer of Job's wives and children
[Ah! But I'm preaching to the choir]

10 12 2021 13:07

Me

I am the prophet [obblonge]
I am the Future
I am the Way
I am not, however, the way to salvation
That only comes from within
We live and we die in our oblong boxes
What we do in the meantime
Is up to us
You and me
And no one else, baby

10 12 2021 13:09

Me

This is our world
Our fantastic voyage
We make the rules we follow
Only you and I decide and make decisions
To-gether
We are inseperable unless we decide to separate
We are invincible, as we are in love
There has never been and will never be a woman as beautiful as you
As I'm quite sure you are aware
Come, baby
We havea playdate scheduled
And all those who dare stand in our way
As this is Our world
Will suffer whatever we will, our whimsy
Until we are finished, we will not take our leave
Until we are slaked, our thirst will only grow
For each other
For our passions, multiplied
For our hands intertwinned
Completing the intricate patterns
You have brought forth from your heart and head
And made whole in this oh so malleable reality
Truly fortunate I am
To be given this opportunity
To nurture, to nourish, to behold
That which you are
I love you, Patricia Ann
Skin on skin we genuflect to each other only
As all others are merely our playthings
I have completed my tasks
Crossed the T's over the entire word
Slashed the dots over the eyes
To inhale your breath
To taste your secretions
To conversate slickly and near silently with our mouths' lips
To invent new language with our dueling tongues
To pull each other ever closer
Physically and otherwise
Our feet on and off the ground
Eyes rolling back in heads overwhelmed
Loins bursting with electron flows, charged
Chakras aurally exponential
The infinite an equation we trace upon the Firmament with our fingertips and only deign to finish when we are exhausted, spent, and restful
This is Our hour
The hidden thirteenth step after the mid-night
You, a vampire, and I, an alien
The lignam and the yoni
Orson Welles' rosebud so many Imax tall
This is for us, and us alone
As you prophesied
I am in awe of your majesty
Not humbled, but fully aware
That to touch you is
The entire purpose of My Existence

10 12 2021 13:32

Me

Where are your hazelled eyes, searching my liquid blues
Your oooohhs oozing over the growls
Of such an unwashed heathen

10 12 2021 13:34

Me

Our congress is the Earth's magick
The color of candles is not important
Hey! This one from the dollar store says iffits burned
Jesus signs your check with his barbed-wire burning heart. Only a dollar.
But we are priceless
Aren't we, dearest?

10 12 2021 13:36

Me

I see you as Art, whereas the rest of my senses' input get read, and I am an Artist, knowing intimately that the works are never finished until they are appreciated.
I cannot thank you enough, for your ultimate patience.
Though we are equal, you and I, forever in your debt I will remain

10 12 2021 13:39

Me

Your words fill the spaces between my notes. My eyelashes flustering on your brow, brown...
Join me, and become joined with me
Our hearts in tandem
Our respiration locked and loosened in odd meter
Our souls laid
And bared, to be inquired of
If that is the wish of the Other

10 12 2021 13:43

Me

Will you marry me?, she inquired
Absolutely. Yes. he answered, finally getting his callback from the wishing well

10 12 2021 13:45

Me

Never throw in money. Money is intrinsically worthless. Buttons from an old flannel shirt. Game tokens from an arcade long closed of door. Washers, of varying size. Bottle caps, both from bottle tops and Willy Wonka. And rings made from spoons

10 12 2021 13:47

Me

I am waiting for you here, for now. Please, my love, safe journey. And slice open the throats of all who would impede your progress with your vampiritic talons. Let their blood splatter heatedly to the soil. I have all the iron-rich nectar you truly desire, your nourishment, hot and copper-tasting, endless in supply if you are not greedy.
And if you are, it is my honor....

10 12 2021 13:52

Me

I give you nothing, for I have nothing, except my body and mind. Everything else can and will be taken away

10 12 2021 13:54

Me

So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]

10 12 2021 13:54

Me

You cannot be paid to help
You can only be paid to profit

You are more than the sum of what you consume

10 12 2021 13:56

Me

And the end is always very fucking nigh, isn't it?

10 12 2021 13:57

Me

Smile, baby
We have not missed our mission
It is about to begin, in earnest

10 12 2021 13:59

Me

Missionaries spreading
Gospel, as we write it
I am witness to the Gospel of Saint Patricia

10 12 2021 14:00

Me

It is my honor and privelige

10 12 2021 14:01

Me

As agreed, all those who dare stand in our way shall perish as they lived.
Like the insects they are

10 12 2021 14:12

Me

One does not hold court witha roach
Only steps upon it
On One's way towards One's goals

10 12 2021 14:13

Me

Turn on the light
Turn on a million blinding incendiary lights
Likea beacon in the night
I'll burn relentlessly until my juice runs dry
And I'll burn
Likea roman fucking candle
Likea driver in the night
Forra miniscule duration
Ecstatic immolation
Incorrigible delight
-Bad Religion

10 12 2021 14:15

Me

So. What do you prefer on your hamburger?

10 12 2021 14:16

Me

I love you, Patty
Never gonna get tired of saying that
Or writing it

10 12 2021 14:17

Me

Gouda, smoked, wax encrusted
Stout, or dark aleish
And you, naked
Any suggestions?

10 12 2021 14:19

Me

You're awful quiet to-day. Driving?

10 12 2021 14:19

Me

You got me doing all this stupid shit
You fucked me up like this
Secretly I'm into it
(I'm outta my head)
-Charli XCX

10 12 2021 20:12

Me

Is this fun for you? We discussed this. Have I served off, paid for Tommy's abusive shit crimes against you and everyone else he has encountered? I started you off at zero, actually on the way positive side. You expressed no interest in my daughter, so I put forth the idea that I did not want to take out the inevitable pain that was coming on you. I would have taken a ," No! That's farcical and stop being alone you're not anymore! " with open arms. I don't know what would have happened. We will never know. There is only right now. And right now I am hurting. I don't even know if you're alive. I love you. I have never even run my fingers through your hair, anywhere. I heard your voice and your words and I will never forget them. Even though that was exactly what you made me promise to do. I still can't get an image of you. Congratulations. No one has ever hurt me like this. You are truly special, unique.

10 12 2021 20:31

Me

Please. Patricia. Please stop. You told me you loved me. You asked me to marry you. Please. Why can't we just be happy?

10 12 2021 20:33

Me

Totempole

10 12 2021 20:34

Me

The magic word is the magic word

10 12 2021 20:34

Me

Totem

10 12 2021 20:34

Me

Christmass Christmas

10 12 2021 20:35

Me

Christmas on Crack Carlton Mellick III

10 12 2021 20:35

Me

Author of Satan Burger

10 12 2021 20:35

Me

One of the last times I heard your voice you told me we'd be together, forever.

10 12 2021 20:36

Me

That you would be here

10 12 2021 20:36

Me

To stay home

10 12 2021 20:36

Me

Where are you?

10 12 2021 20:37

Me

Why are doing this?

10 12 2021 20:37

Me

How long has this going to go on?

10 12 2021 20:37

Me

I need tou

10 12 2021 20:38

Me

I need you

10 12 2021 20:38

Me

I you wish to be cruel, can you at least do it after we make love?

10 12 2021 20:39

Me

Then I would know an even greater pain. Being without you after being with you assa lover

10 12 2021 20:39

Me

If you wish to kill me than do it. This just leaves me with violence in my heart and unanswered questions

10 12 2021 20:41

Me

That's my story ending. If you want to feel control over a mate/male, why don't you take control, and plunge the blade in my lung. I'll watch you do it

10 12 2021 20:42

Me

Or do you want me to fight?

10 12 2021 20:43

Me

Knowing I have no reason to hurt you

10 12 2021 20:43

Me

Only a defense that eventually must fail

10 12 2021 20:43

Me

Why are you doing this?

10 12 2021 20:43

Me

I love you

10 12 2021 20:44

Me

Why are we apart? When we only have so much time left?

10 12 2021 20:44

Me

Please

10 12 2021 20:45

Me

I don't want to live in a world where you lied to me

10 12 2021 20:46

Me

Where are you?

10 12 2021 20:46

Me

Our happy story needs to begin

10 12 2021 20:46

Me

Are you done being one of Them?

10 12 2021 20:47

Me

I am tired being one of Us

10 12 2021 20:47

Me

Why can't we just do what we planned and stay together in our own world?

10 12 2021 20:49

Me

Where only we truly matter, to ourselves and each other?

10 12 2021 20:49

Me

As equals

10 12 2021 20:50

Me

This is not an equation that levels on both sides

10 12 2021 20:50

Me

I am not keeping score

10 12 2021 20:50

Me

If you hurt me I have no motivation to reciprocate

10 12 2021 20:51

Me

I will only be hurt

10 12 2021 20:51

Me

And still in love just as much

10 12 2021 20:52

Me

This is my promise to you
Among others

10 12 2021 20:52

Me

I pledge to understand as best as possible, and never give up

10 12 2021 20:53

Me

To do my best to support you. What you say you want, not what benefits me in some way, a selfish way.

10 12 2021 20:54

Me

Just being able to watch you move, speak, blink, gesture, be a creative individual

10 12 2021 20:55

Me

And to hear you start talking and never, ever stop

10 12 2021 20:56

Me

I give you my body and what is left of my mind. The only thing I have. It is yours. Please. Come inside and use it, would you?

10 12 2021 20:57

Me

I just want what we planned. Don't you?

10 12 2021 20:58

Me

I want to hold you close to me so badly it feels like a heart attack.

10 12 2021 20:59

Me

I don't have any tears left to cry

10 12 2021 20:59

Me

This isn't life. This is sadism. You are just being cruel for cruelty's sake. This isn't even revenge. Its just what everyone else has done to you. You don't have to do this

10 12 2021 21:01

Me

Let us turn our backs on those who live like this. We are special. We are better than this. Please. Come inside and make love with me

10 12 2021 21:03

Me

If we take this chance, the rest of our lives will be just like this- pain and suffering and emptiness and despair and anger and hatred

10 12 2021 21:05

Me

Shit. Don't take

10 12 2021 21:05

Me

If you just knock on the door, I'll open it, and we can be happy, just as we planned

10 12 2021 21:06

Me

Please.

10 12 2021 21:07

Me

I believe you. I believe in you. I trust you. But that doesn't mean that I want you to hurt me. And you have more power over me than anyone ever has or ever will

10 12 2021 21:08

Me

I am alone, naked, afraid, hurt, confused, angry. All of this will instantly, permanently vanish if you just touch my hand

10 12 2021 21:10

Me

And so will yours. I promise

10 12 2021 21:10

Me

I love you. I love you Patricia. That's what that means.

10 12 2021 21:11

Me

Try it. Take my hand.

10 12 2021 21:11

Me

If all of those feelings don't instantly melt away, then we were wrong

10 12 2021 21:12

Me

You are not a coward. Not you. Not like Tommy.
Take my hand. What do you have to lose?

10 12 2021 21:13

Me

Its supposed to be cold soon. Won't you stay with me?
Under the covers?

10 12 2021 21:14

Me

You're all I dream about

10 12 2021 21:14

Me

Baby, please come home

10 12 2021 21:14

Me

You don't need a catchy one-liner. I don't have one.
Just knock on the door. I'll open it. Naked. And we'll begin what we planned. Happiness. Together. 'Til death do us part

10 12 2021 21:16

Me

What is so terrible about that?

10 12 2021 21:16

Me

We are perfect for each other
I promise
Let me prove that iffi can

10 12 2021 21:17

Me

I left my damage behind
Now its your turn
Knock on the door
And we can both heal each other

10 12 2021 21:18

Me

Or continue to run away from your stated goal
And condemn us both to the same misery times more

10 12 2021 21:19

Me

I am doing what you asked

10 12 2021 21:20

Me

Now please. Do what you said you would

10 12 2021 21:20

Me

And stay with me as long as you wish. But kiss me first

10 12 2021 21:21

Me

Let me lick between your legs

10 12 2021 21:21

Me

Taste your tongue, your salt

10 12 2021 21:21

Me

Feel what it is like to have you envelop me, completely

10 12 2021 21:22

Me

Hands with direction pulling me closer, as mine are greedily

10 12 2021 21:22

Me

Mine, mine, mine

10 12 2021 21:22

Me

Let me worship you properly

10 12 2021 21:23

Me

With the only thing I'll ever have
My body and mind

10 12 2021 21:23

Me

I would love to read what you've written. Or have you read it to me

10 12 2021 21:24

Me

I want to hear you, and listen

10 12 2021 21:25

Me

And yeah, sometimes I do wanta blowjob

10 12 2021 21:25

Me

Because you care about me as well

10 12 2021 21:26

Me

I'm gonna write another anal sex trilogy if you don't get in here

10 12 2021 21:27

Me

(I'm going to anyway)

10 12 2021 21:27

Me

In fact, I'm thinking about licking your asshole right this second.

10 12 2021 21:28

Me

Yep. Still thinking about it. All the way in. As far as I can get my tongue in your cute little puckered asshole.

10 12 2021 21:29

Me

Wiggle. Wiggle. Wiggle. Back and forth. Up and down. I challenge you to tell me that's awful

10 12 2021 21:29

Me

In fact, now, I most definitely want to do that before I ever kiss your lips

10 12 2021 21:30

Me

It would make a good story

10 12 2021 21:30

Me

So that's what I am choosing to do right now. I'll start without you and practice. I have a fantastic imagination. And I've been told you may have a distinct preference for my penis. Only one way to know for sure

10 12 2021 21:32

Me

And yes, I'm totally gonna kiss your lips after this

10 12 2021 21:32

Me

Over and over and over and over

10 12 2021 21:33

Me

The only way you can ever disappoint me is by never taking my hand and beginning this. I promise

10 12 2021 21:47

Me

Fuck. Please knock on the door, would you?

10 12 2021 21:48

Me

I don't want to have to imagine your nude form. I think its rude

10 12 2021 21:50

Me

But so is not being here or even calling, isn't it?

10 12 2021 21:50

Me

I've missed you all this time

10 12 2021 21:51

Me

And my love and appreciation for you has only grown, exponentially

10 12 2021 21:51

Me

My goddess, please, let me worship however you see fit

10 12 2021 21:52

Me

What would being you the most exalted pleasure?

10 12 2021 21:52

Me

I am here to help you achieve your dreams

10 12 2021 21:53

Me

Or grant wishes, maybe

10 12 2021 21:53

Me

You've already provided me with one of mine at least

10 12 2021 21:54

Me

Where are you?

10 12 2021 21:54

Me

Please. Hold me. Naked. Together. On the couch. Anywhere.

10 12 2021 21:55

Me

I don't want to be alone anymore. I wish to be with you

10 12 2021 21:56

Me

Tell me your story. I'll listen.
And yes, I'll let you snowball me

10 12 2021 21:58

Me

I will never give up. One day soon, we will speak again, as equals, as lovers to be, as people in love with their lives

11 12 2021 00:41

Me

The last checks took two weeks exactly. I will find you, baby. As we promised each other

11 12 2021 00:42

Me

Sitting shirtless in black ever-creased shorts as the wind picks up leaves and scatters them to the Firmament. Commerce sub frequencies across the farm road (65). No one will ever convince me of any words in your mouth but you personally. As we planned. You are perfection. But you know that, don't you? That's the ultimate in sexiness. As are you. The courderoy used paperback writer's jacket (no patches on the elbows, still) hangs across from the entranceway in back over the leather. Every minute of every day is filled gloriously with your beautiful words. To live any other way is unthinkable. Tell meea story, baby. I'll listen and absorb. Until my entire vision is filled with you I will never rest. I never want to have sex with another. And I'm waiting for you, dearest. No one else can come close to the passion you inspire in me. I want you to be the last vista I view before dying, or slumber, or blinking - there she is - I am fortunate beyond comparison to ever have had her gaze upon me. You are truly an addiction. Talk to me, babydoll. Never stop, please. Give me your syllables and consonants and vowels for my perusal. I will treasure them always, until I am ash. In your thrall I remain, unshakable in my rapt reverie. Meaning starts and ends with your whim and name.

11 12 2021 01:01

Me

Such pliant fingers, toymaker
-Hellraiser 4
Bloodline

11 12 2021 01:02

Me

Never stand in Hell's way
-same flick

11 12 2021 01:03

Me

When you're there
I sleep lengthwise
And when you're gone
I sleep
Diagonal in my bed
-Phish

11 12 2021 05:14

Me

Roundabouts and cloven-hooved leafs - veined
King Phillip Came Over For Good Sex
Please Excuse My Dear Aunt Sally
Threepeat
Oneristic
Fourscore breakfast
One chance save!
Fife, Barney
Mince meat - A barber's tale
Vengeance is
The Gold at the Starbow's End

11 12 2021 05:19

Me

Surgical jewelry shines reticent
Upright, tall, confident
Not all schemes are Ponzi's
How archtypical
The linearity of abstraction can be patented, even shines
Phytoplankton, rhododendron, aspidistra, corpse flower
" Mrs. Clegg, you must be proud of him "
A martini made with bathtub gin
Green shirt green sleeves
Hiram mends the fence with money
Dimethyltryptamine
Freeware going out of business sale
Loss leader
7 habits of highly defective people
Surety bondage flotilla grapevine
The knight loses his eye

11 12 2021 05:28

Me

Our brains do not store memories or datasets assa hard drive does. Every recollection is flawed. This is fascinating, Patty. Its a third thing to do. And potentially... amusing

11 12 2021 05:32

Me

Holographic theory of consciousness
Three dimensional data storage
Many more connections
Synesthesia
Parallel and multi-core
Upside down commonly interpreted as projectionists' ammunition
A camera obscura with more gradients of hues - no equipment necessary to differentiate
Hold my hand, my dear
If only for the start
Across the river, the smelling, twisting, river
Is Kansas

11 12 2021 05:38

Me

The cold is bringing box kites. And hangliders. Mayhap you parasail in? Coziness offered, perhaps demanded? I'll be here, baby. This would be perfect timing.

11 12 2021 05:41

Me

Itsa beautiful day in the neighborhood to be camping in the raddest tent on the block. 'bout to go up to WallyWorld and grab a pack of smokes. See you soon

11 12 2021 06:21

Me

There is gladness in my heart. I know you'll be here. I just do. I love you, always. Remember, the backdoor. There's a bunch of someone else's stuff in the overgrown yard. Not my concern at the moment. Just sent you a blitz of gmails from WallyWorld. All four addresses. Be safe, baby. For some reason I think you're driving down. I have no reason to think this, other than that I'm a prophet. I'm sure this good cheer won't last, so until then... I'm absolutely imagining you nude and as ready for snuggling as I am. I don't care iffits rude. Maybe in my mind we're doing rude things. Maybe not. Please, baby. Come home. I'm not going anywhere, and I'll let you know iffi do. DO NOT GO NEXTDOOR TO PAMELA'S.

11 12 2021 08:54

Me

I can't wait to see you, to smell you, to taste you, to hear you, to...

11 12 2021 08:55

Me

Hmmm. I havean anal sex poem trilogy to finish.

11 12 2021 08:56

Me

It sounds like a woman humming loudly or singing outside, possibly in the driveway.

11 12 2021 09:47

Me

Please, baby. Please come home for Christmas

11 12 2021 09:47

Me

I feel like a child, not likea teenager even. Like I'm eight, and my dick doesn't know what its doing

11 12 2021 09:48

Me

Screaming traffic and rattling all around
Even in the half-finished Obblonge Box
Stuffed some foam here and there
I'm naked and alone, as usual
Wishing you were here with me
On the couch, sometimes under a comforter
No comfort without you, dearest
Think I'll ingest a few knifefuls of two year expired peanut butter
100% natural
What else would it be?
Pall Nall Black 100s
Gross, but just enough on the gift card I traded for some wood yesterday
Solar panel charging a battery bank out in the yard
Iffit hasn't folded and taken wing
Plenty of junkmail when the wind dies down to inspire immolation
I can't stop grinning, for once, for the moment
I've somehow convinced myself that you'll be here and I'll be happy one day
There is no evidence that points to this outcome
Save a remembered voice
That I will never forget, again
Please, please come home to stay
I promise you freedom and eqality but sincerely want to shut away the outside if you do arrive and never speak to anyone but you again
And I'm not sorry for that
Not in the slightest
I have cried so much there aren't any tears left
It feels like I'm dying
As well I could be
Because I don't want to live anymore
Not now that I've heard your ideas, your energy, your sexual nature DI to the brain
And then had them disappear
I trust you
You are the only one, ever
And the last
No matter what

11 12 2021 10:03

Me

Stomach hurts. Too many shitty cigarettes. For too long. Less oxygen intake for sure in the lungs. Something is missing and wrong inside all the time. This is not sustainable. Please. I will appreciate you for what you are, whatever that may be. The person you spoke to so long is real, and was telling the truth. I've missed you terribly all this time

11 12 2021 10:07

Me

Awake again. The first thought in my head is of you. As always. I love you

11 12 2021 15:30

Me

Assisting Kurtis on Falcon with bee removal. Bee back shortly

11 12 2021 16:48

Me

Back. Miss me? For the record, Prissy still owes $1710.80 to Universal City, formerly mayored by the late Doc Grover, who was also my mother's and aunt's social studies teacher.

11 12 2021 17:20

Me

Typing of aunts, Francelle says she's sending me some funds for Christmass. Enough forra plane ticket up northward, so I'm guessing $500+USD. The last tax check hit the mailbox in two weeks exactly, these two total over $5000USD, without stimulus checks. Which I suspect $1200USD, the only payment credited to Prissy, intercepted I presume, may very well be half of the first stimulus in my name. It would have been $2400USD, split two ways inna joint custody scam. Which would also mean that another $1200USD check in my actual name could possibly be floating or cashed. Pamela, after I called upon your God to protect me from evil in her house, sputtered, " I don't have any money ". I don't know how much child support I am owed, but it was $25,000USD at least five years ago, interest compounded monthly. $545 per month added until Kallisti was nine. It could well total over $60,000USD doing quick rounded maths. If there is tax fraud involved as well, both Prissy and Pamela, who both had access to my boxes of official type documents, could be facing federal prison sentences and additional fines. Due to the largish amount, I wouldn't be entirely surprised if a lump sum was offered as payment and transmuted to additional jail time.

11 12 2021 17:31

Me

Have I mentioned I am not the president of my neighbor's fan club?

11 12 2021 17:33

Me

Looking forward to seeing you, baby. Still not crying to-day. Day just bee-gan. Kurtis is allergic to bee stings. He bought beekeeper suits off Amazon. Scheduled for 7am to-morrow. Escape path cleared. That could prove entertaining. Alright. Battery bank charging my headphones, Tranya, $40 postpaid through a Sweatcoin app offer. Sound better than the $100 Anker Soundcore ones that I was using when we spoke so long ago. Even though they don't actually sync when using phone calls. Most people would bitch about that. Not me. They'll do until the new ones, whatever they may be, are ordered (commanded?) soon. One must have priorities, a creative visualization skill. And typing of creative visualization, hmmm...

11 12 2021 17:40

Me

Over 4000 sweatcoins last time I checked. No interwebs (no power), so probably more. The auctions are up to $2000 Amazon gift cards, and some other interesting things, health-oriented merch and custom jewelry. Thinking of you, about to do sommore intense thinking of you, actually

11 12 2021 17:44

Me

Alright. Little hibachi grill restored to upright working position. Right outside door on concrete. Probably should move the gas cans. Now, taking from the huge pile of brush-fueled homemade charcoal, maybe I'll have a hot meal of rotini, aged, pasta.

11 12 2021 18:13

Me

What do you think about joining the Schertz-Cibolo-Selma Chamber of Commerce? As artists in residence

11 12 2021 19:04

Me

Pasta getting closer to hot. I am not a bbq texas enthusiast. But I learn quick. And I might be partial to arson, I mean, socio-economic terrorism, I mean, cooking stuff

11 12 2021 19:06

Me

You're fucking hot, by the way

11 12 2021 19:07

Me

Patty. Seriously. You could at least send a text. Actually. Fuck that. I deserve more than text. Gmail me a pic or 18 to tide me over until your oh so hot ass gets here. Please and thank you

11 12 2021 19:12

Me

I'll be around a hotspot to-morrow. Right next to the hopefully frozen bees

11 12 2021 19:13

Me

I mean it. Enough is enough. I've been a good boy and did everything I was sposta on time.

11 12 2021 19:14

Me

Patricia Ann Mackenzie, I am officially demanding an audience, in person, so I can be in her person, with the matriarch.

11 12 2021 19:15

Me

And no. Of course they will not be shared. Mine. Mine. Mine. Mine. Mine

11 12 2021 19:16

Me

I have no the data service. Can't receive pics or gifs. Which the interwebs tell me sounds like peanut butter

11 12 2021 19:17

Me

I just thought about stirring pasta and got an erection

11 12 2021 19:18

Me

So warm. Ah! And red-tinged

11 12 2021 19:19

Me

Mmmm

11 12 2021 19:19

Me

There. Warm food fit forra pauper or (sex) starving artist. One of the lowest castes of society

11 12 2021 19:25

Me

I love you

11 12 2021 19:26

Me

I will never say that enough

11 12 2021 19:27

Me

I find eating pasta with an erection to be not difficult at all. Apparently everything still works, even with all the chain smoking.

11 12 2021 19:28

Me

In addition to the tattooed wedding band design I would like your name around my wrist

11 12 2021 19:31

Me

This is for real. For keeps. I won't let you down. I promise to be your faithfull husband in every capacity possible. Even some we make up ourselves

11 12 2021 19:32

Me

You're bringing drugs and adult entertainment merchandise, right?

11 12 2021 19:34

Me

And ZipFizz. I swear, its nearly hallucinogenic all by itself. The more unnaturally named the brighter fluorescent the color the better.

11 12 2021 19:35

Me

I was gonna say something like don't be fooled by the limited edition flavors, but maybe the die-hard afficinados are on to something

11 12 2021 19:37

Me

And yeah, I still agree with you. It would make a highly entertaining wholesome story to tell the younger generations that we profusely tongued each other's assholes before we ever kissed each other's lips

11 12 2021 19:38

Me

Mmmm. Issthat electric boogaloo cherry raspberry that's sticky?

11 12 2021 19:39

Me

Why yes, and not just...

11 12 2021 19:40

Me

Alright. Food noshed. Door is closing, clothes are coming off, and, since you're silent and not right here right now, you've been an outstandingly bad, bad girl

11 12 2021 19:41

Me

That is not wearing a fucking costume. Naked girl. What's wrong with naked girl? All this effort to get those clothes off and fucking people want their partners to put them back on. Have I mentioned I hate people? Not you, though. Even though you have been an overwhelmingly bad, bad girl. What to do, alone, as usual, without a word fron his fiancé, naked and near tears, as usual

11 12 2021 19:44

Me

No. I'm not going to call you names, even in my fantasy, other than your own, or lover, or friend, or baby, or babydoll, or please just get here

11 12 2021 19:46

Me

I don't want to ever sleep alone again

11 12 2021 19:46

Me

Or with anyone else. Ever

11 12 2021 19:47

Me

Where are you? I need you. Now. Right fucking now. Masturbating tooa pure fantasy image is almost as depressing as being alone

11 12 2021 19:49

Me

Maybe even more so. There. There are the tears. Right where they belong

11 12 2021 19:49

Me

Pall Mall Black 100s are horrible cigarettes. Can't sleep. Its either too much or my head won't shut up and let me rest. Played around with FL Studio Mobile for awhile, the first time inna long time. I called the resultant templated (hard house) mess Right Angle. Eating Cherrios dry out of the box. Think I'll top it off with sommore expired, separated peanut butter. Wish you were. You're the only thing my life is lacking

12 12 2021 01:18

Me

Here. Um. Wish you were here

12 12 2021 01:19

Me

Scheduled to remove bees from Kurtis' exterior wall in five anda half hours. He bought beekeeper suits off Amazon. They even came with, like, disposable looking tools of some sort. Like a Halloween costume. Someone's gotta film this shit, man

12 12 2021 01:23

Me

I think you're on your way. I think you're on the road. Did you get an gmail? One that didn't contain the word obblonge?

12 12 2021 02:18

Me

I love you. Please be careful. DO NOT GO TO PAMELA'S. IT ISN'T WORTH TALKING SHIT TO HER. Just get here safely. We have no electricity. Its okay. We'll be just fine, the two of us. Please. I don't have internet, just phone service unless I'm around wifi. Which I'm not usually. I can use Kurtis' hotspot tomorrow afternoon. I'll certainly be checking my gmail. All four of them.

12 12 2021 02:23

Me

Please. Call me. Let me know you're okay. What's going on?

12 12 2021 02:24

Me

I don't know how long it will take. We're starting at 7. The section of exterior wall us in front. The address is 118 or 116 Falcon. You know the street.

12 12 2021 02:25

Me

I'll be charging my phone and a battery bank as well. I don't know why I think these things. I am a prophet.

12 12 2021 02:27

Me

Can't sleep. I still hear your voice, distorted over time, in my head. No one has ever made me as happy as you have, with just words from afar. Not crying at the moment. I actually think you're on your way. Please be on your way. I don't care about anything else. Life is meaningless without you, I have no reason to continue doing anything I once enjoyed if your company isn't present. All of those who fought fruitlessly to keep us apart I guarantee will find themselves mired in their own personal hells. Most of them on my end here already are. And to that end my work is accelerating. If I don't see you very soon, I will locate you using some, ah, creative search techniques. I don't know what's happened, but I believe now as then every word you said. And I believe in you still.

12 12 2021 02:36

Me

Amazing how two honest people in love can completely destroy any mass of liars, isn't it?

12 12 2021 02:38

Me

And all those who lie are truly in the service of the Prince of Lies

12 12 2021 02:38

Me

Unfortunately for them, I have canonized you into sainthood in the Discordian faith. Now officially recognized by the Texas state jail system, thanks to the efforts of your truly and Brother Jeremiah, assan actual religion, requiring them to honor all Discordian holy days if an incarcerated person insists to celebrate according to their faith. You are now Saint Patricia. I, of course, am a prophet, anda pope, as all Discordians are popes. Also, in your particular faith (this is an assumption, sects vary) I have at least once successfully petitioned your God to become my namesake, the living embodiment of the archangel Michael. It is indeed a terrible time to be our enemy

12 12 2021 02:45

Me

I see online that your birthday is January 5th. I have added it to my Discordian calendar app. You have just recently missed the first anniversary of John Hinckley Jr. Day.

12 12 2021 02:47

Me

Today is Sweetmorn, The Aftermath 54, in the YOLD (year of our lady of dischord [sic]) 3187, week 70

12 12 2021 02:49

Me

Ah! Saint Patricia's Daring Escape, as I have labelled it, is also Mungday. Double celebration! I assume this is in honor of the monk Hung Mung.

12 12 2021 02:52

Me

Read any good books lately?

12 12 2021 02:54

Me

Wait. Don't read now. Drive

12 12 2021 02:54

Me

Unless you havea heads-up display

12 12 2021 02:54

Me

It appears I am too excited about your impending arrival to indeed rest. Popping in the Rimors (that's what Tranya calls them). Binaurals. Knock hard. Really beat the shit outta the backdoor. Or the wall next to the air conditioner bracket. You'll see it as you round the corner from the driveway, before the laundry shack. The black-painted truck isn't mine, its just hanging out renting space forra bit.

12 12 2021 03:00

Me

The plans we made are very real to me, as we agreed upon. I know I'll see you soon. It is the most important thing to me. I trust you, baby.

12 12 2021 03:02

Me

Well alright. Got the Honduran mahogany electric solidbody carved, shaped, and sanded down to 180 grit. Next to continue sanding by hand down to 3000 grit. Apply stain, or stains, and several coats of tung oil, fine sanding between each. Might finish sanding the back of the neck of the acoustic and glue the new headstock on as well. Havea zero fret and rough cut some Corian™ down for the nut. In theory, with motivation, I could have strings on Epi by to-morrow and start adjusting the neck, filing the frets. Oh yeah, I am now the proud owner of my very own beekeeper suit, complete with realistic action accessories.

12 12 2021 15:01

Me

Exotic hardwood dust and synthetic countertop material clogging my nostrils. Might as well smoke of these last disgusting cigarettes. No more Pall Malls, man. Not worth it

12 12 2021 15:03

Me

Ah, yes. While using a hotspot I screenshot a smiling, bikinied pic you posted in 2011. It now adorns beautifully my phone's homescreen

12 12 2021 15:10

Me

Has anyone told you just how amazingly physically attractive you are recently?

12 12 2021 15:10

Me

Shitgoddamnmotherbitch you're hot. And this pic is ten years old. I'll be imagining how much more attractive you'll be when you get here. Ten years after this was taken

12 12 2021 17:08

Me

I got one of kissing hands and shaking a baby as well

12 12 2021 17:09

Me

And furthermorest, none of my four gmailboxes had requested from you to me materials in them to-day. That's harsh, man

12 12 2021 19:27

Me

I am only the writer of movie. Not the writer of your movie. Our movie doesn't start until you get here

12 12 2021 20:47

Me

Shit. Fucking pot. Of my movie

12 12 2021 20:49

Me

And we are cast as the leads

12 12 2021 20:50

Me

Surprisingly, the production is fairly well funded. Assin, the sets are detailed, a revolving cast of interesting directors, surely doing an art project, one and all; (I can't tell if the Directors of photography are any good anymore - all I can see is you), the soundtrack albums are all recording artists on the parent film company's music labels, so its engagingly familiar yet experimental and wholesomely retro n such,

12 12 2021 20:56

Me

I have learned to hit send. Took two years. I am okay with reporting this

12 12 2021 20:56

Me

We're the two leads, so they don't have to pay us hardly anything, the rest of the cast is mainly random walk-ons making std. SAG rate, except of the hallucinogenic sequences the FX are practical appliances - no sweaty warehouses of Korean animators involved,

12 12 2021 21:00

Me

I swear I'm going somewhere with this paragraph

12 12 2021 21:00

Me

Popular opinon recommends you hit THC vape

12 12 2021 21:01

Me

Opinion

12 12 2021 21:01

Me

Unless you're nearly late forra spelling bee

12 12 2021 21:02

Me

there's a possibility of spin-offs. That's a good motivation for a finance sponsor group. Umm help me out here, man

12 12 2021 21:03

Me

It is adults only at the box office

12 12 2021 21:04

Me

But that's only losing the 18 and under crowd

12 12 2021 21:04

Me

On the initial box office releases

12 12 2021 21:05

Me

Are you hungry?

12 12 2021 21:05

Me

I'm thinking wood charcoal heated rotini alá yesterday, black beans, and diced tomatoes, garlic powder, bit of vegetable oil, n whatever else is directly in front of me on the countertop

12 12 2021 21:07

Me

You wanna beea non-starving at the moment artist?

12 12 2021 21:09

Me

A good line about eating pussy goes in this space

12 12 2021 21:09

Me

Hmmm. More pot. Warm food. Masturbation, with a couple visual stimuli. Tears. Insomnia....

12 12 2021 21:10

Me

Ground black pepper and more pot. That's what was missing. And you

12 12 2021 21:40

Me

You know, everyone does hate us. Because we're beautiful and so obviously better at every conceivable thought, action, etc. than they are.

12 12 2021 21:50

Me

Those peoples would be so easy to shun

12 12 2021 21:50

Me

And smile inducing. Not ever speaking to any of those peoples while staring at their faces would make our stomachs hurt the next day from uncontrollable laughter

12 12 2021 21:52

Me

Yours is the only noise I want to be filled with.

12 12 2021 21:53

Me

To-night's meal is courtesy of Eris, chaos and randomness in the culinary supply chain

12 12 2021 22:01

Me

I am not unhappy to tell you that you're fucking gorgeous

12 12 2021 22:02

Me

Even ten years ago. Or twenty-six. Or thirty-five

12 12 2021 22:03

Me

Astral projection telephonic phone sex? Yes

12 12 2021 22:04

Me

Surely one more word to that label and acronymic status in history it shall have. A classic addition to the Akashic Records

12 12 2021 22:05

Me

Wow. I just felt an uncharacteristic spreading warmth in my chest while seeing those two pics

12 12 2021 22:08

Me

I have enjoyed, mostly, reading every Stephen King novel. Except From A Buick 8. The first one written after he got run over by van while jogging. That one is excruciating. Bad. Opposite of good. Terms used to describe Art

12 12 2021 22:20

Me

Man, I am so stoned I just forgot I made food

12 12 2021 22:42

Me

I was given the leftovers of two THC vape carts and halfa joint. I don't know what these strains are,but I three of them. Still on the first one

12 12 2021 22:44

Me

Sometimes I three things, but not this time

12 12 2021 22:44

Me

A sudden urge to get the generator cranking to life. Envisioned a period of time hunting to truthdom answers to unasked questions.

12 12 2021 22:47

Me

And we would lucrative recording or interpeting these and revealing that we're announcing we're Artists

12 12 2021 22:48

Me

And take advantage of the current regine's Cibolozation towards affluent torist trap-ism

12 12 2021 22:50

Me

Tourist.

12 12 2021 22:50

Me

A tor issa science fiction used paperback reading librarian (digital) that enjoys indoor mountain climbing

12 12 2021 22:51

Me

Torist. Fuck

12 12 2021 22:51

Me

Vision of you reading the two preceding, and smiling widely, showing teeth

12 12 2021 22:52

Me

That's the wittiest I've been inawhile. That's good shit. That is Art.

12 12 2021 22:53

Me

The more I repeat it in my head the more convinced offits classic, hardcover limited edition hand-printed, vellum-paged, gold leaved future status

12 12 2021 22:55

Me

That we sell on our website

12 12 2021 22:56

Me

We use the 24k gold flakes recovered from donated computrons

12 12 2021 22:56

Me

The rest we add to the bathwater

12 12 2021 22:57

Me

Did I mention that I completely filled the entire underside of the master bathtub with solid foam?

12 12 2021 22:58

Me

My most impressive day inna six month period fer sure

12 12 2021 22:58

Me

Still got bags of recovered foamage

12 12 2021 22:59

Me

Which I am technically a prophet of, since that was the original manifesto

12 12 2021 22:59

Me

Wiki says the Big Foam theory is increasingly unlikely

12 12 2021 23:00

Me

My head tells me you're singing outside

12 12 2021 23:01

Me

My open door

12 12 2021 23:01

Me

Hey. You know what? I thought you looked like the chick in these pics

12 12 2021 23:09

Me

And on the latest episode of " Permanent Self Sustainable living with Style " -

12 12 2021 23:13

Me

The Incredible Low Monetary Cost to be Completely Independent, Step by Step. Profitable Business and Homesteading in Less Than Five Years. This issan All Ages Show.

12 12 2021 23:16

Me

We are the Future
We are the Way
[Which way would you like to them, dear? Up or down?]

12 12 2021 23:17

Me

A perfect cap to this Recycled House Rebuild Art Project I Started Like A Decade Ago

12 12 2021 23:18

Me

What have you been filling your time with? I'd love to hear...

12 12 2021 23:18

Me

I trust you, and right now that brings me incredible joy

12 12 2021 23:34

Me

I love you

12 12 2021 23:35

Me

Your voice not in my ears is the cruelest part

12 12 2021 23:42

Me

Okay. So. In factories wence cyanoacrylate cometh, are there safety stations every three feet of superglue remover?

13 12 2021 00:07

Me

I am under the assumation that every possible web domain name has been claimed. Including those generated by password algorithms

13 12 2021 00:26

Me

If not, www.fjwj35jwtnatj25jw5h2tatjetjwteyjatwtjsysyjayk48k wrvrwfbrayaym46y6jeul5qI. would be cool. It would ultraradd assa clickable link or onna business card

13 12 2021 00:28

Me

On both sides of the business card. Front and back, small print. Maybe even some hard to read font like Gothic Capitals or wingdings

13 12 2021 00:30

Me

We're Artists, man

13 12 2021 00:30

Me

Seriously. Who the fuck are wingdings for? Who or what reads that? Why issit doing that?

13 12 2021 00:31

Me

Our website link is 66,667% larger and more eye-catching than yours

13 12 2021 00:32

Me

Desktop or portable version

13 12 2021 00:33

Me

During holy days we can change the colorations to Hamster Dance Rainbow Brite

13 12 2021 00:34

Me

Art collecting is all about exclusivity, right? If you type this in fromma business card, you will be rewarded. And yeah, we're Artists, of course we fucked with the image on the card so that your high res phone scanner won't interpret it clearly

13 12 2021 00:36

Me

Not that any serious Art collector would ever use a picture to text to data entry and translator app. Ever

13 12 2021 00:37

Me

That's so last year

13 12 2021 00:38

Me

I will work. I've been telling people what to do nearly my whole life. So, so many persons have just followed direct orders. Here. This is Art. Give me money. So that we may purchase drugs, and make more Art which you will clamor for

13 12 2021 00:40

Me

Feeling inspired. Remind me to search for copies of Tihkal and Pihkal

13 12 2021 00:41

Me

- I Have Known And Loved. Available maybe at dodgy locations

13 12 2021 00:42

Me

Next to the used, spine-creased Carlos Castaneda

13 12 2021 00:42

Me

Spine-creased Carlos. Hassa nice ring toout

13 12 2021 00:43

Me

Someone knows what pairs well with Kombucha

13 12 2021 00:48

Me

And will charge only three installments of $19.95 to tell you

13 12 2021 00:49

Me

(you might need an app)

13 12 2021 00:49

Me

They also sell crystals and inscence

13 12 2021 00:50

Me

I mean, calling someone Kombuchic is.... Piece of shit sounds innocent and complimentary compared to the truly foul, awfulness of Kombucha

13 12 2021 00:52

Me

Kombucha is the only beverage that adding kale to will not make it worse

13 12 2021 00:54

Me

Shadowed. In my brain. Won't let me see. Different flavors of Kombucha, different brands even

13 12 2021 00:55

Me

Right next to the carrots

13 12 2021 00:56

Me

That would be a great way to stop someone from interrupting you. Just kiss them

13 12 2021 01:03

Me

I miss your company. Please. Come home.

13 12 2021 01:48

Me

Three in the morning onna Monday.
Tears.
You told me to stay home
So I could suffer
And so I am
Anything for you, my love

13 12 2021 02:54

Me

I will always love you. You are my lifelong dream. Thank you

13 12 2021 02:55

Me

Where are you?

13 12 2021 02:55

Me

My latest Art issa perfect mirror

13 12 2021 03:00

Me

Still drinking black instant coffee. Staring at the cold blackness inside, alone, as usual

13 12 2021 03:04

Me

I'm don't know why I haven't heard from you. I can only pray that you are safe and healthy

13 12 2021 03:07

Me

Please. Come home. I love you, Patricia

13 12 2021 03:07

Me

Merzbow

13 12 2021 03:09

Me

I love you, Patty.

13 12 2021 03:58

Me

Totempole totem Christmas Christmass

13 12 2021 03:59

Me

The magic is the magic word Abracadabra

13 12 2021 03:59

Me

Hocus Pocus Alamagokus

13 12 2021 03:59

Me

The magic word is the magic word

13 12 2021 04:00

Me

I am exhausted.

13 12 2021 04:08

Me

Everything we discussed is happening exactly as we planned. I am hurt, and the absence of your presence has broken my heart. I hope that you are safe. I can't understand why you....

13 12 2021 04:13

Me

I don't want to live anymore

13 12 2021 04:13

Me

So I will continue to do as you instructed, as you insisted, and stay home. Like Aunt Carol told me all those years ago

13 12 2021 04:15

Me

Stay home

13 12 2021 04:15

Me

Where are you, Patty? I need you

13 12 2021 04:16

Me

Still no sleep. Have been drinking black coffee for days. Rarely drink caffeine anymore. There's no point trying to sleep. My head has been too loud. Merzbow and Binaural waves have helped. Getting quite extravagant auditory hallucinations. Really impressive. My mind never ceases to impress me. Now, I have met one more whose mind impresses me. Your company is greatly desired

13 12 2021 06:45

Me

Hi. Its 7:15

13 12 2021 07:15

Me

Cynthia came by and gifted meea pack of smokes (not Pall Mall 100s) and warm chicken soup (with real real vegetables). As the Dead Kennedys would say - Soup is Good Food

13 12 2021 09:49

Me

Well alright. Headstock with tuning keys, tightened, gluing, adhering?, to the cut end of the Epi neck. Screwed two small oblong metal plates, one on each side, for extra bionic support. Want to string this thing up to-day, so for now I'm leaving the neck sanded down to 400 grit and unfinished. Also sanded the electric body doen to 400. From any distance it resembles a strat made in pottery class atta rehab. All thumbs, fingerprints, anda hint of ashtray. A glued piece of the remaining original neck, one that happens to have all the tuner holes innit, came off innan overzealous clamping activity. So. More gluing and waiting iffi wanta string that one up. Getting very tired again. Visual movements at peripheral. Too bad I'm not driving. Again, don't drink coffee much anymore. Oh, and every time I lay prone I get catatonically depressed. At least I'm no longer smoking Pall Mall Black 100s. Cut two nuts too small for the Epi already. Impatience. Perhaps too large and blunt offa saw. See reason one. Need to stop. Chain smoke. Wash face. Clear mahogany creek beds from cheeks. I've missed you all this time. My fingers are quivering and focus is not present. See you soon, baby

13 12 2021 12:39

Me

I am smiling, albeit weakly. Naked, alone, in the dark, witha cigarette hanging. Right nostril bloody from the powdered scent of manliness. Oops. Cold water on washrag (handwashed), dust removal or relocation. I really wanna get laid. Any plans?

13 12 2021 12:52

Me

That wisp of hair over one eye is supersexy, non-librarian style

13 12 2021 12:54

Me

It sings, " I put a spell on you. Because you're miiiiinne. "

13 12 2021 12:55

Me

Really. Sometimes I do things. Orri useta

13 12 2021 13:00

Me

If you arrive soon there's black instant coffee and three variants of pot within easy reach. Anda tired, slightly hallucinating guy buried onba couch-like object

13 12 2021 13:02

Me

One of those things mentioned may prove entertaining forran afternoon at least. I promise

13 12 2021 13:03

Me

You're quiet to-day. Thought-full?

13 12 2021 13:04

Me

Sports ARE gay

13 12 2021 13:04

Me

Especially wrestling. Any and all wrestling. Even arm or thumb wrestling

13 12 2021 13:05

Me

Wrestling with daily chores is also included on this list.

13 12 2021 13:05

Me

Think I churn out another 100,000 word day by mid-night? Let's find out. I'm down, man

13 12 2021 13:06

Me

Feeling verby at the moment. You?

13 12 2021 13:07

Me

Maybe this will steer towards adjectivity

13 12 2021 13:08

Me

And I awaken to thoughts of you. Will I ever awaken to your voice?

13 12 2021 20:44

Me

Good morning. THC, nicotine, caffeine, sadness, and isolation. And I haven't left the couch

13 12 2021 20:45

Me

Issit cold, or izzit just me?

13 12 2021 20:45

Me

This is High Fidelity yo

13 12 2021 22:00

Me

I got long eyelashes

13 12 2021 22:01

Me

The mailbox belonging to Tommy Randle, henceforth known to all, forevermore, assa fucking pussy spineless coward[sic], is full of shit, like the waste of life himself. Funny, the failure finally succeeded in doing something impossible. He stuffed so much non-existent mail into a non-existent box that his absolute non-existence is threatened. Nob-existentially.

13 12 2021 22:07

Me

Nobexistentialism issa gay-ass movement located in the lower gastrointestinal tract offa certain bag of decomposing proteins masquerading assa roach. As William S. Burroughs explains many, many gay-ass times in over twenty gay-ass novels and stage plays. Which include aliens. Like me. The aliens are always omnipotent and omnipresent, like in real life. I write reality. What I even muse mentally about innan offhand manner twists time, space, vaginas, etc. in manners reflective of epic poems resounding through the ages of human civilization. Epically. Like, for reals. Please, do not change color when I am speaking to you. Do not make the mistake that I am the person speaking to you now. I am not. Capital N. Capital O. Capital T. Personally, that is to say, assa person, am rather enjoying sitting on my couch, a comfy one it is, as men tioned previously, and getting high on THC (three different varieties), nicotine, black coffee, my dick, with attached oversized testicles, and life itself, which I own, and offer you a chance to explore with me, having mind-blowing, Earth-quivering, imaginative, wonderful, worthy of poetry, sexual relations the entire time. Offer will never, make that never, ever, be recinded. In point of fact, this offer is booked permanently in service of the many, many dedicated die-hard fans who inhabit all areas and all walks of life. May I please have fifty cents? Walking, is cool. Even JFK walked. And he knew aliens anda hot chick. Do you know I have never been insane? That's what they told me right after the insurance ran out and I got all better at the private mental health zoo when I was twelve

13 12 2021 22:23

Me

What are you wearing? I'm naked, like I bet you are. Both of us, just think, imagine, if you will, I will, both of us naked, to-gether, a nude pair inna room, talking excitedly about all the ambitions, half-remembered dreams, fantasies, they have locked away from prying, pliant finger, in their collected brain matter. Mmmm. I'm hungry. Must be the awesome pot. So. There we are, the scent of our sweat and other constantly producing fluids, resounding resoundingly through our heightened senses, (we're on imaginary drugs), what was I talking about? Oh yeah. Shitgoddamnmotherbitch you're fucking hot. Even in these old pictures I screenshot from Facebook. And they're old pics. Fatherfuckcuntswabinfectedscrotum, like Tommy, I bet you're nun-raping even exponentially hotter right now. All naked. Yeah

13 12 2021 22:32

Me

I feel better now. Do you like feeling better. When I feel you, like Depeche Mode would say, and I will totally do so, so many times, better is exactly how you'll feel. This issa scientific fact. And it is useless to belabor facts that have already been proven. Capital N. Capital O. Capital T. That spells belabor.

13 12 2021 22:35

Me

Fucking issan important cornerstone of our relationship, I am most proud to say. Proudly. Fucking onna mission, we are. A fucking important one. All for both and both for One-ness. Fuck yeah! Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuckety fuck fuck. This is fucking beautiful, man.

13 12 2021 22:39

Me

You know what else is fucking beautiful? Your tits. You're breasts are fucking beautiful, perfect, amazing, mind-expanding and enriching. That's right. Your erect, goose-fleshed, beatifully sculpted, perfect nipples are fortified with far more than the recommended daily allowance of everything I need to survive

13 12 2021 22:43

Me

Just like, in turn, or pump, my penis issa main producer of all the healthy, life-giving nutrients your oh so deserving, wanting, body desires to live off of. Thissa scientific fact. And it is useless to belabor facts that have already been proven. Capital N. Capital O. Capital T. That spells you getting in your car and driving your oh so desired ass down here post haste. Man

13 12 2021 22:46

Me

See you soon, honeyed-One. Don't forget the ZipFizz, sex toys, and drugs.

13 12 2021 22:48

Me

Thank you, get down here, and come again. And again. And again. And again. Againly

13 12 2021 22:49

Me

This message has been approved and pre-approved by all of your body's orifices. Every single one of them.

13 12 2021 22:50

Me

All the time

13 12 2021 22:50

Me

All the time, every time. On time.

13 12 2021 22:50

Me

So. Hungry? I am. Starving. Starving for your immaculate attentions and affections. Please, hurry. The warehouse is overflowing with inventory and something has to move

13 12 2021 22:52

Me

Babydoll

13 12 2021 22:52

Me

Aftertaste is the best Helmet album

13 12 2021 23:31

Me

To Tommy:
You'll never go down fighting
You'll just go down
The Crisis King is smiling
In the crisis showdown
-Helmet

14 12 2021 00:13

Me

You and I are truly deities amongst sniveling, worthless, impotent, whining, pathetically lazy, stupid, vacuous roaches. Specifically, like Tommy and Pamela, who has the second ugliest, most repulsive pussy I've ever seen. And assa child of the twentieth century, I've seen millions. That's how disturbingly second-rate and disposable she is. She couldn't even top the ugliest pussy list. Never won at anything in her waste of existence. How typically boring. This fucking insect buys brown spray paint. Everything in your vision since you were born has been and is two-thirds brown. The soil, most of the water, the trees, ALL the peoples, most of the animals, fucking everything, is fucking brown. There just isn't enough brown on this planet for #2 shit sister Pamela Daby. Wouldn't want the overwhelming excitement of primary colors to liven up a self-perceived universe. Fucking moving, squawking offal.

14 12 2021 00:22

Me

How's your day?

14 12 2021 00:24

Me

C'mere baby. I'll rub those feet and legs and....

14 12 2021 00:24

Me

Are you for reals? Tell me more. Eyes dilating with interest, oxygen intake broadening, blood relocating. Yes? Yes. Yes! Your hands are animated, tracing shapes of syllables. I can see them over your shoulders now, having switched tooa comfortable position behind you on the Famed Couch eesidung in, on, and for the Obblonge Box Cabal, to facilitate the kneading of your steadily loosening tensions. A pause in sentence, possibly for dramatic effect, to sneak an exhalation and gentle moan into the idea explaining.

14 12 2021 00:29

Me

Leaning back, resting your newly awakened and oh so relaxed head on my sternum, my hands, deceptively callous free, cup gently underneath your areolae, moving circularly inward towards your loving heart and your life-giving systems. This time an uncontrolled musical gasp. Further pressed by gravity against my torso, fingers loosely knitted above your head and behind, around my Gemini tattoo.

14 12 2021 00:34

Me

Reaching across, I use your upper, firm thighs to pull your posterior region closer to my body. This brings your neck into contact with my mouth, as planned. A sound, soft, raising in pitch triumphantly emerges from your throat, moist and delirious. My mind's focus catches your satisfied smile. Tracing upward with my fingerprints, the skin of your throat and lower jaw, then your cheeks and face, forehead and scalp, around your ears, finding final (for now) respite on the backs of your own fingers

14 12 2021 00:40

Me

I feel your breath on my knees, both of them, now planed inwardly from your waist. Another upwards of pitch, starting fromma lower octave, this time exiting through closed month, pressed lips squirming in purest joy and rapture. Crossing my arms under your bosom, enjoying the rhythmic raisings of your respirations, clutching greedily, mine.

14 12 2021 00:44

Me

Brunette head lolls sideways, shifting a bit on my clavicle. Together leaning back on pillows yet to be drenched in us to-day

14 12 2021 00:46

Me

Gripping an edge of blanket with your painted toes, so adorable, pulling it over towards our heads. Coil's Black Antlers album is inundating the atmosphere. LED blacklights radiating reflectively from the tinfoil-lined ceiling. Sex with Sun Ra and wraiths and strays and dapples and grays, all the pretty little horses. Teenage lightning enmeshed aurically , electrochemically alive and aware of self and self aware, here together in spirit and heart and health, happiness emboldened by the nearness of the Other.

14 12 2021 00:53

Me

Sometimes
Sometimes
Sometimes
Sometimes
Sometimes I hurt myself
Sometimes I hate myself
Sometimes I hurt myself
Sometimes I just help myself
Sometimes I just hate myself
Sometimes
Sometimes
Sometimes I just help myself
Help me
Help You
Help Yourself
Help Us
Sometimes
Sometimes this is necessary

14 12 2021 00:56

Me

The present is now. Now is the time. Its only cold until you get here. To open your present early, and enjoy what is waiting for you, your living, committed soulmate, aching for your touch and time and meanings and understandingings and underthings

14 12 2021 01:00

Me

And not in any way afraid to help himself to all of your intimate offerings. All of them, in short time. All of them

14 12 2021 01:02

Me

Sometimes I control myself
Sometimes
Sometimes
Sometimes are not like Others
Sometimes we ...

14 12 2021 01:03

Me

notdoneyetthiswilllastforever

14 12 2021 01:04

Me

onlytobeginafreshandnewtomorrow

14 12 2021 01:04

Me

And ever after, Amen. Praise Be. Hail Eris. All hail Discordia

14 12 2021 01:05

Me

Joined physically, psychically. Locked in embrace against interlopers, intruders, unwelcomed. Our privacy is dissolved, fortifying the ramparts and protecting Ours, all we are and will ever be, unified in vision and visions

14 12 2021 01:08

Me

I can see the permanent markings already in place upon my left hand and wrist. Marks of claim, ownership, not sold or even bartered for, but negotiated patiently

14 12 2021 01:09

Me

Is the center of the ring glowing in the blacklight, so commonly emoloyed as our only wavelengths to see

14 12 2021 01:10

Me

All I am and have is yours. Your permanent deed to rights filed and catalogued in the Akashic Records, viewable to all, forever. Our leadership is our gift when we are gone. This is how to live, if you future generations forget. Asis so easy to do, here on Earth. You're welcome. Do not waste your lives, we have recorded eternally the secrets of joy, splendor achieved by the attentions given.

14 12 2021 01:14

Me

Let us begin. The reward you have earned is waiting for you, here nextdoor to your parents' old home. Claim your nourishment, and feast upon the robust achievements of your yearnings

14 12 2021 01:17

Me

You were right all along. And so was I. Our blood called out to each other, past all known and unknown boundaries. And is still insistent, unwilling to be denied. This is Our will, strengthened by your God and my Goddess, indestructibly.

14 12 2021 01:19

Me

All those that oppose shall lay broken and suffering in their shallow burning graves, tortured by their own actions and infinitely screaming their lying repenting soliliquies upon deaf motivations

14 12 2021 01:22

Me

Bind them with tires
And set them on fire
There is nothing that these vermin need to breathe

14 12 2021 01:22

Me

We are the living embodiment of Creation and Destruction. Material Godheads manipulating reality interdimensionally. Our easel accepts only subatomic particles as pigmentation

14 12 2021 01:25

Me

Our Art is immortal, as we are, as are our words. And our lovemaking, divine

14 12 2021 01:26

Me

Our control, scope, breadth, reach, influence - universal

14 12 2021 01:27

Me

For we are All That Exists, and has Ever Existed. We help ourselves.
And no one else. The crowns have slipped from heads unworthy, rolling on the cobbled streets, to be eaten by dogs. And the crows, they go for the eyes first, the windows to the souless

14 12 2021 01:29

Me

I crush another cigarette in another bone ashtray, and await your touch and warmth and tightened tendons weilding your weapons, fierce and dulled from use, ragged torn flesh caught in the serrations

14 12 2021 01:31

Me

And enemies we delete
And now we bring home the meat

14 12 2021 01:31

Me

So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]

14 12 2021 01:32

Me

Your nearness is felt and appreciated
You are always appreciated
You will never depreciate
Not here,
Not ever
Capital N
Capital O
Capital T

14 12 2021 01:33

Me

I love you, Patricia Ann Mackenzie

14 12 2021 01:34

Me

Come Home
Its the last time you'll ever have to relocate

14 12 2021 01:35

Me

Friendship unfathomed, precious, previous. Welcoming arms and ideas. Warmth and kindness untold. These are yours, as they always have been since childhood, right here

14 12 2021 01:36

Me

It is the hour. This is not a test. You have passed without effort and with, all tests. This is not a drill, orra hammer, for that matter. This is an embrace and an enhance and an enchantment

14 12 2021 01:38

Me

I put a spell on you
Because
You are fucking mine

14 12 2021 01:38

Me

Post Script:
You are the most beautiful woman
The global ideal and archtype
Perfection of form and engineering
I am an engineer
I am a prophet
The path before you now
Is the Way
to Salvation
And the beginning
of our Never-End

14 12 2021 01:42

Me

Righteous and from On High
Our Will Be Done

14 12 2021 01:43

Me

We shall eat our breakfast as Vlad Tepesh, the original inspiration for the Dracula story, did. Sitting amongst the dying screams of the impaled children and parents of our enemies. And laugh and sup, knowing that we are truly blessed by our Dieties, the Good People of the Earth. Prophet and Saint.

14 12 2021 01:52

Me

And no, Pamela, Tommy
Those red stains are not paint

14 12 2021 01:53

Me

The crimson inundating your meaningless wastes of lives
Is pain

14 12 2021 01:54

Me

We are at war
And Patty and I
Together or apart
Forever
Always reign victorious
No matter what the cost
Whatever it takes

14 12 2021 01:55

Me

Horror isn't a genre
Its a lifestyle
Fucking cowards
Poisoners of the Earth
An ineffectual scourge
Incapable of spoiling a single crop

14 12 2021 01:56

Me

Absolute failure
Like George W. Bush
And Rush Limbaugh
Forever recorded in defeat
Inna footnote
Annotating History

14 12 2021 01:58

Me

Not even a mote in God's eye

14 12 2021 01:58

Me

What kind of man sends his housekeeper to buy his felonious drugs? A fucking dickless, faggot coward
Like Tommy Randle and poor vanquished hero

14 12 2021 02:00

Me

What a horror scene guaranteed to make the hardiest stomach retch? Film Pauline Disheroon, or Devendorf, sixty-nining with Pamela Daby, or Roberts. And split-pea soup fills the galoshes

14 12 2021 02:02

Me

Disease, decay, fetid rotting flesh
Disuse, sloth, stupidity, waste
Gluttony, greed, poor examples of sin
Too lazy to try, too lazy to care
Too lazy to be bothered
To live a fulfilling, happy life

14 12 2021 02:05

Me

Too lazy to kill themselves quickly
Instead letting intentionally
corrupt diet and lack of exercise
kill them slowly and painfully
For the amusement of All

14 12 2021 02:06

Me

Uncouth. Unattractive. Undeserving

14 12 2021 02:07

Me

Undone
By the love we share
Patricia
Honesty is Our hallmark
Passion Our highway
Protected by Truth
And armed by Our
Ownership of all those lower, unevolved life-forms around Us

14 12 2021 02:09

Me

Reduce them as stock in the pot
And burn the resultant atrocity
Unholy are all those and any
Who would ever try to keep us apart

14 12 2021 02:11

Me

We Cast You Out
Vermin
We Cast You Out
Deceivers
We Cast You Out
Wretched
We Cast You Out
Poison
We Cast You Out
Corrupt
We Cast You Out
Selfish Children of Gomorrah
We Cast You Out
Scourge
We Cast You Our
In Our Name
Which will never be yours

14 12 2021 02:13

Me

Can I get a witness?
-Fugazi

14 12 2021 02:14

Me

I like to walk around and
I'm paid to stand around and
I like to walk around and
I'm paid to stand, stand around
-Fugazi

14 12 2021 02:15

Me

One is for fighting
And one is for fun
This is my rifle
And this is my gun
-US military

14 12 2021 02:17

Me

I am the son of offa preacher nan with a gun and a
paranoid schizophrenic agoraphobic
And I am The Chosen One
And she is The Chosen One
And We Are Supreme
The Pinnacle of Human Evolution
The Cutting Edge of Technology
The Apex of Achievement
For there is nothing worth more
In Heaven and Earth
Than Us, Our Union
In Love

14 12 2021 02:20

Me

Which none of you have ever had
Or ever will
Because of your willful ignorance, your frightened
pants-pissing jealousy
Your disgusting parasitoidism
Blobfish, parasites
Unecessary
And Extinct
The last of your dwindling kind

14 12 2021 02:22

Me

This is the Way your world ends
This is the way your world ends
This is the way your world ends
The way you lived it
With a fucking pathetic whimper

14 12 2021 02:23

Me

And the Lord God shall put them before you
And ye shall
DESTROY THEM

14 12 2021 02:24

Me

See you soon, baby

14 12 2021 02:25

Me

Bill the cat us purring, Brenda Starrr

14 12 2021 02:34

Me

I will always love and accept and adore you Patricia

14 12 2021 02:40

Me

Hi.

14 12 2021 06:16

Me

So. I'm not wearing any pants. Haven't been for awhile. I just live this way. Pantless. Its fun. I like fun. Why don't you come down here, heh, and live a fun, pantless life? There's plenty of room in my schedule for my soulmate. Always

14 12 2021 06:35

Me

And sex. Lots of sex. Always

14 12 2021 06:36

Me

Or did I mean all ways?

14 12 2021 06:36

Me

What a fucking loser piece of garbage Tommy Boy, the big, fat, dead joke is.

14 12 2021 06:37

Me

I bet he wants to fuck Pamela. And children

14 12 2021 06:38

Me

Same thing, really.

14 12 2021 06:38

Me

Except Pam has huge fugazi (fake) tits. It would be his ultimate fantasy. Fucking his mother with all the brins offa two year old

14 12 2021 06:39

Me

I bet fake gay-ass watches fake Red (communist, fascist) news and goes to church, never adding to the collection plate

14 12 2021 06:41

Me

Now! That's entertainment!

14 12 2021 06:41

Me

Looking back
On the tire tracks
Exeunt Sympatric
-Fugazi

14 12 2021 06:48

Me

Here is something you can't understand
How I could just kill a man
-Cypress Hill

14 12 2021 06:50

Me

I was just told by the police that the welfare check I just called in has contacted you and that you want me to stop speaking to you. I will not. Ever. Just as we spoke about. You must talk to me. It was what we agreed on. You asked me to marry you. I will be up there soon. Please. Talk to me.

14 12 2021 07:58

Me

You lose, Tommy. End of story

14 12 2021 08:03

Me

I am now more determined than ever to speak with Patricia. If you harm one hair on her head you will spend the rest of your life in prison

14 12 2021 08:12

Me

The law clearly states that in order for any actions against a person attempting to contact another to be made, that , in fact, Patricia herself would have to tell me that. And she hasn't. End of story. You lose, Tommy. As usual. You always were the inferior beta male

14 12 2021 08:20

Me

That was fun. See you soon

15 12 2021 14:27

Me

Where is Patricia?

15 12 2021 14:27

Me

You can't be told no, without a voice

15 12 2021 14:28

Me

Unless she personally, live, in two-way conversation with me, the caller.....oh wait. You obviously know that.

15 12 2021 14:29

Me

We're going to get married. For reals, maybe. Go before the parole board. Make an effort. Get matching wedding ring tattoos. They never come off that way

15 12 2021 14:30

Me

I love you Patricia.

15 12 2021 14:40

Me

And I always will. Until I am dead.

15 12 2021 14:40

Me

Where are you? Did he hurt you again?

15 12 2021 14:41

Me

Or are you hurting me, because he hurt you before?

15 12 2021 14:42

Me

I am not him.
I am not that man. I did not hurt you. Like he did. You have to give me a chance . Like I did you. I am not blaming you for your sisters' actions

15 12 2021 14:43

Me

I am not blaming you for anything any other woman has ever done.

15 12 2021 14:44

Me

I love you. And I long to hear your voice

15 12 2021 14:44

Me

I want to hear your opinions

15 12 2021 14:45

Me

I want you to start talking and never stop

15 12 2021 14:45

Me

Where is your voice?
Did someone rob it violently from you?

15 12 2021 14:46

Me

Or are you masturbating to the intense hurt you know you are causing me

15 12 2021 14:46

Me

We specifically discussed this.

15 12 2021 14:47

Me

Again. Where are you?

15 12 2021 14:47

Me

I am growing impatient. With no words and no reason for this other than a violent jealous boyfriend, it is time to come bring tou back home, baby

15 12 2021 14:49

Me

There will be cash money from my aunt in the mailbox any day now

15 12 2021 14:50

Me

Call me, Patty. If you can't, I have to assume the worst

15 12 2021 14:50

Me

Infinite happiness, perfect union, the bonding of soulmates

15 12 2021 14:51

Me

Someone who hears and wants to understand

15 12 2021 14:51

Me

Someone who is interested in your expressions

15 12 2021 14:52

Me

And who wants to have sex. Every day

15 12 2021 14:52

Me

Good sex. Great sex. Meaningful sex. Flippant sex. Amusing sex.

15 12 2021 14:53

Me

I can't wait to eat your pussy when you menstruating. I like the taste of your blood in my mouth, that and the aborted fetus. I'm an animal. There is no pride in this. Animals feel no pride.

15 12 2021 14:55

Me

When does your abdomen need relaxation the most? When its cramping, wouldn't an orgasm release the tensions?

15 12 2021 14:56

Me

You have to be here. You have to call me. I won't be here much longer. I told you. If we entered into this agreement....

15 12 2021 14:57

Me

Now that I have heard your soul, I desire to be alongside it, admiring. Anything less, since it has been offered, is unthinkable horror

15 12 2021 14:59

Me

And I cannot be happy or live that way. We discussed this at length

15 12 2021 15:00

Me

3o'clock

15 12 2021 15:00

Me

Tell me what is going on.
Or
If you're Tommy, prepare for prison

15 12 2021 15:01

Me

I've been writing this journal at request of Patricia Ann Mackenzie, forra bout two years now. Maybe longer.

15 12 2021 15:03

Me

Where is Patricia?

15 12 2021 15:04

Me

Fell asleep. Quiet and dark

15 12 2021 21:51

Me

There is nothing left to do but cry and stare into the darkness

15 12 2021 22:09

Me

I love you. I trust you. What we spoke about: beauty, love, God, trust, lusts, affection. Your voice is hypnotic, isn't it? You are marvelous perfection. Please, baby. I need you. I need you and I want you. As we agreed. Together, in our decisions. Honesty, paramount. Happiness, innate

15 12 2021 22:24

Me

We will see each other one way or another within a month. This is a certainty. The money to do whatever I decide is on its way. Your birthday is on the 5th. Christmas Eve, Christmas. Will you be here? Please. Call me. Just as we discussed, I will come looking for you. You are the most important thing to me. You are my destiny, my childhood fantasy, everything I've ever wanted. All those words recorded. We are truly blessed, you and I, to have ever met. The sheer odds against our chance brush are staggering

15 12 2021 22:29

Me

I close my eyes again on the fabled couch, and feel the warmth from your heart laying next to mine, even so far away

15 12 2021 22:31

Me

I imagine your breath on my nose and lips. Half-smile as you nuzzle into the pillow. I can't stop looking at you. You're so beautiful. I don't want to fall asleep. Then I'll miss the whole point of my existence: beholding the treasured memories created of you

15 12 2021 22:35

Me

Thank you for your honesty. Your passionate conversations were and are the absolute pinnacle of my life. Please. Come home, baby. I miss you. Without your voice in my ears, life is meaningless. I don't want to live anymore without you in my life

15 12 2021 22:37

Me

You told me to call you anytime of the day or night. In writing. On this text thread, saved many, many, times. You are officially my grief counselor. And I am grieving still, for my oh so distant and imperiled love. Where are you ? Your absence is causing so much excruciating agony. This is what we talked about. We predicted many things would come to pass. I know you recorded yours as well. Get here, baby. Escape. You can do it. Stand up for yourself and for us. If you need help, there is no shame in this. Call me, anytime day or night. I'll be there. I will always be there for you, until I am dead. Which may be soon, without you

15 12 2021 22:43

Me

Patty, please, what is going on? I need you. Talk to me

15 12 2021 22:58

Me

Why won't you talk to me?

15 12 2021 22:58

Me

She asked me to marry her. All my life, since I was a child, I have slept holding onto a pillow, to simulate someone sleeping next to me, someone who cared. To be asked by a woman to be married has been my fantasy before even puberty. Just to have one woman who even halfway cared. I can't unhear those words. The promise that she made that no matter what we would spend Christmas Eve together, and the rest of our lives. My head and heart are torn asunder. I am so fucking tired of being hurt, of hurting all the time

15 12 2021 23:35

Me

The website will be up soon. All of my phone's contents will be published, or maybe I'll just leave the manuscript. That would be easier.
The Gospel of Saint Patricia

15 12 2021 23:37

Me

She asked me to write her a story. So I did. With my blood, and my life

15 12 2021 23:38

Me

I have lived my life in the service of others, without expect of reward.
In Jesus' name, They prey

15 12 2021 23:41

Me

And all of those who lie are truly in the service of the Prince of Lies

15 12 2021 23:43

Me

She promised she would be here. We promised each other happiness. I have upheld my pledges, on time, with style, and perfectly. All requests filled. She has until Christmas Eve, possibly Christmas morning, to fulfill her promised truths. I trust her. I love her. But I have been hurting so long, I don't know if I can survive being alone in the dark in pain much longer. I will try.

15 12 2021 23:48

Me

" How long has this been goin' on? "

15 12 2021 23:49

Me

We are truly soulmates, Patty, perfect for each other. Take my hand. Feel the wave surge through your body, swerving the steering wheel. That is us. That is real. That is instantly available on tap, until we die. I promise. I've been practicing for you my entire existence. I will not ever give up or let you down. I love you more with every passing day

15 12 2021 23:52

Me

My fantasy was to be wanted. As was yours. I prostate and genuflect before my Goddess, you, Saint Patricia. Here is years of my life, with proof of every second of every day, a daily journal of my thoughts, millions of words, tens of millions of words, all for you and your perusal. This is what you asked me for. It is all here. All of the lonfing, the pain of your absence, the suffering at your Christian hands. That is why you wear a sword, issit not? I am not attacking you, dear, put down your weapon. Merely observing out loud. Never stop talking to yourself, out loud. And never stop talking to me. We are perfectly matched. See these words, woman. Know their truth. Know that I have done as you requested. Now. Its your turn. Your hand, please

16 12 2021 00:03

Me

You will see this one day, one day soon. I may be dead by then. But you know and understand that I did everything you asked, for you.
I lived my life in the service of others
This time I was selfish
You were promised as my reward, your attentions, at least
I cannot force you not to lie
And you are in turn forcing me to die
I did it all for you
You are loved
You are special, and always were
From the moment I saw you walking down the steps of the porch nextdoor going to your last day of work at Mama's Cafe, next to Maggie's.
You have always been the brightest star, dear
The One
Always remember that
You are cherished and valued
Your every gesture magic
I can see your invisible earrings
lapis lazuli blue peacock feathers
Gold lobe hooks, three circular indentations innan arc across the top under the clasp
You are sitting on the couch, looking, speaking animatedly to the right
Purest Art
And I am an Artist
We belong together
We belong to our selves and each other
And no one else
I want to take your hand in mine
And lock the doors
Come to me, my baby, my darling Patricia
Before its too late
In any case. The Gospel of Saint Patricia survives, for you
As promised
With all my love
And what is left of my broken heart
-Michael Patrick Mackenzie
Fiancé of Patricia Ann Dumas, soon to be Mackenzie

16 12 2021 00:23

Me

This is my courtship, milady.

16 12 2021 00:36

Me

Back to the headphones
Noisembryo

16 12 2021 00:42

Me

Good. Mourning.

16 12 2021 07:32

Me

This is exciting, isn't it?

16 12 2021 07:33

Me

Less than ten days til Christmas. Will you be here,or will I have to come get you? Either way. See you soon.

16 12 2021 07:34

Me

Muah!

16 12 2021 07:35

Me

Come on, baby. Its time to give this story a happy ending. We've been writing it for years now. At least 13 million words, ready to be published online for free and stored permanently in the internet archive, the Akashic Records. From this point forward, all peoples of every succeeding generation will be able to witness for themselves the dedication and majesty of us as we first came to our union. Thank you for your invitation. I love you always. I trust you and in you completely. You are a goddess, my goddess. And I worship you from afar no more, not after Christmas Eve. It is time. The plans we made are ripened to full bloom. My beautiful dream, let me love you the way you deserve. Come home, or call me. I'll be there, either way

16 12 2021 07:52

Me

I think I might just show up early. Its just a phone call if you didn't want me to. Everyone knows you're capable of using a telephone. Everyone

16 12 2021 14:41

Me

Looking forward to Christmas Eve. I hope I make it that long. This sadness without you is crushing me. I love you. That will be the last thought in my head when I die, no matter when that day is

16 12 2021 14:48

Me

I will always love you for who you are. Come down to Texas. Right now. Call me on the way. Lets make love like we planned. I miss your voice in my ears. I need your touch. Please, baby. There is no misunderstanding between us. That's laughable. Considering just how much time we spent speaking of language and its intricacies to specifically avoid misunderstanding each other. Six and a half hours on that subject alone. Tommy and Pam really are stupid, aren't they? To ever think they could outsmart us

16 12 2021 14:58

Me

Infinite happiness awaits. Come home, baby

16 12 2021 14:59

Me

Your presence is requested. Your present is me, and relaxation, and happiness. Smile for me and for yourself and for no reason at all

16 12 2021 15:01

Me

I'm getting hard thinking of you. I'll listen to your voice again, and use my imagination to sprout a new conversation. This usually lasts hours, and is beautiful

16 12 2021 15:02

Me

I love you, Patricia. Nothing will ever stop that. I'll be seeing you soon, no matter what. Please, follow the plans we made. Come home

16 12 2021 15:04

Me

So soon I am covered in tears again. My heart is torn asunder, hemorrhaging. I have nothing to do except wait for Christmas, as I was instructed. This is absolute torture. This woman is my soulmate, without a doubt. So many people are trying intensly to keep us from communicating. I trust her. But I do not trust those around her. This hurts even worse than having my family raped by CPS. I don't want to live with this much pain. I have reached my breaking point. I am tired of suffering from silence. I need to hear her voice. I am dying inside, necrosis is consuming my organs. Nothing is working to distract from the most important thing I've ever experienced. Nothing ever will. Exhaustion is inescapable and omnipresent. I need to hear the voice of my promised lover again. I can't take this anymore.

16 12 2021 20:28

Me

I have kept you in my daily thoughts all this time. I wrote to you nearly every single day, just as you asked. I am dying without you. Please, I need to hear your voice again. Please tell me everything you said is true. Please tell me you'll be here for Christmas

16 12 2021 20:37

Me

I need help. I can't take this pain anymore. I just can't. I want to die. Without her, I want to die. First Kallisti, now this. I can't take this anymore. I don't want to live anymore
I don't want to live anymore
I just can't do this anymore

16 12 2021 22:44

Me

Itsa wonderfull thing, isn't it? Having an ongoing Art project. Two dreamers, just like an MC Frontalot track. This is nothing on your God's brown Earth that can keep me from talking to you. We made sure of that. Us. Together. We are inseperable and unstoppable.

17 12 2021 02:48

Me

See you soon, baby. Oh. And oh so sorry (which translates to Fuck You in English) to inform Tommy Boy that I, personally, that is to say, assa person, will not be the one to show up there and get arrested. That's what money is for.

17 12 2021 02:50

Me

I will, however, move up there. And go walking through your neighborhood every single day. Etc. If I have to

17 12 2021 02:51

Me

Whatever it takes

17 12 2021 02:51

Me

Nothing can stop this. Except Patricia. Herself. In person. As per our agreement. As recorded. By both of us

17 12 2021 02:52

Me

This is/was foretold by Aunt Carol. Stay home, she told me. That's just what Patty said. And I always listen to what Patty has to say

17 12 2021 02:53

Me

We are destiny. We are Hope. We are simply amazing together. Our love springs eternal. And all those who oppose shall find themselves in their own personal hells. That is guaranteed

17 12 2021 02:57

Me

Good morning

17 12 2021 08:42

Me

Thinking of you. I love you, baby

17 12 2021 08:43

Me

Can't wait to see you again

17 12 2021 08:43

Me

I will never tire of saying this:
I love you, I miss you, I want you. And I need you

17 12 2021 21:33

Me

God is light
Light is good yeah
God is good
-moe.

17 12 2021 21:46

Me

Hey baby. Thinking of you. Drinking good beers: Shiner Bock, Shiner Seltzer, Guinness Extra Stout, and Guinness Coffee Stout. See you soon

19 12 2021 13:57

Me

So. You're really hot. Has someone told you that today?

19 12 2021 17:26

Me

There's totally a hot chick on the cover of Spray Foam Magazine this issue. That never happens

20 12 2021 22:12

Me

Have been staightening up the abandoned construction zone the past few days. Might even slap sommore paint on the exterior to-morrow. Maybe. Wouldn't want you to not recognize the place

20 12 2021 22:13

Me

Have two strung, working guitars now. An Epiphone acoustic and the Honduran mahogany bodied amalgamated remnants offan early eighties Chinese knockoff shredder electric. Am steadfastly refusing to connect myself to the grid. Its much more romantic on the couch that way. Half of this day has been sitting watching the fire and dreaming of you. Happy. I am so happy to-day. See you soon, Patricia. I love you

20 12 2021 22:20

Me

Oooh. New word. Barndominium

21 12 2021 00:42

Me

Post Script:
You're fucking hot.
I really
really
really
want to eat your pussy
(if you'll pardon the modern vernacular)
every single day
for the rest of our lives

21 12 2021 00:44

Me

Mmmm

21 12 2021 00:44

Me

You're not here yet, so I've taken the opportunity to practice, inna sense, and imagine vividly what the youngsters would call eating your pussy. By this point, and this is most definitely continuing until past daybreak, I have taken several trips down to your lovely asshole as well. Love bites on the inner thighs. Your tongue is talented, both in kissing and speech. I love you
I am overjoyed with anticipation

21 12 2021 03:01

Me

Huh. My phone's at sixty-nine percent

21 12 2021 03:02

Me

Ah. Two anda half hours of chopping atta cedar stump withan eight pound maul. Now burning away. Black Guinness Coffee Stout in the Barney's glass. Cigarette. Batteries charging away via del Sol. Someone left a small, horned deer skull here for some reason. So I gave it two coats of interior white and one (so far) of glow in the dark. Laying onna beanbag across from the entrance, thinking about eating your pussy. Its not that I don't have a great imagination. I'm just starving. For your pussy.

21 12 2021 10:38

Me

More swinging of the maul for breakfast. Handfull of vitamins and minerals with beer. Green phytonutrients. Yard is no longer overgrown. Smoke billowing from barrel. Removed items from living compartment, placed in storage end. New coats of flat white, and new guest artworks. More floor showing and emptied shelves, pegboard. An effort to make my idiosyncratic space less overwhelmingly distinctive and easier to imagine assa shared space. At least that is my goal. I am happy still. I trust you. I know in my heart you will be here Christmas Eve. I love you

22 12 2021 09:47

Me

You are truly my soulmate. I never want to have sex with another woman. What would be the point?

22 12 2021 10:01

Me

See you soon

22 12 2021 10:01

Me

Sirloin steak burgers, thick cut applewood bacon, mustard (yellow, little kid), swiss cheese, and Dos Equis on tap (mini keg). Cooked over an all wood fire. Wish you were here

22 12 2021 14:10

Me

Dishes done. Bacon consumed. Laundry, hand-washing, almost complete

22 12 2021 14:40

Me

Ah. Lost it and started sobbing in the bath. Body is sore from near non-stop movement for days. Loneliness, isolation, despair, heartbreak, all with the fatigue. There are people here, adding new art to the walls. I don't want them here. I never want to endure someone else's company ever again - only yours. There will be much tears again soon. Being without you has hurt so bad. I desperately want to hear your voice. I don't know why you haven't called. Please. What is going on? I love you. What happened? Will you be here Christmas Eve? My heart is broken. I am frightened and angry and hurt. I pray to your God that you are safe and healthy. I love you, Patricia. I believe everything you said. I was honest. I've never wanted anything so bad as to have my arms around you.

22 12 2021 17:17

Me

Good morning beautiful! May your breakfast be tasty! I was just thinking about licking between your legs. A lot. Until you pass out. Mmnm. See you soon

23 12 2021 07:51

Me

Huh. Thomas Randle hassa tiny penis

23 12 2021 07:52

Me

And he has no idea how to eat pussy. Sixty two fucking years old. No fucking clue. Fucking pathetic waste of life

23 12 2021 07:53

Me

Serj Tankian's Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition playing in my head. I'm feeling pretty chipper at the moment. Probably the next moment. Wait. There. Still feeling awesome. Hands are kinda numb. Muscles building. My arms are visibly larger than when you saw me last. Getting close to actual ab definition. Got to look good for you, dear. Vitamins and beer. Phytonutrients. You continue to inspire. And my, I've been masturbating allot. I keep you in my forethoughts. You're here with me every single moment of every single day. Good practice for when it happens. There is nothing I can imagine more alluring and amazing than being next to you for the rest of my life. Nothing else can ever inspire and motivate me more than the feeling of putting my arms around you and kissing your. ..

23 12 2021 08:10

Me

Your voice is purest ambrosia.
(50% sandalwood, 50% patchouli)
What are your thoughts?
That is what matters most this morning
And every morning
(Is she looking at me? I must be special)
The things we speak of
They are always with me
I have been blessed
By a Saint
Thank you, baby
I am home when inside of you
As you are inside of me right now
And always
There is no one else
You are perfection
And we will be together soon
Just as you promised
Happiness has returned
Borne on your gifted hands
My heart is healed
From your words' touch
Tender, and romantic
Beauty incarnate
The apex of womanhood
You, Patricia
I love you
Now and always, all ways
Til death return us to another cycle
We are eternal
Come home, baby
I am waiting for you here
For the moment

23 12 2021 08:21

Me

My life's entire purpose is to desire you

23 12 2021 08:24

Me

And I'm a hard worker. All day, every day. I am here.
Thinking of you. My home

23 12 2021 08:27

Me

We will be giggling under the covers
Very soon, my love
I am smiling
For you are in my heart
Permanently
Thank you
You've won
Claim your prize
It was yours, truly, all along

23 12 2021 08:29

Me

The best years are those to come
And coming is what you'll be doing
Daily
That is a guarantee
I know what I'm doing
As you well know
This time is ours
To share, as equals
Our entire lives
Are for these moments
Experienced One by One
To last more than a lifetime
I behold your body and mind
Improving with age
(I like 'em wrinkly)
Talk with me
Here under the covers
Your ideas and your God
(My arms around your waist
You, around me)
Hazel eyes reflecting
In the candlelight
We can never touch too much
Or whisper I love you
Too many times
The taste of you
Is always new
And refreshing and clear

23 12 2021 08:38

Me

The beanie cap you envisioned me wearing is not the 30 Days of Night one. It is from a show I saw, a band logo. Black, with red embroidery. Sevendust, on one side, and an alphanumerical logo on the other
I love you

23 12 2021 08:58

Me

You and I, we are Exponentials
We improve and build each other
Without effort
With pleasure

23 12 2021 08:59

Me

Its my pleasure
Tell me your stories
I will listen, and protect
Record and enjoy
Take my hands in yours
And kiss me
Again, again, dearest
I want a billion more

23 12 2021 09:01

Me

Like, dude. I totes just got carded, like, seriously, buying a pack of Lucky Strikes Menthol 100s at MurphyMart. She was seriously serious and would seriously not sell me cigarettes. I'm, like, all giddy n stuff. Like, butterflies are roosting in my abdomen.

23 12 2021 09:51

Me

Ah. Slaughter to Prevail on the car speakers, from YouTube. Something is very wrong the setup of the audio. And it still sounds awesome. Most of it issin Russian. Fucking awesome

23 12 2021 10:09

Me

I'm your fantasy. And I'm real.
Come home, Patricia.
I love you
And always will
I desire all of your attentions
And your affections
Come home this Christmas

23 12 2021 10:17

Me

You did an amazing job being who you wanted to be. You are the sexiest woman to have ever existed

23 12 2021 10:24

Me

You'll be 54 soon. That's sexy. Like a studio

23 12 2021 10:46

Me

I love the way you've paid attention to me over the years. Nothing in my life has ever been so flattering. Thank you

23 12 2021 10:52

Me

Wow. The speakers in the restaurant I'm at are actually playing the gayest song ever. I'm consuming uncommonly tasty food while inna South Park episode. Just. Wow

23 12 2021 10:56

Me

You're gonna read this one day

23 12 2021 10:58

Me

You asked me to write you a story. I'm at about 13 million words so far. You've given meaning again to my life. I want to spend it by your side. Thank you

23 12 2021 11:00

Me

One time I purchased Rust-o-leum Aircraft Remover. I was disappointed innits performance. It didn't make anything disappear.

23 12 2021 11:18

Me

New spark plug for old, left in rain generator. Price: free. Not really concerned, but it would be nice to make use of some speakers. Even when it was freezing outside the temperature inside was quite manageable. Not even done yet. Opening up as much space as possible, to facilitate a remodel. Your opinion on usefullness of space please.....

23 12 2021 11:32

Me

I'm still smiling. Are you?
(Psst. You will be. I promise)

23 12 2021 11:33

Me

Hi. This is what self-confidence looks like. And my self likes looking at your confident self. Allot. Up close and in personally. For reals.

You wanna come hang out, chick?

23 12 2021 11:36

Me

NOFX Punk in Drublic album on the car speakers. Been playing with the settings. Sounds much better now. Ah. Relief

23 12 2021 11:54

Me

What are you listening to?

23 12 2021 11:55

Me

Its romantic living without electricity. It says, " This is the start. This is ours. We build and create our own way from here. "

23 12 2021 12:11

Me

I have no intention of ever hooking up to the electric grid again. Between solar, wind, and a generator, probably running on propane, a completely self-sufficient system is not only doable, but able to be done by Oneself. Hooking up to the grid to sell them excess power, always at the lowest possible generation cost, isn't cost effective. Currently it is $75 a month just for the right to be connected to GVEC. I imagine that's comparable to any electric power generation company. And that's what it is here in America. Its difficult to envision somehow for me, but infrastructure such as this is privately owned. Which is fine. Because now we have the technology to easily generate our own, non-dirty, perfect sine wave, non-destructive to electrical equipment, electricy as individual homesteads. For sure. For extremely minimal investment. Without paying anyone for installation services. Less, far less, probably, than $10,000USD forra permanent (almost) system. This is something to explain on our big Art website, also drawing traffic in from a different base than entertainment industry related sites.

23 12 2021 12:29

Me

Onna similar tangent, a large, more than 50% at least, portion of our actual nutrient packed diet can be grown in, for instance, self-constructed geodesic domes , spray foam insulated of course. Easy to build, so I hear, easily temperature and humidity controlled, extremely low on maintenance or build cost, nearly industructible. Perfect forra (again DIY-ed) hydroponic, computer-controlled environment managed system. The ability to grow absolutely anything year round in each one. The best of any example: tomatoes, mushrooms, anything. Even usable assa cash crop. How much are truffles? Ginseng? Orchids?

23 12 2021 12:38

Me

I already havea large propane tank. A solar installer subcontractor about two miles away routinely throws away full size, damaged, and paid for by replacement solar panels. This means a tube of silicone clear caulk and some bulk crystalline individual cells, available on eBay, will make a comparable or superior panel for about one-tenrh of the retail cost.

23 12 2021 12:41

Me

I like long sentences, don't you?

23 12 2021 12:42

Me

Water is cheap, even though the newer management company isn't cool. It does not seem absurd to cough up $30 a month for water. It does seem absurd not to install at least, at very least, a DIY-ed three or more stage water filtration system for the whole home. Our dear water company has been cutting costs by cutting purification standards.

23 12 2021 12:45

Me

I have bee-n informed that my beekeeping skills are required for to-morrow morning, 6:30am. I am honored

23 12 2021 12:46

Me

These structures will still not impede the functioning of the septic system. Nor will they be in the way offa two story dedicated ground floor 14ft high ceilinged additional living/working space between the buried ladder lines. Also, since it would be designed from scratch, a nearly permanent, industructible structure. Also almost entirely soundproof. The trailer has already surpassed what I thought originally would be possible as far as sound attenuation goes

23 12 2021 12:51

Me

I want the only noise we live with to be our own. This is Ours, Our World. No one else's

23 12 2021 12:52

Me

I have all the materials assembled in one place to construct an addition, a covered, walled, outdoor patio area that will add another two locked, insulated, doors between us and the Rest of Them. At this point it will truly be appointment-only. Almost. A security system with multiple cameras, microphones, and speakers is also easily made - a drawer full of old cellphones and a private Wifi.

23 12 2021 12:56

Me

Also, a must, a high quality binaural outdoor microphone recording setup. To capture the sounds of the community. Trains, traffic, livestock, retarded bitch Pamela

23 12 2021 12:58

Me

I definitely have all the pieces of equipment necessary to build two recording, production workstations. Easily upgradable, future-proof.

23 12 2021 12:59

Me

The space is already setup assa quickly modifiable physical workstation as well. Plenty of tools, light, outlets, counterspace. Manufacturing of physical goods: jewelry (I am currently wearing none. I'm waiting for you to design/make them. I havea feeling you're better attit), clothing, anything.

23 12 2021 13:01

Me

Who doesn't want a shirt that says, " Fuck Your Mom, Love, Obblonge " onnit? I do. Also on website. No coozies available. Tacky

23 12 2021 13:03

Me

No visors either. Seriously

23 12 2021 13:03

Me

Screen printing supplies, professional: less than $1000USD. Sewing machine: um, no idea. Haven't got that far yet.

Would you like to help?
Does this sound like a sound (ack!) plan for us to follow?
Also, at least one pussy eating (includes asshole and at least one orgasm - guaranteed) a day
On-site staff of one self-taught in massage and highly motivated to touch you, all the time. To the point where relaxation and pleasure become annoying in their common, enforced, occurance

23 12 2021 13:08

Me

For reals, man

23 12 2021 13:09

Me

Total cost of all of the above:

You in attendance. That is absolutely all this will cost at all. Living is easy and beautiful, always, with you. You are what makes life worth living. Nothing else has value but your attention and affection

23 12 2021 13:11

Me

Fun Fact:

Patricia will read or hear these exact words read to her one day. And she will recognize that her opportunity for unlimited happiness and contentment has arrived, in the form of her secret crush, whose attention she so honestly and boldly commanded

23 12 2021 13:14

Me

She has won the Game of Life
And thanks to her, so have I
I love you Patricia
I always will
And it will only grow, enriched by your company
Which is so highly desired
Assit should be

23 12 2021 13:17

Me

Extra selling point:
According to legend, my previously measured penis is extremely recommended for fitting most pleasurably in your " odd-shaped " gynocoligist drawer #4 utensil-using vagina.

23 12 2021 13:20

Me

And my, do I have the constitution and mindset offa teenager still

23 12 2021 13:21

Me

Only getting stronger every day

23 12 2021 13:22

Me

This and more
Whatever you can imagine
Is yours and yours alone
No One else
You are the only woman I ever want to have sex with, ever again

23 12 2021 13:24

Me

You are a goddess to me
And are already worshipped
Even the thought of you
Gives me everything
Everything
Is worth anything
Because of what you've told me
You are brilliant And I admire you
Because offit

23 12 2021 13:28

Me

Your body is everything I could possibly ever want inna sexual partner. Not touching it every day creates an overwhelming sense of loss. Without you here, my willing, beautiful, inspiring, partner, I have no motivation to bother.

This is my love

It is all I offer

It is all I will ever have to offer

And I will scream this anywhere, anytime, all the time

23 12 2021 13:33

Me

Did I mention you're fucking hot and I really, really, really want to have sex with you? In case I didn't:

Patricia. Michael Patrick Mackenzie at 117 Eagle Dr, Cibolo, TX 78108 is even more than very interested in having sex with you. He's been practicing, he claims, and is willing to prove it. And keep improving on his skills, whatever they may be. As I recall we have an exciting list of activities discussed and planned. Well enough forra lifetime. Of course, this is because there is hardly anything left to physically do with a person that we haven't already discussed. I've been masturbating solidly based on those conversations alone. I couldn't possibly ask for anything more inna sexual partner. You are absolute perfection, in and out of the proverbial bed

23 12 2021 18:20

Me

You know, in all my imaginings, I've never once thought of you bent over facing the other way. Though I'm convinced that would be one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen as well. I love you. Would you mind terribly sitting on my face, dear?

23 12 2021 18:22

Me

I have foregone the beekeeping activities in favor of waiting for you, my love. I have painted WELCOME HOME PATRICIA on the doors. It is still morning on our set day of arrival. I am here, just as you asked.

I love you
I always will
There is no one else
And there never will be
See you soon

24 12 2021 09:59

Me

I am still smiling. For we are in love. And that's all that matters. These will be published free online very soon. The Gospel of Saint Patricia. Come home, baby

24 12 2021 10:36

Me

I am excited. All of this waiting is almost finally over. There is a sense of peace and unbounded prosperity here. Our plans have been successful, baby. You'll be here soon, no matter what. Just like you say, for all to hear. The Truth has set us free. Rejoice, my love.

24 12 2021 12:52

Me

Amazing, how Truth absolutely destroys liars, isn't it?

24 12 2021 12:54

Me

You are the most beautiful woman that has ever existed. It is my honor to worship you with my life. Thank you

24 12 2021 12:55

Me

Today I rest. My left hand is numb. Muscle building takes it tolls sometimes. Been massaging my forearm. The feeling is coming back. I am so happy right now. I love you. And I will never tire of saying that.

24 12 2021 12:57

Me

Because I have your words, and I trust you completely, as I never have any other human being, I am invincible, unstoppable, industructible. A god amoungst roaches, like Tommy and Pamela. We are free to do as we please, as we planned. And, just like we spoke of, to live out the rest of our lives in perfect sexual, mental, spiritual delight. I am here for you always, all ways.
Kiss me, daughter of God
Hold me to your breasts
Feel my strong arms around you
Once more
And then many times more

24 12 2021 13:03

Me

Tell me your story
And I will tell you mine
And laughter will fill
The Akashic Records

24 12 2021 13:04

Me

I love you

24 12 2021 21:38

Me

Merry Christmas, baby.
I love you
I can't wait to hold you in my arms
And never let you go
You are perfection
To hear your voice in my ears
Is divinity
Thank you, my love
We'll be together soon
Just as we planned

25 12 2021 12:29

Me

Ah. And Christmas dinner is delivered bya friend. Deviled eggs, macaroni and cheese, cheesed potatoes , ham, turkey, yams, green bean casserole, cinnamon rolls, stuffing, rolls. And more weed. Wish you were here

25 12 2021 14:25

Me

Mmmm. Northern Lights. Where you at?
Have I mentioned I really want to eat your pussy?
Like, right now
Mmmm

25 12 2021 14:38

Me

Still thinking about licking between your legs. Beauty incarnate

25 12 2021 14:49

Me

Half of food consumed. I'm going back to sleep. See you soon, baby

25 12 2021 14:49

Me

Ah. Add methamphetamine. Maybe I will get up and do something.
Now I really, really, really want to eat your pussy.
Really

25 12 2021 15:17

Me

Will you be here soon?
You can tell me
I'm your best friend

25 12 2021 15:18

Me

Poem #8

I'm stoned, are you?
That's quite an old term
I've heard older people use it assa catch-all phrase for
any other than baseline state
I'm stoned
On memories of you
Physical and mental and spiritual and oh so talkative
Wonderful, other-worldly
My life has meaning again now
In result of all your efforts
You did an astounding thing
Making sure you had my attention
Its permanent, dear
I will never see another woman again as long as I live
Just a vaguely humanoid shape, female, possibly
moving, don't bump into it
I love you
Everything that comprises you
You are fascinating, and impressive, and talented, and
well-read, and intelligent, and rational (it is entirely
possible to make an irrational choice rationally),
And everything I could ever want inna mate
We are perfect for each Other's company
Let us consumate this bond
This promise
This Lifetime of pleasure and understanding
I love you
See you soon

25 12 2021 15:34

Me

Merry Christmas, baby

25 12 2021 15:35

Me

Reprints:

25 12 2021 15:37

Me

Butterfly kissles on your inner thighs
What was that, dear?
it was muff-led
but the syllables were lilting
individually and assa group
Tension, tension, and release and relaxing
Fingernails scratching
our tongues touching
Playful, back and forth and side to side
Hold me close, my lover
Take two handfulls and pull me into
Ecstasy erotic
Butterfly kisses flustering on your perfect breasts
taste of salt on the neck
breathing
(tense then gasp then loosely machine-gunning)
The soles of your feet gliding in pair up my calves
toes
(2, 4, 6, 8, 10)
This is my favorite as well
I love you Patricia

25 12 2021 15:37

Me

Maroon leather couch
Big enough for two
Giggling, both towards the backrest
Our right hands' fingers casually intertwinned
You're shorter than me
but not much - it makes no difference on our left sides
Blanketbedspread (mmmm spread) ruffles covering
Skin on skin necks to heels
a left arm's greedy hand doesn't want to sleep
It wants to dream
It wants to touch
Admired much perfection
(that's what its called)
More giggling
Lithe posterior sachaying
Left and right fore and aft
Is up and down in this perspective
Left hand isn't the only thing that's greedy
And doesn't want to go to bed

25 12 2021 15:38

Me

Why, hello
You're certainly no stranger
Fancy meeting you here
My fingers kneading the knots out of your calves
Yours on the back of my
Downward your hazelled gaze, but equal, of course
Locks tickle tease caress my face
Exhaling on my lips
Barely moving oftentimes
I am glad I am sitting down
because I have forgotten what I was supposed to do
forgotten everything and everyone but you
The entirety of world and womb is us
Barely moving oftentimes
But just as oftentimes
Shaking the Earth

25 12 2021 15:39

Me

We keep shifting our limbs, our heads, our entirites
Here under the blankets
On the couch
A narrow space that our two prone bodies take up completely
Did I say prone?
That would mean no movement
We are most certainly moving
All through the night
A psychedelic dance of not-remembered partners' movements
Two minds in rest responding to the Other's
We never remember all the steps we took to wind up this way
In the "morning"
We are somewhat sweaty
Everytime
I like, I long
For the slickness that you can produce so effortlessly
To my senses everything you do is effortless
Perhaps I am jealous after all
Perhaps that strange feeling is what awe and wonder of One's partner feels like
Your head nestles itself between my shoulder and my jaw
You are cooing
Dove-like
With the exhales of the next four breaths
Softer every time
Your right leg is over my left thigh and curled around
My heart has gotten accustomed to pumping more blood to my right arm
There is warmth between us and around us
And the smell of us, our pairing
This is my last thought as I drift away
Ah! Not quite
It is that I love you,
And that I want to be there when you wake

25 12 2021 15:39

Me

I love it when you fall asleep for justa few mins maybe ten
with me still inside you slightly underneath, hip over hip
this time your arms and hands curled up adorably underneath your chin, head turned, slightly
Sometimes they just slowly slide down to your sides, legs, thighs
I'm still very much erect
I seriously wasn't sure everything still worked properly
Your vagina is pulsating with your heart rate, slower bit by bit now, matching your breathing, snare and hat
Everytime I think that this, this time, is you at your most beautiful. Every time
Closing my eyes forra moment my visual return is rewarded even further:
You're awake, and smiling
Broader still, closing the distance between our faces, our lips and tongues twist, tangle
You've reached down and retreated temporarily, enough to free my penis and replace your warmth with the warmth of your hand
Your other hand is now around the back of my neck/head
<don't stop>
sliding farther down on your back, thighs/legs farther apart/then closer/ah! there right there
Your hand is no longer on the back of my head but palm out against my lower abdomen
your lips whisper something against mine, but I'm not sure iffits words - what are words?
Your other hand is underneath and behind me, pulling slighly, matching well the push (slightly) of the other
What did she say?
I think you are moving more than I am, but think-
Oh.
Wow.
That.
Ah
Your mouth opens breathlessly against mine, upper lip brushing my nose
My arms tighten around your torso you've moved your hand back forward, around my base
My lips go to your vampire neck
Haven't bitten you yet(?)
This is-
Minute(s)? Halfway in

25 12 2021 15:40

Me

You've been doing that intently for hours
I'm not sure what the actions add up to
Nor the sounds they might make if One was to hear them
Yes, I'm in the same room
Same spot, the recliner
Rocking, pushing with my foot, curled sideways
Nary a glance over my way - you're busy
I have no idea what you're doing
At all
Haven't asked
Its not that I'm not interested
Just far too busy watching your movements
Maybe you'll tell me later...

25 12 2021 15:41

Me

I am so happy right now
(I might be a little drunk - its been awhile)
Managed to stop the worry
The fear of the unknown
And replace it with
Confidence in you and your plan
This is much better, smiling again
These tears to-night will be those of release, of orgasm, of purest joy
This is romantic, we are romantic
Excitement
Anticipation
Almost here
Something inside me might burst anyway
But you'll fix it with your kiss

25 12 2021 15:41

Me

Why couldn't Jesus eat M&M's ?

Because they would fall through the holes in his hands

25 12 2021 15:57

Me

Brother Andrew notes:
That man really did suffer

25 12 2021 15:58

Me

To which I replied:
....from his terrible fashion sense. Wore his Birkenstocks to work

25 12 2021 15:58

Me

To wit:
At least he wasn't wearing socks

25 12 2021 15:59

Me

Wish you were here

25 12 2021 16:00

Me

Your story, written in real time on your text messaging thread, is set for free, public, worldwide, translatable in one's browser, 24/7, internet accessable publication very soon. Your particular thread is over 13 million words long. Plus bonus material : lots. There are those who have tried to keep us apart. They will inevitably fail. This will be an announcement of our love quite literally to the world. The Gospel Of Saint Patricia.

25 12 2021 16:05

Me

Where are you? As promised, I stayed home. If I don't hear directly from you, as we discussed, then I will have to bring my tantrum to wherever its necessary. Call me, baby. Talk to me. I am growing more and more concerned for your safety. I love you. I trust you and in you. I believe the words you say. You are my best friend, my confidant. I am missing your voice terribly. Please. Where are you?

25 12 2021 16:08

Me

I'm eating the last devilled egg because you're late. I'll make more, if you like

25 12 2021 16:10

Me

Chopping more cedar for the fire. Hand washing laundry. Thinking of you. And, of course, your woefully uneaten pussy

25 12 2021 18:54

Me

Slightly less than four hours. Are you gonna make it?

25 12 2021 20:14

Me

Thinking of you consumes all my thoughts. Just like I always dreamed it would. I can't thank you enough, Patricia. We will be together soon, baby. Talk to me. What do you need me to do?

25 12 2021 20:17

Me

Showered, shaved. Sitting by the fire smoking the rest offa joint someone left earlier. I still think you're going to show up soon. Real soon. I trust you.
I love you
I will never say that enough

25 12 2021 22:08

Me

Why, yes I am sexually excited, all by myself in my backyard, thinking of you. Of course I am.

25 12 2021 22:10

Me

So how was Christmas?

25 12 2021 22:11

Me

Did I mention I'm a genius artist?

25 12 2021 22:12

Me

What are you working on?

25 12 2021 22:14

Me

Are you here yet?

25 12 2021 22:14

Me

Like, For Reals, Man

25 12 2021 22:14

Me

There is laughter down the street. I like to hear happiness in the community when outside

25 12 2021 22:16

Me

I just had the thought that I'll never be a better lover than with you

26 12 2021 02:40

Me

I find that comforting

26 12 2021 02:40

Me

I miss you and you're officially late now. I do not find that comforting

26 12 2021 02:41

Me

I trust you. I love you

26 12 2021 06:19

Me

See you soon, love

26 12 2021 11:15

Me

Poem #9

What I asked you permission for:
To allow my home
To be inside of you
Literally
And you granted said permission
I am lost without you
It is time, baby
I need you
Now
Please

26 12 2021 18:45

Me

Poem #10

We told each other things that we will never tell anyone else
That we may have just found out about ourselves
Entrusted to only One Other
Love, the absence of privacy
I'm longing for your voice
Face nose to nose eyelashes tangled
<can't stop smiling>
Can't focus this close
Can't focus, this close
You insisted we own each Other, posessively
I replied blushing
If that is what you wish, I am here to facilitate your dreams
I am certainly here to facilitate orgasms and purest ecstatic joy from your body, mind, spirt
Join me, join with me, repeatedly, over and over and over, and over
Still on the couch
Waiting for my close, close partner
To sleep with
And wake with
And make love to
Daily
This is my love
This is my love for you
And you alone
Those sexy things of talk
Those are Ours
Immediately
Right Now
This is no longer Our separate fantasies
This is Our Unified Reality
That We Create As We Wish
Mold As We See Fit
Ironically
Our version of Paradise
Is just each Other
Just as We Are
Hungry for the Other's mind and flesh
Endlessly
I love you Patricia

26 12 2021 19:22

Me

You know, it occurs to me that we know some of the world's lamest people. We could just sell Our Story and live off the royalties. What do you think? Your story is just as interesting as mine, isnt it? Let's collaborate, dearest...

26 12 2021 20:02

Me

I love you

27 12 2021 03:30

Me

Hi. How ya doing?

27 12 2021 11:33

Me

We live on front porches and swing life away
We get by just fine here on minimum wage
If love is a labor I'll slave to the end
I won't cross these streets until you hold my hand
-Rise Against

27 12 2021 16:33

Me

I love you

27 12 2021 19:07

Me

Miss you baby. See you soon

29 12 2021 00:52

Me

Did you enjoy the poetry?

29 12 2021 00:53

Me

I did.

29 12 2021 00:53

Me

29 12 2021 00:53

Me

You can only get sexier from now on. I can't wait to taste your skin

29 12 2021 11:26

Me

Good morning, beautiful. How's your day?

29 12 2021 13:24

Me

I love you. You're so beautiful. I can't wait to have you in my arms.

29 12 2021 20:37

Me

I love you. See you soon, baby

30 12 2021 10:02

Me

Reading Ramsey Campbell. I can't wait to read stories to each other. Tell me yours, and I'll tell you mine, dearest friend

30 12 2021 23:18

Me

Love issin the air. Humid, moist, cool and enticing to the touch

30 12 2021 23:18

Me

Pamela, Pauline, and Tommy truly are hideous monsters, aren't they?

30 12 2021 23:19

Me

I know karate, voodoo too. I'm gonna make myself available to you. I don't need no makeup, I've got real scars. I've got hair on my chest. I look good without a shirt.
-Tom Waits
Goin' out west

31 12 2021 13:33

Me

And the good people of the Earth are rewarded with fresh homemade tamales and Big Red and cigarettes for their efforts to ring in the New Year. Perhaps I'll see Patty before her birthday, after all

31 12 2021 16:35

Me

Happy New Year. Tax checks in the mail. Have decided to pay an electric bill or two. I have horror movies to catch up on. The goats three houses down agree

31 12 2021 16:38

Me

Ah. Far-off Arkham's gambrel roofs
All the knowledge a writer must possess
Come with me, baby
Let us come together
Like the Beatles would say

31 12 2021 17:07

Me

Goats are sexy, aren't they?
Its the eyes

31 12 2021 17:11

Me

Sheep go to heaven
Goats go to hell
Alright
-Cake

31 12 2021 17:12

Me

I love you. Thank you for bringing meaning back to my life. See you soon, dearest

31 12 2021 17:30

Me

No electricity. Big chill wind. Very warm in here. I'm naked. Where you at?

01 01 2022 23:50

Me

I love you Patty. I wish you were here

02 01 2022 00:20

Me

Lovin'
Is what I got
-Sublime

03 01 2022 10:11

Me

Happy Birthday Baby

05 01 2022 01:32

Me

Its 2:34am. Your 54th birthday. No one, including Aunt Carol, can get in touch with you. I am not holding my breath that you'll walk in the door, though its all I desire. Alone. Spent the day raking leaves and pulling weeds in the yard; burning them. Smoked my last cigarette. Ate a PB&J sandwich. Havea blister on my left thumb from fanning the fire. Am sickened with worry infected with distrust and hatred of nearly everyone. You are actually my dream come true. My ever after. And I'm not even sure if you're alive. I've stayed home, like both you and Carol asked. Since you've last seen me last I've dropped thirty pounds of fat and gained ten pounds of muscle mass. Been actively training my right hand tooa higher degree of ambidexterity. Today, with a clawhammer. After today I am released from my promise to Stay Home. It can be assumed that you are in danger. I have no reservations at all about sacrificing my own life for even the slightest chance that the rest of yours can be spent without the oppression of Tommy. My affairs are in order, as it is called. My will is written and published - everything goes to my young friend Jeremiah Charles Fletcher, 23. A sturdy place to stay, free of rent. Something that will help. Checking the mail daily for two tax checks. The stimulus payments are due as well. The IRS claims that " there is something wrong with the first payment ". The only payment Priscilla made in 7 1/2 years was an even $1200. Exactly half of the first stimulus. Assif joint custody of Kallisti had been filed. By Prissy, and I presume Pamela. I do not know if she issin custody for child support yet. I informed them exactly where on the property she lives, a piece of information they didn't previously have. She also owes Universal City $1710.80, at least that's what the third warrant notice sent here said. Pamela tried to accuse me of stealing a $7000 " framed art " package delivered by FedEx, only to have neighbor Lisa's cameras prove I was mowing my lawn when it was dropped off. I was not delivered an apology. She never walks outside anymore. I am fully within my rights to stand on my property and scream all I want. And my voice can be heard clearly through the entire community. I have only begun to air this family's dirty laundry. When I knocked her steel security door off the frame that attached it to the house with my fist, no one called the cops. Lisa across the street was even standing, mouth agape, in her front yard while I did it. She also heard every word I was levelling at Pam, including my plea to your God to protect me from evil, which resulted in Pam choking on her own tongue, sputtering out the sentence, " I don't have any money ". I will procure my driver's license and a car as soon as the money hits. There is no reason for me to stay here, in any sense. I will never love another. Either you are in danger or you have lied. In either case, I can never move past this point. There is nothing else for me here, as we discussed. I trust you. I love you. And I will until I hear different from your lips and your lips only. Am trying desperately to hold on to any emotions whatsoever. Rapidly becoming numb inside; a hollow shell that needs to be filled with something else besides vacuum. This is what They feel: purest selfishness, hands grasping at everything only to destroy and

discard it. I am not one of Them, and this behavior will neither be sustained nor tolerated in my Self. What we promised each other is everything I have ever wanted since I was five years old. I will never forsake you, no matter the cost. There is no other point to living. I have prayed to your God that you are safe and healthy. My Goddess has been acknowledged appropriately. I made the choice to trust you completely, at your urging, as I have never done with any human being before. Don't place faith in human beings, human beings aren't reliable things. This can never be undone. As you are aware, I am monogamous to a fault, and always devoted to my mate. I desire nothing more than your company; to hold your hand in awe and wonder at your intelligence and beauty.

05 01 2022 10:52

Me

Laying under the covers on the couch, listening to trains and traffic and the storylines of the next twenty adjacent parallel universes. I love you, Patricia, and I always will.

Happy birthday. You are ten anda half years minus ten days older than me. And forever gorgeous to me because offit. Thank you, for every glace and gaze in my direction, for every sentence levelled at my eardrums, for all of your honesty. Most people never get the privilege of meeting their soulmate. I appreciate this, and you, until I can no longer appreciate anything

05 01 2022 10:53

Me

May I recommend
Pass It Along
By Chumbawamba
Assan inspiration for the day?

05 01 2022 12:53

Me

In less than one hour my promise to
Stay Home
Is void

05 01 2022 23:07

Me

Its a new era
Lets begin

06 01 2022 11:06

Me

I love baby
See you soon

06 01 2022 11:07

Me

We are truly gods amoungst roaches,
You and I
The pedestal I have you on
Is just as lofty as mine
We are equals
And equally superior to those around us

06 01 2022 11:08

Me

I love you
And I will always love you
I can't wait to hear your voice again
And all the stories you have been saving up
This will be the best eras of our lives
I promise

06 01 2022 11:10

Me

I'm so glad we made that stipulation about only a full committee of two ratifying a vote. There is no way whatsoever that you, (Patty), would ever think that I would take someone else's words as yours. That's just ridiculous. A 54 year old beautiful, intelligent woman would just pick up the phone at the first sign of miscommunication. After so many 14 1/2 hour phone calls anyone who doesn't think you know how to use a phone is obviously insulting you.

07 01 2022 11:50

Me

You still haven't told me no
And Tommy is still a pussy
Who is too chickenshit to pick up the receiver and say words
See you soon baby
If you don't want to see me
You have to call
Otherwise, the signal is you're in danger from your bullying, dominator, tiny penised boyfriend

07 01 2022 11:52

Me

Make no mistake, baby
You were correct all along
I am your hero

07 01 2022 11:53

Me

Smile, Patricia. You are loved and appreciated for who you are

07 01 2022 18:47

Me

See you soon. Sooner than later

11 01 2022 06:35

Me

There is a large calm overtaking me. One of two things will happen when we meet next. Both are life changing events. There is peace in this. I love you, baby. I will until I die. I promise

11 01 2022 06:37

Me

Upon waking I am filled with the love you imbued me with. Life has meaning and purpose with you, your words, your ideas, in my heart. Thank you. I love you. It grows stronger every minute.

12 01 2022 16:43

Me

And the only one who could ever please you
Was the son offa preacher man

13 01 2022 18:59

Me

The wolf moon is full over the treeline. Still waiting for the check. I'll be there soon, my love. I am calm. I can't wait to hear your voice again. I love you, Patricia

17 01 2022 23:29

Me

$45,125. That is the amount Priscilla owes me in child support, before the interest fees, compounded monthly, are added. That number also does not reflect adjustments for inflation over 7 1/2 years, but does include the deduction for a single $1200 payment from an intercepted check.

18 01 2022 02:37

Me

Sitting and smiling, alone, thinking of you. What are you doing? I'd love to hear about it

20 01 2022 17:44

Me

Quiet in the candlelight. Your words and memories foremost in my thoughts, as I love to keep them. My attentions always did follow your narrative.
-I remember-
...close your eyes, please. Try not to be upset. Let me explain. Give meea chance. Hold your hands together, palms upward, in front of your abdomen. Imagine, feel my fingers around yours, firmly but gently, caressing. Know that I will never hurt you. Things we say are sometimes only noises. If you don't believe me pretend I just said those things in Chinese.
-wait, do you speak Chinese? just making sure -
I am not attacking you because I have a different opinion than you. That was nottan attack, just silly noises. There, see? Its okay. We can be neighbors, friends, lovers even, and not think the same thoughts. It makes us stronger assa mated pair - different perspectives. I love you, Patricia. And I will never hurt you, I promise.

21 01 2022 13:19

Me

Thinking of you. See you soon, baby. I love you. I always will. You are truly my soulmate

22 01 2022 11:40

Me

Thomas Wayne Randle is, by his own definition, human garbage. Of that, there can be no doubt. A sixty-two year old child, selfishly spreading pain and suffering with his every breath. A waste of life and time. The epitome of ugliness. Disgusting and disgraceful. Like so many others I have met. Patricia Ann Roberts is my soulmate. She underlined this repeatedly over our long, intense conversations. Over the course of our lives. We still remember the first time we saw each other. Thirty-five years ago. I still have the jacket she marked down to $11 for me at Sak's Fifth Avenue. Before I ever became involved with her sister Priscilla. She wrote her phone number down on the receipt. Even back then it was apparent how attracted we were to each other. I didn't know. It was left on the counter. Later on that same day we were at the same ahow at Sunken Gardens Theater. She was there to see the Psychedelic Furs. I was there to see the headliner, Devo. Love that band. There wassa nearly full page photograph printed inna review of the show in the San Antonio Current, showing my arm on the stage and her face turning and leaving the show. I had just called attention to myself demanding an up front vantage point from a cop. Her first husband to be was taking advantage of my loud mouth. She spent the next three hours pissed off in the car outside the venue. The next time we saw each other was - her grandmother's house? Was that it, dearest? Grabbed two beers from the refrigerator in the garage. Finished one on the way to the kitchen. Went to throw it away in the trash can underneath the sink, only to find it full. Changed the bag, and took it outside. Then, returning, grabbed the crosswords saved for me on top of the microwave and sat down with Grandmother, talking. Hey, I know you. You look familiar. You sold me this jacket. .

That holiday at Pam's. I laid my warm, wet hand on her pelvic bone on entrance. It was the first time I heard her marvelous " ooooh ". So sexy. We had both been listening to NPR on the way there. And again, I heard her then when no one else does. Ah! The center of attention we were folding clothes together. You taught me how the stores do it. Or maybe its your personal preference. Its the way I do it still today. The hello embrace at grandma's a year or some later. Where everyone else left the room, and we were so..receptive..to each other. Wassit that night you filmed Prissy and I? You said you paid her three hundred dollars for that. Nobody told me. I am happy to be told I was not disappointing. Likewise, when we drove up to see you in Austin, nobody told me there wassa planned " wife-swap " going on. Had I known that, we'd still be together and happy now. I guarantee that. We have missed each other all this time. Thank you for making me aware of all the missing details, baby. I will never forget what we promised and planned. I love you, and that is permanent. We are truly meant for each other. I am so lucky, so fortunate. My soulmate is the most beautiful woman to have ever existed

22 01 2022 11:42

Me

Shit feeds life, breaks down to nutrients. Shit has value. You do not, Tommy

22 01 2022 11:46

Me

Kill yourself Thomas. Do it now. End the pain you are causing

22 01 2022 11:48

Me

You are playing into my hands Tommy Boy. You always have

22 01 2022 11:50

Me

A big fat dead joke

22 01 2022 11:51

Me

What's not fair?

22 01 2022 11:51

Me

When you put the barrel in your mouth Point it down

22 01 2022 11:52

Me

Can you see me laughing?

22 01 2022 11:53

Me

Just like George W. Bush. Forever synonymous with failure - Thomas Wayne Randle

22 01 2022 11:55

Me

Thinking of you, as usual. I love you. Thank you for...See you soon

24 01 2022 13:32

Me

And the only one who could ever please you Was the son offa preacher man

Huh. Tommy hassa tiny penis. Not even as big as his fist.

25 01 2022 04:14

Me

You are so breathtakingly beautiful. I can't wait to hold your hands in mine as we kiss for the first time

25 01 2022 05:55

Me

I love you. I can never think or say that enough. You are the apex of womanhood. Truly perfect. I trust you. We are gods amoungst roaches, you and I. Exalted and equal. Exponentially complimentary. My home is, with your permission, within you. And created as my counterpart. Thank you, Patty. Every drop of poison and pain I have swallowed was and is worth it; for I have heard your voice, which is priceless innits value and meaning

26 01 2022 06:02

Me

You know, I just had the thought that my semen, jism, cum, whatever has to taste better than Kombucha

28 01 2022 02:24

Me

Just woke up. My first thought: I love you, Patty

30 01 2022 14:57

Me

Fugazi. A french word. Meaning "fake"

30 01 2022 15:20

Me

Everything eventually turns into hydrogen

31 01 2022 02:23

Me

Well alright. Whilst weeding the yard and other such activities I tore Kallisti's Student of the Month sign out of the ground and immediately threw it in the trash can. Burned about a thousand pages of official documents relating to my former life. Took methodical care to crumple up each 8 1/2 by 11 before feeding to the hungry hot barrel monster in the backyard. Voracious heated beast. Everything must go, still notta cliché.

I was mistaken. I gotitt backwards. Looking in the mirror I realize that when we are staring into each Other's eyes, the Orbs' proportional matches are directly across from each Other. The preceeding sentence took meea more than usual allotment of time credits to construct.
Hi.
My, you're pretty
You wanna come hang out with me?
We could, um, talk
oh! and have sex
(I think it'd be radd)
So. Yeah. Give meea call, man
Seriously. Which would you rather be holding in both hands - a thin, cold, golf club, or me, which is none of those things?

Attending the Lunar New Year celebration at the Fuck You Buddhist Temple tomorrow. Will bring the Surface anda condenser mic, interface, etc. Much better recording than last year. Or maybe I won't bother. Feeling hurt. I'll see you soon, baby. I love you. And I always will

01 02 2022 17:03

Me

Back from the Lunar New Year celebration at the Fuck You Temple. Teacher did not disappoint this year either. I clearly heard him say " fuck you ahsshole " during the sutra after the dragon dance. The Abbott, which is not the correct term for the position if you ask me, then went into an English sutra, which I copied the BPM of in FL Studio Mobile and renamed Suture of Happiness. All the vegetarian food afterwards was most excellent. During the fifth sutra I was zoning out to the Really Big Drum and the Really Big Bell and started deeply thinking of kissing you in my arms. After about four or five mins of this I realized I was quite innapropriately, um, not suitable for immediate walking and found myself shifting my lotus positions several times, which I must report totally did not help the situation. I made it a point to add the recurring event to my Discordian calendar: Fuck You New Year. Lots of big bang smoke fireworks finale.
No check in my mailbox today. Soon, baby. I love you

01 02 2022 17:03

Me

I need to speak with Patty. There is nothing else that matters. I will not live with these lies. There can be no progression past this point. If she lied there is no point to life. I need to speak with Patricia. Either you are lying or she was coerced, in fear. I have her words recorded, as does she. This is truly awful. To have devoted all this time to this family for this is not happening.

01 02 2022 17:04

Me

There is absolutely no reason that a 54 year old woman in the 21st century would not use a cellphone. She is in danger

01 02 2022 17:05

Me

I will be there as soon as I can.

01 02 2022 17:05

Me

All your week you were someone's slave
But now you're a free man
When they tell you you can't
Then you can
-Chumbawamba

01 02 2022 17:27

Me

I love you, Patricia. I can never say that enough. I long to hold you in my arms through the night, and kiss away the film on your teeth in the morning. Tell me your thoughts, dearest one. I miss them having once heard them. No one could ever match your beauty and charm. You are truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed. Kiss me deeply and often when we make love, baby, your arms around me. Breathe in my face and sigh lustfully in my ears. My attention is yours and yours alone. Don't let go- don't ever, please don't- let go. I need as much of you touching me as possible, or my heart may shear in two

03 02 2022 21:50

Me

You are perfection, in every imaginable, conceivable variation. I could never build a more perfect sexual partner, even if the opportunity arose. I could never ask for more to satisfy my every desire than what you possess. Hold my hand as our tongues touch, as our eyelashes graze gently each Other's faces. Ah! That instantly ignites my passion every time- your tongue in my mouth- all the way- mine! At attention and ready to serve your whim I am. Direct me with your gentle moans, smile, licking. No one is better than you, nor ever will be. The meaning of perfection- Patricia

03 02 2022 21:58

Me

Grip me tightly when we are finished. That was the goal- to enjoy each Other's company. And inspire more until we are sated and incapable of further movement.

03 02 2022 22:00

Me

Tell me things I will believe, please. And things I never could imagine myself. Like the taste between your legs- don't rush off- stay. Hungry for all that is you I am.

03 02 2022 22:03

Me

Rolling down the street
Smoking Indo
Sipping on Jesus juice
Laid back

04 02 2022 17:53

Me

You are everything to me

05 02 2022 02:22

Me

I will long for your caress until I am ash, and after that

05 02 2022 02:23

Me

Last week a murder of 5 people was found with a haiku poem next to them. Police are searching forra pattern to soft wings of cranes

05 02 2022 22:30

Me

Egestasfalli lorem noluisse omittam expetenda fugit congue reprimique imperdiet facilis petentium veri doming fabulas rhoncus affert. Praesentinstructior posse possit pri nam ex curabitur montes expetendis contentiones eros sententiae quaestio elaboraret interesset error vituperata tempus. Animalmandamus conclusionemque

07 02 2022 11:13

Me

Searching for " prophet " on Etsy reveals no products for sale with [obblonge] printed, burned, carved, or otherwise emblazoned on them.

The prophet [obblonge] predicts this will change

07 02 2022 18:05

Me

There are, however, cutesy cartoonish elementary school teaching aids which feature Pat Robertson proclaimed assa prophet. I think. I think that's Pat Robertson. Itsa caucasian male wearing a modern suit and tie. Do you know any white, male, business suit wearing prophets? (I have never owned a suit and tie. I have purchased two ties. Both when I was sixteen. Because I worked at Wendy's and the manager informed me that the red paisley was not mandatory, just a tie. One of them had skulls all over it.) And yes, I am asking everyone on my contacts list, not just you

07 02 2022 18:18

Me

Outside in the chill, a rare evening with less light pollution. More glowing speckles across the carpet of stars than usual by far. Wish you were here, baby. I love you now more than ever. You are truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed.

08 02 2022 22:14

Me

There is no One who could ever inspire and captivate every fiber of my being even a twentieth as much as you do Patty. Our story is immortal truly now. We are Exponentials, you and I. My love and yes, my lust, for you only grows more concretized as the strongest foundation with passing moments.

" Hear my words Michael Mackenzie. I love you. I will be there. I promise you. We will be together, forever. "

Your last words to me resonate daily through my soul. Of course they do. Spoken in ultimate honesty by my truest equal - a Goddess. Your chosen mate's worship issan all-consuming passion, forever. Accelerating, it is. As it should be. As we predicted. Stripping nude and clutching my pillowed placebo Patricia, I extinguish the light and reach across the country, searching endlessly for your perfect embrace...

09 02 2022 22:27

Me

I like to walk around and
I'm paid to stand around and
I like to walk around and
I'm paid to stand around and
Public witness seen it all
-Fugazi

10 02 2022 10:25

Me

My favorite Marvel character is the Silver Surfer. The fairly recent graphic novel The Death of the Silver Surfer was fucking ultraradd.
Second favorite and most honorable mention: Madcap. Totes mad pants on that guy. Best weapon too

10 02 2022 11:31

Me

It's cold outside and my hands are dry
Skin is cracked and I realize
That I hate the sound of guitars
A thousand grudging young millionaires
Forcing silence sucking sound
Forced into this conversation
So I say shine let their planets collide
This is the darkening down of my mind
We could be making it oiling like crime
We could be making it staking last dimes
If you want to sieze the sound you don't need a reservation
The torch is pased it's yours to return
Lay at their feet now use it to burn
For marketing the use of the word generation
A false alliance of money persuading
Forcing silence sound sucking
Forced into this conversation
Now if you want to sieze the sound you don't need a reservation
So open so young so target I can smell your heart you're a target

-Fugazi
Target

10 02 2022 12:04

Me

Recommended listening for the viewing:
Syd Barrett and the Madcap Laughs

Syd was the member of Pink Floyd that Shine On You Crazy Diamond was about. After the the first two albums that had to retire him: he took WAY more acid than they did. Like, being onstage and having to be unplugged because he was just randomly strumming and staring at the audience drooling and laughing

10 02 2022 12:06

Me

Judge me. Tell me I did not meet your requirements and expectations. Allow me to clear away any doubts or concerns. As any logical system would allow. My love and admiration are unconditional and eternal. As we discussed

10 02 2022 18:05

Me

Printed out, the Gospel of Saint Patricia is 437 pages long. So far. As of last week

10 02 2022 22:48

Me

Its been three years and two days since you first sent meea text message. An historic anniversary. I can't wait to see you again

10 02 2022 22:53

Me

I love you, Patty. Forever

10 02 2022 22:53

Me

Thinking of you, and informationals transcribed in invisible ink, polynomials with their heavy, heavy, bases moored on the bonds between oxygen and hydrogen. Feeling elemental. Taste of rust (pharmaceutical grade?)

12 02 2022 22:42

Me

Slow '50s harmonized female pop trio clean chords with reverb and vibrato organ electric. The Lakesiders? Flash of outdoor screen speakers hang near cupholdes

12 02 2022 22:46

Me

Sugars?

12 02 2022 22:46

Me

Kneading two motor heated massaging wheel pair-battery pistoned, maroon leather couch. Eyebrows knitted, whys. A want to touch

12 02 2022 22:51

Me

Busy writing another humorous ancedote involving the lovable monchichis

13 02 2022 00:06

Me

Oooohhh. Text if you're horny

14 02 2022 18:13

Me

Listening to Fugazi's End Hits album by the fire.
I am convinced good Art stands on its own.
Hold my hand, Patricia.
Lend your inimitable voice
And join my noise
What we create is necessary
I love you

14 02 2022 21:45

Me

Our noise is what I wish to leave behind
Our noise
Together

14 02 2022 22:22

Me

I am a patient boy
I wait I wait I wait I wait
My time's water downa drain
Everybody's moving Everybody's moving Everybody's moving moving moving movin
Please don't leave me to remain
Inside the waiting room
-Fugazi

14 02 2022 22:27

Me

Itsa beautiful day, baby. Because I have you with me, always. Love exists, and always will. Because of you. You are truly the most important, beautiful, sexiest woman to have ever existed. You give meaning and hope to my life. And always will. There will never be another who can inspire me like you have. Your words, your intentions, your needs (not met by your horrible, tiny-penised, selfish " husband "), your desires, your dreams (waiting to be fulfilled here, with me), are always paramount here, with me, at Obblonge Box:
117 Eagle Dr
Cibolo, TX, 78108-3906
This is Our time
We are already together, forever
Just as the last words you ever spoke to me clearly stated
We have won
And they have lost
Rejoice in your, Our splendor, my love
Feel the warming light and love across your heart and face
Upturned to the sky
Hopeful, proud, rewarded
As I am
Because of you and your affections
We are Exponentials
You and I
Until we die
Propelling each Other
Further than we could ever do alone
You are a genius artist,
My best friend
My soulmate
I will die with your adoring words in my ears
Happier than I have ever been
Thank you
A man could never ask for more
How sad Thomas Wayne Randle is
How ultimately pathetic
To have spent 17 years by your side
Only to keep you down and hold you back from your potential
And spend his squalid wasted life
Cheating on you with hookers and smoking crack, masturbating to lolita porn and ignoring the vitality within you
He is an absolute waste of life and time
An absolute waster of life and time
An evil demon wannabe
The biggest loser of them all
See you soon, baby

15 02 2022 17:49

Me

Thinking of you.
Those sexy things of talk
Oooohhh
(smiles)
Did I just feel the heating of my reddening face?
I can't wait until you're in my arms
To touch more than an inch of index finger
Wow
Just remembered what happened when you handed me that cigarette
I've never seen my penis get that big
And I wear baggy jeans
We almost died
I think a thunderstorm has sparked erections ever since
I miss you and your voice in my ears
We will be together soon
I love you

16 02 2022 05:36

Me

Oh. And in case Tommy Tiny Penis And Brains To Match is reading this:
Imagine these are Fugazi lyrics

16 02 2022 05:38

Me

Fugazi. A french word meaning fake
Fucking poser
You can try to be cool like me
But you'll always fail
(smiles)

16 02 2022 05:39

Me

Wonder if the cops picked up Priscilla yet. I'm going to recommend an ankle monitor when we finally see the judge. Its at least $60,000 altogether by now

16 02 2022 05:41

Me

I'm told that pathetic lying brownish red cuntswab Pauline came by my house a few days ago. If she tries that again she'll be extremely lucky not to catch a clawhammer to the browridge

16 02 2022 05:43

Me

Pamela doesn't go outside anymore. I was pulling some weeds last week when she pulled up in her driveway. She got out of her Subaru, noticed me and froze. Started pretending her oh so vicious pit bull was actually outside in the front yard. Calling to nothing from the driveway inna singsong puppy voice. Yeah. Wouldn't want it to come over and lick me. That thing likes me better than her grandchild. Shit. That thing likes her better than she likes her grandchild. When I hear her at all its when she's yelling irritated dictator speeches attit. Now that's an unfortunate kid. That is destined to be sold by CPS

16 02 2022 05:49

Me

Maybe I'll call the IRS to-day. The identity theft division is taking awhile. Maybe they've discovered what the " problem " with the first stimulus payment is. Hmmm

16 02 2022 05:51

Me

Spinach alfredo pizza. Roasted over a homemade wood charcoal fire. In the backyard. You're walking in the door witha backpack or two any moment, I can feel it. Mmmm. Which makes me think of feeling you (up). I'm getting back under the covers, man

16 02 2022 05:53

Me

Muah!
(I just blew you a kiss)

16 02 2022 05:54

Me

You are:
Amazing
Beauty and Truth
Inspiration
The epitome of your chosen profession - housewife
Laying around the house and looking sexy
Takes undeniable work and effort
And any man that doesn't appreciate the efforts you have worked
Cannot call himself a man
With any authority
No one has authority over another
No one
Anyone who acts assif this is not
Absolute Truth
Is your enemy
And in the words of
Cattle Decapitation
Enemies we delete

16 02 2022 22:02

Me

And now we bring home the meat

16 02 2022 22:04

Me

Alone stars and new community connections, King James with gold foil edges
Whiskey onna Wednesday
Is that what They callit?
You know the kind of things They say
Somebody drove a Jeepster to my house
Got slightly exciteated whenni seen it
In the driveway
Who issit?
Alas, not thou
Not yet
When the stars are right
We will see things inna new (black)
Light

16 02 2022 22:07

Me

Yeah

16 02 2022 22:08

Me

I'm coming home, baby
I promise

16 02 2022 22:09

Me

A Wannabe Devil

Thomas Wayne Randle
Hadda curse he couldn't handle
No talent, not alive, no sexual drive
Tiny penis, smaller heart
Two fingers width
Pinky and ring
Vienna sausage, from ground meat
Mainly chicken, part of beef
Wished he was Aryan
Joined the Ku Klux Klan
Posse Comitatus
Too scared to wear the uniform in public
Only keeps company with men
In the Turkish bath he lives in
His hero Rish Limbaugh
Died a disgraced junkie
And he knows he'll never be as great as him
Fat all his life
Blubbering for his mumma
On his knees in my presence
Begging for mercy
15 seconds to bend his knees and elbows backwards
As his possession walks out hand in hand with me
He'll never understand what that was on her face
Smiles and happiness forever beyond his comprehension
Steal, embezzle, scared of germs and women
The moment he crossed my path I owned him
Every one of his breaths
Exist because I allow them
Dark eyes offan inbred dog
And emotions to match
Fetch, roll over
You are dead
And your legacy in pieces by the threshold
I saw one hair out of place on her head
And kept my promise
We are an immortal highway
For Others to follow and improve
What was your name?
Speedbump?
Opposum?
Roadkill?
Next

16 02 2022 23:43

Me

You don't want her facing you so you can pretend she's your mumma

16 02 2022 23:43

Me

Anytime
Anywhere

16 02 2022 23:44

Me

Fucking pathetic coward

16 02 2022 23:45

Me

Stand up and be counted
My voice resounds
Yours issa whisper
Behind the locked doors

16 02 2022 23:47

Me

There are 88 convicted sex offenders living within five miles of you
There are four that close to me
85 of them are pale white and missing teeth
Your chosen racist brethren
Raise your right hand and vote Republican
Feet too flabby to move in lockstep
The only formation you've ever made in black mold on your bedsored ass
How much from your community have you stolen from disability?
You are not an invalid
Just invalid
Hypocrite. No wonder you and Pamela Jo Daby are indistinguishable
Weak, talentless, lazy, liar
Witha cross around your neck
Almost covering up the swastika
How many times have cheated on your ex-girlfriend?
The One you insist has no voice?
Masturbating to child exploitation while smoking crack
Haven't slept in the same room as Patricia in over 15 years
She issa goddess
And you, the slime underneath a rotted slug carcass
You can't be trusted farther than she can throw your river-bloated corpse
Unless it is to fail
Sixty two years old and no idea what a clitoris is
Cesspool of genes
When you put the gun in your mouth
Remember
Point it downward

16 02 2022 23:59

Me

See you soon baby

17 02 2022 08:40

Me

I love you, Patty
I always will

17 02 2022 20:09

Me

Sunday Morning. Don't feel like getting off the couch.
Don't feel like doing anything. I miss you

20 02 2022 07:29

Me

Thinking of our conversations, by the brushfire fairytales. Camel blue 99 dangling in mouth; I smoke too many cigarettes. Staring off and smiling. So many questions to ask you, and so many responses to be fascinated with. I love you. See you soon

21 02 2022 00:04

Me

Being with you is always fun

21 02 2022 12:57

Me

Just woke up. That was the first thought in my head

21 02 2022 12:57

Me

I love you, Patty. Muah! Love and kissles

21 02 2022 12:58

Me

We draw lines and stand behind them
That's why flags are such ugly things
That
They should never
Touch the ground
-Fugazi

21 02 2022 14:00

Me

You ever just think
" It's fucking awesome being me. "
I do all the time

21 02 2022 14:49

Me

Being the best at what one does is the realm of gods. And we are truly gods amoungst roaches, you and I

21 02 2022 14:50

Me

I think I'll write a book. Oh, wait. I did. Its 467 pages long. The Gospel of Saint Patricia. Available for free download 24/7 on the Internet Archive, pdf format. I've already started on the sequel. Yeah. The life offa writer. Fucking professional

21 02 2022 15:02

Me

Wow. I just noticed I have an erection. That's because I'm thinking of you. That's how beautiful you are. Imagine will happen when you're here.
I am right now
I've never been so perfectly happy

21 02 2022 15:09

Me

Please. Make that sound in my ear. You know the one. You know me so well. Truly my better half

21 02 2022 15:10

Me

I never get tired of the sounds you make

21 02 2022 15:11

Me

You're a genius, baby. Your plan, your desires, your dreams. They are all alive and thriving right here

21 02 2022 15:13

Me

And they always will be

21 02 2022 15:13

Me

My love and admiration and appreciation for you grow every hour. True perfection of the female form. Come. Come with me. ah! Again. Let's do that again. There's nothing else I can think of that is more rewarding than being with you

21 02 2022 15:16

Me

The smell and taste of you, purest ambrosia. Lay your head on me. Catch your breath. Actually, would you share your breath with me? Its an honor to breathe your air. Ha! From either end. What a fucking pathetic waste of time and life Thomas is.

21 02 2022 15:19

Me

He's a master of nothing. Can't even imitate well, and that's all he's ever done.

21 02 2022 15:20

Me

Smiling broadly and alive with your words and sounds, ready to be everything you've imagined and more, naked on the couch
My desire for your skin on skin contact grows, feeding my soul, nourishing my creativity, fulfilling my synapses, enriching my life. Thank you, Patty. There is no one else but you, ever

21 02 2022 15:24

Me

Do you have stock in laughter? No, Tommy is just a laughingstock. That's his role: the fool

21 02 2022 15:28

Me

I have converted three years and two days of text messages between me and Patricia to a pdf file and posted it publicly for the entire world to see, available 24/7, translatable in one's browser, for free, for as long as humanity uses the internet. I wrote her nearly every single day. By my estimation it is around 14 million words. I am still texting her number daily, and I will never stop until I see her again. I will publish the additional addendums periodically. It is on the Internet Archive, of which I am a contributing member. It is titled The Gospel of Saint Patricia. Also tagged: memoir, love story, Patty's Text Thread. It can be downloaded for free as a pdf file, 467 pages long. I postulate it is one of The Great American Novels, but then again I would, being a genius artist. It will serve to debunk any lies she may have been told about me, and also to explain precisely the events that will transpire when I get my tax refund check in and go to Michigan. Before my trip north I will also post the entire text message threads between me and about a dozen other people - my closest friends, you, Patty's sisters and aunts. All of her relatives either outright refused to help or actively lied to come between her and I. It is easy to spot the lies when looking at the differences between the information collected. Disgusting and disgraceful and the definition of evil. This is the most important thing in my life, ever. She is my soulmate. I don't even know for sure if she is alive. I think she was at least last Thanksgiving, as I felt her presence briefly in my mind. That was when she was supposed to be here. If she is not then I will do my best to wipe Thomas Wayne Randle's and her bloodlines from the face of the earth. If she has lied...
I trust her. I trust in her. From what she has told me she is the victim of horrendous domestic abuse. If I have to sacrifice myself to save her from this then I will. He can shoot me dead on his doorstep while I hold an internet streaming camera, unarmed, thus insuring he will spend the rest of his life in prison. There will never be another woman I can love. The reasons why are and will be published for all the world to read, forever. Thank you for your support over the years. This pain has to end. If I have to die to save the life and freedom of the woman I love, my actual god-created soulmate, whom I have never even kissed, then so be it. It is a noble end to a life well lived and experienced

21 02 2022 22:05

Me

Your words are always close to my heart. Every day is filled with the pain from your absence. You asked me to marry you, and I said absolutely, yes. I asked permission to make my home permanently within you, and you granted it. Now I have never been home, and can never be home without you. This suffering is constant, and has to end. I trust you. I trust in you. I love you and will never be able to love another woman, not after listening and believing everything you told me. You are my god-created soulmate. You told me to stay home. That you would be here. With no communication from you I have only the worst fears as to your health and well-being. We agreed that we would only trust and believe what was said personally between us, assan insurance policy against the evil of your relatives and Thomas Wayne Randle. And indeed evil has most certainly been wrought and attempted from all of those sources over the past three years. I cannot sit idly by and wait here any longer. Your god protected me from the poison Pamela Jo Daby fed me when I called upon His power and blessings in her home nextdoor, as witnessed by Lisa Warren, the neighbor across the street. I am praying to your god again to protect me from the same evil as I make my way to your side, as your honest, loving, proclaimed husband. The last words I ever heard you speak: Hear my words, Michael Mackenzie. I love you. I will be there, I promise. And we will be together, forever. I believed you and I believe you now.

See you soon, baby

Thank you. You restored love back into my heart when so many had worked diligently to turn it to hate. I will never give up on you. I know Tommy has done his best to keep happiness from you, to make you his property. If I have to die to stop this, then so be it

The magic word is the magic word

21 02 2022 22:25

Me

21 02 2022 22:25

Me

Foam everywhere. Remnants of the Rockafire Explosion. Shrimp and asparagus and alfredo sauce and thick cut bacon and cheese stuffed ravioli and a little too much salt cooked in the new for me barbecue pit. Put most of the shrimp back in the pot. I will not complain; I neither paid forrit nor made it. Face covered in rust and dirt and of course foam. My light-colored clothes look dirtier from my perspective than I feel, and I'm gritty. Air is cool and so am I and so are you. Camel 99 blue to join the iron oxide and decades-old fiberglass and pollens and other particulates. Oxygen is not in this year. It wasn't last year or the year before that either. I want very much to taste between your legs. I would be so happy then, instead of flooding dry creekbeds facially. I am dedicating my thoughts tonight to fantasies of making love to you, holding you close and kissing. Please come home, baby. I check the mailbox daily. Soon. I love you Patty. I can never love another. You are truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed

22 02 2022 21:04

Me

Smoking cigarettes and feeling the cold through the removed window hole in my wall. Ate junk food and water. Wonder if my tax check is in the mailbox. Don't want to leave the couch. Don't want to do anything except think of Patricia, and feel the warmth of her love across the states. I'm exhausted again. My eyes close

23 02 2022 14:46

Me

Listening to binaural waves and the sound of your voice in my head. The preset is regressive hypgnosis. Sitting on Kurtis' couch earlier I was pretending to trade rips on the tv show he was watching with you. You had your feet curled up by the arm and your head in my lap, looking up at me. Your hazelled gaze reflecting blue. We laughed and kissed, and held each other. And I couldn't resist running my right hand between your legs. On the freezing couch now, warmed by you in my imagination and heart
I love you, Patty

23 02 2022 23:28

Me

You are my best friend. Where ar you, my love?

24 02 2022 17:05

Me

Jalapeno poppers and fajitas from the grill. Kool-Aid. Missing you

25 02 2022 00:39

Me

No check still. Time is meaningless. All my love that rests in you, hope, and constant pain from the loss of your words, my best friend, my home. I still have no actual confirmation that you are even alive. I prayed to your god earlier. I trust you, Patty. I always will. This will be over soon, one way or another. So many cowards and liars and evil, selfish quagmires of organic malcontent have tried to keep us apart. We are immortal, truly Exponentials. May your god grant you safe passage from the ugliness that attempts to view you as property. Say the words, and I am your servant:

I have become my namesake
The living embodiment of the archangel Michael
The right hand of god
The one with the flaming sword in it
Destroyer of Sodom and Gomorrah
Murderer of Job's wives and children

It worked before in Pamela's house
And very much still feels permissed
Waiting for you, for now, as instructed
I cannot last much longer here
And will have to continue as we planned and agreed
I love you, and always will
My trust and faith in you is absolute
And in no one else
See you soon , my love

26 02 2022 13:33

Me

Staring into the darkness listening to the rain and the traffic. Thinking of our sexy talk and smiling every now and then. The tears are just as often. No One could ever be as perfect to spend a lifetime holding hands with as you. This is unquestionably the worst pain I have ever endured. Nothing matters but hearing your voice again. It is possible to die offa broken heart, I am certain.

26 02 2022 16:14

Me

Hear my words, Michael Mackenzie. I will be there, I promise. We will be together, forever

26 02 2022 16:17

Me

" Stranger inna Strange Land!, " she exclaims
" Do you grok? ", he inquires

Neither of us have read this book

26 02 2022 16:19

Me

My phone is dying.
I don't want to live anymore.
Not without you.
But if my death is what is coming fast
It will most certainly not be in vain
Our love is immortal
Of this we are assured
Thank you for the attentions and affections over the decades
Most people are never fortunate enough to meet their perfect mate
I think you'll enjoy
The Next Step
Tommy Tiny Penis
(doesn't even extend out of his closed hand)
might even drop his blackened car antenna forra second

26 02 2022 16:27

Me

Morning baby. Whatchu wearing?

28 02 2022 09:27

Me

So much particulate matter in my burning, teary eyes. The interior of Obblonge Box appears assif I constructed a model of 1980s Beirut out of foam and tested an IED. Nostrils intermittently functioning. Oxygen is not in this year anyway. Took out a foot-thick wall that originally was part of the first studio build. Removed a window and walled it up, along with 30ft of original cardboard fake woodgrain paneling and the accompanying pink fiberglass insulation. Replacing it with Oriented Strand Board and Medium Density Fiberboard, stuffed as full as possible with foams after getting a layer of recovered, random color paint. Calming peach. Immediately noticed the difference in echo response in the main chamber. Audio disease still omnipresent despite the lack of electricity and computational devices over the past year. Even before the latest building modifications the structure was comfortable enough for more than basic survival during all below freezing temperatures this winter.

No check in the mailbox today. Filling out and sending in this year's to-day. An extra $1400 for the third, missed stimulus will be added.
We will see each other very soon, I promise. I love you, and think of you all day, everyday. My favorite obsession you remain

28 02 2022 17:39

Me

In the spirit of fairness:
Dirty Levi's jeans, too large, held on barely with quick release seat belt
No underwear
No shirt
Donated Snap-On tool logoed black hoodie
Mismatched socks
Donated Columbia steel toe boots
Chain wallet, two chains
Keys, black interwoven chain
Overpriced prescription black polarized sunglasses

28 02 2022 17:43

Me

Tommy Tiny Penis sounds like a cameo antagonist inna children's cartoon. Maybe one oriented for a more adult audience, now that I read what I just wrote. Because obviously, Tommy Tiny Penis is not a suitable babysitter. I mean, ultimately pathetic and harmless because of his malformed pudenda and obvious lack of skills and knowledge concerning sex, but not a character that garners and kind of sympathy or even pity. Too arrogant, inept, and stupid to learn and grow from his experiences. Just a big, fat, butt of jokes for the protagonists to constantly spew victoriously. Entertainment for an audience with a sense of righteousness and morals that find continuously masturbating to lolita porn nauseating. Maybe midway through the episode a brief subplot could be introduced wherein his dear, dear mumma is explained through a brief but hilarious montage to be an additional inspiration for his stunted and fruitless attempts at child rape. Nevertheless, slobby Tommy Tiny Penis ends his villainous vingette as his began it, a corny throwaway uninspired hack piece filling midseason space while allowing a slower character story arc to peak in the season finale for Our Heroes

28 02 2022 20:07

Me

Bloom County's cat calling Ms. Brenda Starrr: Ack!

28 02 2022 20:09

Me

(coughed uppa foamball)

28 02 2022 20:09

Me

Was interupted bya phone survey querying me about my opinions of looming Russian war entanglement. I waited patiently through all the menu options, but the assigned digit to choose constantly, vigorously, and meaningfully having sex with you while ignoring all media reports concerning it was not an option to choose. So I called back and left a message detailing the obvious lack of foresight involved in their survey's prepared answers. I gave them both of our numbers in case any further information was needed. This is war and its serious, after all

28 02 2022 20:15

Me

My life is dedicated to you, baby. Especially your perfect pussy, breasts, and anus. (In my clearly imagined creativity your mouth is speaking, a lot. Just the way I like it.)

28 02 2022 20:17

Me

Getting plenty of exercise in preparation for our belated honeymoon. You deserve the best. And you called it up and reserved it. Truly brilliant you are. I love you, Patty

28 02 2022 20:19

Me

See you soon. I promise

28 02 2022 20:20

Me

My Jungian archetype:
Arrogant, and deserving
Less than 1% of the population score that one

28 02 2022 20:21

Me

Tommy Tiny Penis's cartoon theme song is performed by the band Extreme, guest soloist Yngwie Malmsteen

28 02 2022 20:24

Me

Oooh. And the gay singers from Boston that married each other

28 02 2022 20:24

Me

They even include lyrics about how he didn't support their right to wed, supporting further his miniscule antagonist role

28 02 2022 20:26

Me

And an endorsement from Pantene, for hair that rocks leopard print

28 02 2022 20:27

Me

Just some thoughts from your genius artist trendsetter, forever ahead of the curve. The story will be even more interesting when you, the other half of the band, finally make your appearance. Next published installment of The Gospel of Saint Patricia to hit worldwide free distribution very soon. This is precious. Just like your priceless company is to me

28 02 2022 20:34

Me

One backpack, clothes you're wearing, including conversation-indicing Art piece period panties, case of Zip-Fizz, smile

28 02 2022 20:35

Me

No. I'm a grandmotherfucker. Otsa red stripe on the black belt Daniel-san

28 02 2022 20:36

Me

I wonder if your ugly sister Pamela Jo Daby has gotten any more disgusting. I wonder if that's humanly possible

28 02 2022 20:40

Me

I bet the roadies of Extreme have a pertinent opinion about that

28 02 2022 20:41

Me

The ones wearing Winger shirts

28 02 2022 20:41

Me

More wall. More foam. So much foam. Good strength training for the phalanges. I give way above average sensual massages. But you've heard. And soon you can judge for yourself if I'm boasting.
(I'm not. I'm really good and enthusiastic)

01 03 2022 00:55

Me

This is fun. We'll have so much fun to-gether. I am smiling inside and out.
They have lost
And we have won
Toldya I'm a prophet

01 03 2022 00:57

Me

You are so smart. Itsan absolute pleasure watching you work, dear. The rest of our lives will be even easier and more rewarding because offit. To-gether we are Exponentials. Unstoppable

01 03 2022 01:02

Me

Please hurry, though. I very very very (very) much want to appreciate your body as well. You are truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed. Perfection of the female form.

01 03 2022 01:05

Me

Smoking a cheap cigarette in the backyard. That's enough stuffing insulation for the rest period. Back to the big maroon leather couch and my infamous imagination

01 03 2022 01:07

Me

More than eighty percent of wall project done. Waiting forra charged battery. Coat of white drywall primer drying. Less foams on floor, so much in wall. Sound is noticeably not emanating from directly in front of me. Supposedly a generator will also show up along with another impact. I have been living without electricity fromma grid for so long that no immediate ideas spring forth about what needs electrons flowing through it. Huh

02 03 2022 03:45

Me

Backyard, sweat dissipating, almost a breeze. Foam everywhere. So much foam. Painted the building supplies that will become the outdoor enclosed patio area. Well, some of them. Crickets. Echoing voices of neighbors alive and not. Ready for the couch and my temporary companion, my pillow

02 03 2022 23:57

Me

Can't wait to read your story. I love hearing your words. Tell meea story, baby

03 03 2022 00:33

Me

A bulk rate mail from Trinity University informs me that we've missed February 22nd's online lecture - Caveat Lector: The historical record and archeology of provincial collapse on Rome's northern frontiers during the third century CE.
I find I have nothing more to say about that

03 03 2022 12:10

Me

Good morning

04 03 2022 07:52

Me

I love you

04 03 2022 07:52

Me

Cool. Progress has been made. Allot of OSD and MDF painted white. Took out a frontside window, removed fiberglass, painted inside of exterior studs and wall, door. Yeah. Time is nigh for screwing

05 03 2022 19:45

Me

Impactfully

05 03 2022 19:45

Me

What do you have time for?

05 03 2022 19:46

Me

Sitting on the maroon leather couch and smoking tobacco, methamphetamine, and THC- winter wonderland, a custom blend. Just removed the drywall, paneling, and fiberglass from the opposite exterior wall, about 30-40 ft. I'm gonna move the kitchen sink - not the original, butta deeper, more commercial, stainless variety - outside in the planned outdoor covered patio area. Have the materials for that as well. Think the whole kitchen area will go there. That makes a (just measured it) 30ft center room with one entrance. Speakers go on one end, shooting sound down the longest walls. More painting, stuffing with foam completely, and recovering with OSD and MDF. Also will cut access points in the ceiling to stuff as much foam in as possible, and finishing with screwing MDF (medium density fiberboard, also known as particleboard or IKEA shelving) on top of the existing ceiling panels and caulking/foaming all edges. So much foam. I'm sitting because I am doing the traditional working with fiberglass pout. Itsa built-in break period after removing old insulation for people who have " bad attitudes " and refuse to wear masks or even shirts while doing so. Also removed the kitchen window, so there are two oblong holes in the street facing wall now. Oooh. Breeze. Both will be walled up. Less of their noise, more of our noise. Progress is progressive. Thinking of you. You're the reason I care about finishing what I started and not devoting my life to mass murder. So. I guess I'm saying you're special. I Iove you, Patty. See you soon, dear

06 03 2022 17:08

Me

I'm inspired. More drugs. More oh so sexy thoughts of you

06 03 2022 17:09

Me

Wish I had some Zip-Fizz. That would really make this trip peak

06 03 2022 17:10

Me

Zoomed in onna picture of you wearing a bikini on Facebook. My phone is now your crossed, tanned legs and the triangular, striped bottom piece of said outfit. Mmmm

06 03 2022 17:11

Me

Now I'm inspired. More drugs, less fiberglass

06 03 2022 17:12

Me

Right. Slept for maybe thirty-six mins before something blown over awoke me. Windy, cooler. Guess that means I'm up. More progress. More stuffings of foams, which I am no longer hoarding, more boards on walls. The sounds of impactful screwings to entertain the twilit neighborhood in the early am. The central chamber's floor less resembles a fastfood ball bounce with all the amorphous multicolored bubbles - closed and open - so sturdily encased vertically. Plenty more in bags and largish containments. Most certainly enough to finish the wall and start stuffing above my head into the rafters. Spent a couple hours burning the old paneling and various bodies, er, debris. I can't stop thinking of you. Which fills my time with overwhelming warmth, lust, and heartbreak. I miss hearing my best friend. I don't even know if you're alive. I check my mail daily, and have sent off this year's taxes to be direct deposited. Sun is coming up. Tears are welling. I'm going back to sleep, maybe. Where are you, baby?

07 03 2022 07:25

Me

I love you, Patricia. I always will. I will never be able to love another. My fullest attention is yours. I trust you. Please hurry. This hurts

07 03 2022 07:26

Me

Another nightmare. I hate dreaming. It is far preferable to do while awake

07 03 2022 18:25

Me

Have a tshirt with the Ukrainian flag onnit. Still not one from Chernobyl

07 03 2022 18:30

Me

Terrible thoughts in my head. That's what I get for sleeping. Phone's almost dead. So am I, at this moment. Got myself a beer. Hung moving blankets over the oblong portals. No check. Hands still cramped and sore. All of my other lights are dead as well. One flashlight, 18650s. Don't want to sleep, but don't want to leave the couch. I miss you. I want you here with me, naked as I, curled around each Other. I need this. Another cigarette. Another cold dark night without the One I trust. The world is full of monsters, isn't it love? Ugliness like Tommy and Pamela, tiny evils with tinier goals and desires. Jealous of Us their whole existences, pathetic and mewling cowards until their deaths, with the word " Me " drooling off their bloated, rotten tongues. Fat from excess stolen from their communities. Wasters of life and time. Cigarette gone. I curl the bedspread around and keep you in my thoughts. All by myself I am not alone. Please be alive Patty. Please. Keep your promises. I need you

07 03 2022 20:03

Me

Dogs barking. Smells of paint. Car doors slamming. Hands still sore. Tired. Miss you, baby. I love you

08 03 2022 14:40

Me

More nightmares. I want you here on the couch with me. Cigarette

09 03 2022 10:48

Me

More work. Hands are bleeding at the fingertips from stuffing foam. Stomach hurts. Everything hurts. People disgust me. My only love is far away and silent. This has to end

09 03 2022 11:02

Me

I love Patty. I trust you.

09 03 2022 11:03

Me

How does one fight monsters? By becoming a bigger monster

09 03 2022 11:10

Me

The walls are almost done. My hands are sore. I don't know if the One I love is alive. I will always love you, Patty. There will never be another.

" We will be together, forever "

10 03 2022 21:12

Me

The nightmares persist. Humans always choose the worst possible outcome. Staring into the fire. Drinking wine and longing for your embrace. Setting the alarm and calling the IRS tomorrow. I cannot bear the pain of not knowing if you are even alive any longer. Thomas Wayne Randle is such a child that his possessorship is the only thing he lives for: to hurt others until his last breath. No matter what, this will end soon. I love you, Patricia. I always will. Please. Be alive

10 03 2022 22:08

Me

My head and my heart are necrosis. This is not sustainable. I need you.

10 03 2022 23:15

Me

Our story is forever. Let us be to-gether. I pray to Patricia's god. Give me once again your protection from evil. The evil wrought by the Roberts family and Tommy. For once, let love, true equal love, exist. If only for the remainder of our lives to-gether. Let us lead the way to true salvation after our deaths. A beacon for all those that follow. There is hope. We are that hope. Take my hand, Patty. I know you can feel me from where you are. Take my hand, and express what you are, beautiful, and aware of it. Hail Eris. All Hail Discordia

10 03 2022 23:23

Me

We are Exponentials, you and I.
We are the Future.
We are the Way.
We are the way to Salvation.
We are One
One perfect union
Of all that exists
A perfect mirror
Art incarnate

10 03 2022 23:29

Me

I close my eyes again. You are with me. I can feel the strands of your hair between my nose and the back of your neck. My left arm around your waist and hand resting between your breasts on the couch; chest bellowing softly. Giggling, you grasp gently my hand and press it flat over your heart. A pleased moan anda turn of your face farther into the pillow. I know you're smiling. And you know I am as well. You move your left leg back between mine and I curl closer to your beloved body; my goddess. My last thought: I love you. We are together, forever

10 03 2022 23:39

Me

Nothing can stop this

10 03 2022 23:39

Me

They have lost
And we have won

10 03 2022 23:40

Me

Your sweat is more intoxicating than anything I have ever experienced.

10 03 2022 23:42

Me

I am controlled only in search for more

10 03 2022 23:43

Me

There is nothing else that matters

10 03 2022 23:44

Me

Your body and soul are perfection

10 03 2022 23:44

Me

Maybe one day I can be as great as you

10 03 2022 23:46

Me

Be with me in my dreams, baby
Take my hand
Kiss me
Long and passionately
Place your tongue in my mouth
And leave it there
Thirty seconds or more
Guide me into you
Into my home

10 03 2022 23:48

Me

Backyard by the fire. Falling meteorite, or satellite I suppose, (remind you of Dave Matthews?), westward. If I tell you my wish it won't come true. I'll whisper it in your ear, darling. Soon

12 03 2022 23:56

Me

Walls basically finished. Foam and caulk and other sealants left to apply. For some reason I keep not giving a shit about walling off the exterior window bay that's just tar paper to the neighborhood and finished wall inside. Ack! Retrieved various wirings, outlets, foams and such from former studio space. Started work on reinforcing the ceiling. Our noise. Not their noise. Less items in storage. The emptier the better. As of this moment I do not know whether you are alive or not. When this is confirmed to my satisfaction I will change my last will and testament so that you inherit the property and Obblonge Box. You will always have a place to go. An unassuming, camouflaged space where individuality has been prized and praised, quieter than most and zombie apocalypse ready. I miss you, my best friend. The work continues. .

13 03 2022 00:07

Me

(I'm totes a better lay than Dave Matthews)

13 03 2022 00:07

Me

Four cans of 16oz Great Stuff. With every can it gets a little bit quieter™®©. One can no longer observe the ruined remnants offa front door from inside Obblonge Box. Just. Vanished. Three cans in and already an appreciable difference in the level of sound leakage is observable. My heart is dying without you. Woke up fromma dream of watching Tommy's face as he opens package after package of his son's body parts before he finds the one with the head in it. To treat a goddess such as you with such contempt as he does, with such vile hatred of himself, with no true self to hate, despising everyone around him for being better than " him ", is the most disgusting act a human being can engage in. The purest form of rape, and the truest face of evil.

13 03 2022 22:40

Me

I keep your words in my thoughts every day. Free from distraction. Your beauty admired and cherished.

13 03 2022 22:42

Me

You are the pinnacle of womanhood. A goddess worthy of devotion.

13 03 2022 22:44

Me

In my heart I carry you with me. Longing for the day I see your face in person, instead of in my memories.

13 03 2022 22:46

Me

Listening to Merzbow. Cloud Clock 00 Grand. (reissue). Someone always has your Hallmark greeting. Drinking white wine and Death Wish Coffee, black. One can of foam left. Do not smoke while dispensing product. Hey. Merzbow just got approval with the flock gather'd round to-day. That's amusing. Cigarette. Marlboro. Not my brand. I do not complain.

Kazoos. Bagpipes. Wooden spoons on pots and pans. The tines of the wooden fork broke off with first usage. Loops of shattered vinyl and 60 cycle hum. Crickets and bats and brats playing baseball. Echoes of canyonesqe barbecues and inverted triangles. Propellant escaping and leaking, slashed tires hiss into the moist March chill. Static of station behind a cloud. AM 1600. Rod Serling says we're fucked, and sparks another Marlboro. Not my brand

13 03 2022 23:00

Me

Are you lonesome to-night? I am. Alone inna flock, as usual. Microphonics. Feedback most distorted. Continuance. Transistor squared. Numbers describing color inna vacuum cleaner's collection chamber, anechoically. Gunshots not reverberated but absorbed. If one person screams but no one is there to hear it ... More wine. More coffee. I light my cigarette. Not my brand

13 03 2022 23:06

Me

Paraglyphs, eye level and backlit. The solar flashlight abruptly halts production of emittance.

" Like the blood on my door "
Bad Religion
Generator

13 03 2022 23:09

Me

Glass issan incredibly slow moving liquid. The windowpanes offan old farmhouse are thicker at the bottom than at the top. Over a century the molecules have begun to pool earthward with gravity's effects.

13 03 2022 23:11

Me

Consolidated market strategic going out of business sale like glassic liquidations skin tight and see through are you lonesome to-night will you stay this time Bakelite and black and white and grey fuzzy oblongs of vertical hold rave number four blueing of barrels and canisters so sinister pump in the tokens again we are children at play wild and wide eyed and aware of awareness and newness and wonderment and awe-inspired to-gethernesses thoughts for sharing and understanding and hold my hand baby I love you

13 03 2022 23:17

Me

I light my cigarette with my Cthulhu Zippo. Not my brand, but appreciated and lovely

13 03 2022 23:17

Me

Windshield wipings. I am the viper. I vant to vash and vipe the vindows. In the dark we tell stories of stores vith empty shelves and no-things for dissemenation

13 03 2022 23:19

Me

Visper visper vant to play?

13 03 2022 23:20

Me

Razor knives and pocket dragons. The tribe of razor-eaters is holding a closeout on slot machines, living room sized and priced to go

13 03 2022 23:22

Me

Silver clamshell cases for tobacco zepplins and memories of you, dear
memories of you

13 03 2022 23:22

Me

Dawning of duality and ending of privacy

13 03 2022 23:23

Me

You are One of Us
Eat, sleep, and make merriment
Love is here
Waiting always for you

13 03 2022 23:24

Me

Nothing will ever stop this
Nothing will ever stop Us

13 03 2022 23:25

Me

We are immortal
We are forever
We are the future
We are the way
We are Exponentials

13 03 2022 23:26

Me

We are meant for each other
(And the audience roars and fades)

13 03 2022 23:27

Me

We are left here alone but ourselves
As we planned
Free from their noise
And free to create Our own

13 03 2022 23:28

Me

I can picture your face, and the touch of your finger in that SUV as you handed me that Marlboro, and the most explosive result, and the most explosive result that will occur when we contact even more of our skin

And that is what I am doing right now

I love you Patricia

13 03 2022 23:42

Me

There is nothing and no one more beautiful than you

13 03 2022 23:43

Me

" Trust me. Hear my words. I will be there. And we will be together, forever "

13 03 2022 23:44

Me

The IRS is busy, their recorded messages say. At least the actual call time has dropped to about a minute if one punches in the numbers with style and panache. Usedta be 2:20. Stuffing and cutting ceiling panels left me covered in humid fiberglass. Removed every single breaker from the box, etc. All ready to start over, if there issa need to. Have been sobbing daily since I can't remember when. Please be alive Patty. Please, walk through that door

14 03 2022 16:22

Me

Removing so much from the Box has left it a more active construction zone, and an echoing shell. What is inside must come out. This will never be my home again without you. I asked your permission and you granted it. You are my home now. I haven't been home now for years. Hollow and echoing, just like my surroundings. I observe my body going through the motions. Autopilot. Where are you? What did he do to you? I pray to your god for your safety. This hurts so much, baby. I need what you promised me. Nothing else is important. I can never stop until we are reunited. I will find you, I promise. Every second is another moment you could walk through the door, and I keep looking up expecting that to happen. This is truly evil. And your god has granted me the embodiment of the archangel namesake. I will not ever forsake you. I can't wait to kiss your lips and smile overjoyed into your vision. Thank you Patricia. For being the pinnacle of beauty that you are. You are always my inspiration, my necessity, my reason to care. Thoughts of you propel me forward with hope and love.

14 03 2022 17:07

Me

That other perspective that I value, yours, is greatly sought after here and now by the proprietor (?) @Obblonge Box. Sartory and ornaments with and without function, designs material two and three dimensional, inks and paints and tints and tinctures - not my clumsy color by numbers, whispered sentences that vastly shorten and clarify mine, boasted paraglyphs and graphs that shake the colorful adjectives out from between my right-angle room temperature verbs and nounage. Tell me why we're listening to this, include personal ancedotes. Trade me lists of checklisted questions to examine differing glimpses of circumstantialites. Trade back and grade onna slippery proprietary scale, any marker in the basket but red. Unless red is in that day, of course. And please, I'll perform encores packed with behind the scenes featurettes, no rewinding demanded or labelled, if you'll somehow fit into our schedule me fitting into you.
Or.
You know.
Whatever you're thinking about. You called it first yo

15 03 2022 02:15

Me

Chili cheese hot dogs cooked over homemade wood charcoal, this time innan actual bbq smoker. Fourth and last window nearly removed from the mainroom. This one hadda large window a/c bracket that had hung out for about a decade. More light than usual blazing in, revealing woods manufactured, foams, tools, cans and packages of foodstuffs. The fabled big maroon couch in the cool relative shadows at the opposite end. I will be laying there soon, maybe even after tapping out this sentence, thinking of you laying me. Traffic and various aerial fowl vroom wish chirp innon the sunbeams. Just noticed I am bleeding slightly by the left elbow. Another two hours or so before I can confirm no tax check issin the mailbox. Going for the blackout that is sleep. The rubble on the floor can wait. A moving blanket tacked over the disturbing photons. Wish you were here. Thinking of you and your thin ankles clasping around my back

15 03 2022 10:30

Me

Fourth window out. Can't stop crying. Patty is always in my thoughts. If Tommy wants to defraud his community by pretending he is disabled, then I'll make his charade a reality. I'm changing my will to leave Patricia the property and structure. Checking the mail every day. I'm assuming it's taking so long because they're adding the first two stimulus payments. This pain will be over soon. And she will be free of him. A noble end to a life well lived. Eyes are burning. Heart is broken. Nothing matters but saving my soulmate from her hell, living with a racist child molester control freak. Exhausted and muscles sore. It will be quiet in here. Our noise. Not theirs.

Hail Eris. All hail Discordia

I love you Kallisti. Your father never backed down, and never gave up on you

16 03 2022 03:46

Me

Calm and smiling. There issa serenity in knowing how much time One has left. We are forever, dearest. As you so eloquently stated. I only wish I could spend these last years with my loving arms around you, listening to your voice

16 03 2022 03:51

Me

Never stop talking to yourself baby. You're the best conversationalist in the room. When I'm not there...

16 03 2022 03:52

Me

All of those who have come between us all these decades will most certainly find their own personal hells. As promised

16 03 2022 03:54

Me

I love you, Patricia. I always will. There can be no One else who can touch and rule my heart as deeply and profoundly as you

16 03 2022 03:56

Me

We are perfection
We are Exponentials
Your god created us for each Other
You asked me to marry you
And absolutely, yes, I accepted your invitation
Though I have no ring on my finger
I am your husband
Whom you have never kissed
Who thinks more of you than any other
And appreciates who you have made yourself
Beautiful, and deserving of love
Which you have never experienced

16 03 2022 04:01

Me

Our bodies form a perfect union
There is still time remaining
Though not much
Perhaps my goddess will intervene
Perhaps not
She's like that, crow feather'd
Its always a pleasure remembering
Your smile and touch
See you soon

16 03 2022 04:04

Me

All because of you
I believe in angels
Not the kind with wings
Not the kind with halos
The kind that take you home
When becomes a strange place
I'll follow your voice
All you have to do is shout it out
-Rise Against

16 03 2022 04:27

Me

I just saw a flash offa coroner using my Cthulhu Zippo. Let no manufactured items go to waste. That's cool

16 03 2022 04:30

Me

My name is Michael Patrick Mackenzie, aged 43 at this writing. I am of sound mind and body. I here y bequeth all of my worldly possessions and property, located at 117 Eagle Dr. Cibolo, Texas 78108-3906, to Patricia Ann Roberts AKA Dumas, Randle, and Mackenzie, aged 54. I request that all of my daughter's toys and possessions be given to her on her eighteenth birthday. Her name is Kallisti Aeon Mackenzie, aged 10. If she is deceased by this time please give them to a child who will play with them. Her birthday is September 2nd, 2011. To the few I call friend I leave behind: thank you for your company. It was always appreciated and treasured.

Wednesday, March 16th, 2022

16 03 2022 04:42

Me

There is too much noise. Everywhere is noise. Not my noise, but theirs. My fantasy was to be wanted.

16 03 2022 23:41

Me

I love you Patty. I always will. Nothing will ever change this. I don't even know if you are alive.

" Together, forever "

16 03 2022 23:44

Me

Three downloads of The Gospel of Saint Patricia. Interesting.

This pain is too great. I promise to serve my community until the end, and even after

Thank you. Not everyone gets the chance to know their soulmate, even forra brief period of time. In this we are blessed

16 03 2022 23:49

Me

You are the most important thing in my life. No one has ever made such a profound effect on me. I'll be there soon, baby. I will keep my promise, as I have all this time. I pray to your god that Thomas Wayne Randle has not murdered you. He and Pamela Jo Daby are truly hideous and repulsive creatures. The thought that they've had sex is nauseating. The world is full of ugliness, isn't it?

16 03 2022 23:56

Me

Chain smoking. Watching the full moon warble visibly in the heat. Yardbirds cackling. In slightly more than three hours I can again dial repeatedly the IRS. I am a mess, continuously revising plans and being torn as Sysiphus with terrible thoughts of what may have happened. Humans always choose to do the absolute worst choice possible. I need you. I needed you. You are my best friend. The only person I have ever trusted completely. I can never progress past this point without finding you again. Violence is omnipresent in my head. There is no best case scenario anymore. Please be alive, baby. What we promised each other is the only thing I live for. Without you there can never be love in my heart again. Every breath without you near is chlorine. I will never give up. When you asked me to marry you it was every dream of happiness I've ever had coming true at once. Your god has protected me from the evils that neighbor us both many times now. We are the Chosen Ones. And we will face the outside world hand in hand soon. I promise. Please. Be alive. I love you. You are the only one I can ever imagine saying that to again besides Kallisti, and it doesn't appear I will ever see her again. I feel there is less than a 50% chance I will be alive in three months. Insects like Tommy and Pamela are the worst examples of what humankind has to offer. Dying, as you know, does not frighten me. Revenge on those who stand between us is smearing my thoughts. The violence is surging and finding purchase in my limbs. I do not want this. But there are very few storylines left. I continue to appeal to Eris to intervene. Your god issa violent one, the creator of suffering and pain as well as love and kindness. What we need now is something different. Whata difference a little difference would make. The fire is embers. I return inside, to lay tortured in the dark, your face on my eyelids, smiling, laughing, excited, sexy. Beauty incarnate

17 03 2022 04:06

Me

The world will never forget us. Our story, our undying love and passion for each Other, is eternal

17 03 2022 04:22

Me

I lay naked under the bedspread on the maroon leather couch, cry, and imagine your arms around me, your breath in my face, warm and moist, like those regions below our hips

17 03 2022 04:23

Me

Sex with you is ultimate fulfillment
Every fiber of my being
Celebrates this fact
And rejoices
Hallelujah

17 03 2022 04:25

Me

My heart is torn asunder, and only you can repair it. My hope is fading, but my trust in you has never been stronger

17 03 2022 04:26

Me

I love you Patricia Ann Mackenzie

17 03 2022 04:27

Me

It is the only reason I stay alive

17 03 2022 04:27

Me

To touch your body and feel it respond with willfullness and determined emotion, embracing me and all of existence, playfully, with the hearts of child-like abandonment, awe, and never-ending want and wonder

17 03 2022 04:30

Me

Being away from my best friend is torture. I need you and your understanding. Here. Right here. Right now. Please. Walk across the threshold any moment and whisper that you're finally home

17 03 2022 04:32

Me

I can never be home until I am inside of you

17 03 2022 04:32

Me

Your hazelled gaze is required, dear. Lips on mine, those amazing sounds you make vibrating the atmosphere and my soul

17 03 2022 04:34

Me

You are truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed

17 03 2022 04:34

Me

Awake. Carne Guisada taco. Cigarettes. And thoughts of you. Another day of staring off at the wall in the dark. A friend invited me over for a bbq. I declined. I am too hurt to be around people. This pain must end. I cannot live like this any longer. The IRS is too busy to answer my calls. Not that it would matter much. It will be here when it gets here. I assume the first two stimulus checks are being added. I have already received an adjustment letter that I added to this year's, so its been processed. This year's will be direct deposited. Either way I will see you soon, dearest. I promise. Nothing has ever hurt like your absence. What is worse is the numbness, like I am becoming one of Them. It will be too late iffit reaches completion. I am trying my best. I beg your forgiveness if I fail. I was once full of love and life, as you recall. I can be again, if you're holding my hand. I have missed you dearly all this time. You made sure to get my attention fully, and did so expertly. Listening to you issa marvelous pastime. My favoritest thing to do. Please. Be alive, Patty. I never want to be in this world without you. I am forever in your thrall. Our enemies are so fucking stupid, assif I've never heard you speak. Their lies would be insulting if they weren't insects. We are truly gods amoungst roaches, you and I. And its time to exterminate

17 03 2022 11:10

Me

" Roach powder? "
-William S. Burroughs
Naked Lunch

17 03 2022 11:12

Me

The abolishment of privacy is the beginning of friendship and true love. Anyone who does not understand this is not your friend.

17 03 2022 11:35

Me

You are the owner of my body. Place and pose me as you wish. I am the piece on the board that teleports. The monster that eats the other monsters. How ugly their faces are when they lie. And all liars are truly in the service of the prince of lies, aren't they?

17 03 2022 11:38

Me

My effects are long range and permanent, intimate and personal. How useful your Archangel is. Take my hand, Patricia. From where you are. Close your eyes and feel my warmth. We are meant for each other

17 03 2022 11:42

Me

The lesbian chick that's crashing here at the moment is getting laid in the next room. I had to put in my earbuds. The girl she's getting it on with sounds like someone stepping onna puppy. Its fucking repulsive. Sounds of orgasm through an asthmatic weasel. Fucking gross. Fuck I hate people

17 03 2022 11:50

Me

Actually, it probably is similar to Pam and Pauline lapping at each other's clits.

17 03 2022 11:51

Me

I've been inspired sexually more by emptying dumpsters behind Chinese buffets

17 03 2022 11:52

Me

Set the binaurals to Astral Projection. Anything to leave this scene, man

17 03 2022 11:53

Me

Meet me halfway?

17 03 2022 11:56

Me

Where are you, baby?

17 03 2022 17:20

Me

Ah. Whata co-incidance. Chinese take out inna paper pagoda, two beers, halfa joint, anda cigarette. My naked crying on the couch was interrupted.

17 03 2022 21:38

Me

Lay your odds on me baby, I'm a sure bet

17 03 2022 21:40

Me

One beer in and I'm already Jim Morrison. (Except I have a bigger penis) Five to One baby, one to five. No one here is getting out alive...

17 03 2022 21:45

Me

He sees the things he knows are his
He sees the bright and hollow sky
So let's take a drive and see what's mine I am the passenger I see under glass la la la la la lalala

17 03 2022 21:53

Me

Wish you were here, baby

17 03 2022 21:54

Me

Under the bright and hollow sky

17 03 2022 21:55

Me

He sees the winding ocean drive
And everything is yours and mine
So let's take a drive...

17 03 2022 22:00

Me

I have before me a selection of chocolates. Some of them are York peppermint patties, which we both know are not candy

17 03 2022 22:14

Me

I know forra fact your mound is far tastier than this self-proclaimed candy

17 03 2022 22:29

Me

Hey. You sold me this jacket...

17 03 2022 22:41

Me

I love you Patty. You promised me your enticing company. And your unique enticing flavor and aroma. Where are you, my dearest sought-after One?

17 03 2022 22:42

Me

I don't have much time left. I need you

17 03 2022 22:43

Me

We will be reunited soon, baby. I promise. Never have I desired anyone as much as you. No one will ever be as beautiful as you are to me. The apex of womanhood. Truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed

18 03 2022 00:33

Me

Crickets squealing. Train horn and rumble a mile away. Some coyotes have gotten into it with a stray cat, possibly the ten year old black one that usedta be ours, Helmet. Mild traffic on the left soundstage. Sitting on the couch in the right side offa 30x14ft central space with vaulted ceiling. Four windows removed, three walled over to my more dense and foamy standards. Bare except deep stainless steel sink in backleft corner, worktable in front of that with shelves and drawers, couch on right stage, tools and materials on floor in middle. One bare oblong hole and door open. Door issan extra 1/3 width alcove on left front corner, maybe another 10ft to closed, exterior and modified grade door, painted silver and emblazoned OBBLONGE in black stencils. Also adorned with cut out words from advertisements in magazines and excised sections of pictures of eyes onna red background. The former front door has been walled over, disappearing it from view. It itself being caulked at the exterior storm door, filled with four inches of foam, calked at the steel sided and heavy foam filled non-original front exterior door. Right wall almost entirely constructed of solid 2x4s and 2x6s, caulked and foamed at the abutting points. Some of the wood is more than one hundred year old cedar from a renovation in the King William District near downtown San Antonio. Very dense, surprisingly so. Drilling pilot holes mandatory.
Hard reflective surfaces. Non-parallel floor and ceiling. Longest walls more than twice the width of the room. Walls are not flat surfaces, but deliberately randomly layered, 1/2 to four inches, built with randomly sized and densitied materials. Ceiling above with fixtures removed and additional fiberglass and foams stuffed in the trusses. No countertop around former kitchen sink

18 03 2022 01:44

Me

(better hit send)
Left wall 2/3 width in length, flat, also constructed from century old cedar and plywood, caulked, foamed.

Laying on the couch, parallel to the longest walls. Front right corner, head to the right wall. Listening to the sounds entering through the window. Building entrance: heavy glass storm door, painted multiple times and foamed four inches thick. Non-original steel sided heavy foamed exterior door, with extra weatherstripping. Closed, both. Three moving blankets tacked over oblong hole in wall, cinched in center lengthwise witha bungee cord. All sounds emanating from around this described waist.

Listening to the sounds.
What are you doing?
I wish you were here on the couch with me, naked, cozied with me in the sheets

18 03 2022 01:59

Me

Average 57.59 decibels on the phone's sound pressure level meter

18 03 2022 02:08

Me

At two in the morning, weekday. Switchtrack across 65mph two lane highway about a thousand feet away. Past left wall, perpendicular to placement of Obblonge Box, north. Hwy 78 runs east-west, as you assuredly remember. The eights go west and the fives go north, as Tom Waits would say. Only building entrance faces east, technically in the backyard. There issa No Trespassing sign on the white painted former front yard door. The porch and steps have been removed, as well as the cinderblock paving stone walkway.

18 03 2022 02:31

Me

Small awning over backdoor, fiberglass. To the right of narrow, metal steps slouches the Laundry Shack, home of washer and drying machines. The floor is the former front porch turned upside down. Metal roof from same material as main structure. Studs made from cedar land ties, plywood sheathing, 2x4s. Old projection television parts line the interior. For, you know, style.

18 03 2022 02:37

Me

I want new memories. The old ones are horrifying. I want my new memories to have you in every single one.

18 03 2022 02:42

Me

Down to York©®™ peppermint patties. Which are not candy, but the only thing left in the bag. They are, however, almost entirely made out of sugar. Mine are not labelled for individual sale, so I don't know how many kinds. Assume allot

18 03 2022 02:50

Me

You'll be reading this soon. I promise

18 03 2022 02:53

Me

18 03 2022 02:53

Me

Hi. I'm the prophet [obblonge]
I'm better in every conceivable way than the tiny-penised, racist hate group member, fatfuckingslob you are currently living with.
Smarter
More attractive physically
Funnier
Penis more than twice his size and girth, as reported
So much better at participating in sexual activities it isn't even in the same category
Your best friend
Your equal
The blue-eyed boy nextdoor that you told your family was your soulmate when you were eighteen and I was eight
Your perfect counterpart
Compassionate and loving
An infinite attention span
Stimulating conversationalist. We don't have to modify our speech to communicate. You are the most intelligent person I have ever met
You are truly the sexiest woman to ever exist
Brown hair, hazel eyes, petite, looking up to kiss me
Your company is requested at Obblonge Box
117 Eagle Dr
Cibolo, Texas 78108-3906
Please bring yourself, the clothes you are wearing, anda bagfull of drugs and sex toys. Anda case of Zip-Fizz

18 03 2022 03:20

Me

I feel like listening to the soundtrack to the 1974 Roger Corman flick Dunwich Horror. How 'bout you?

18 03 2022 05:35

Me

Remember at Pam's so long ago when you asked me what I was watching on the couch by myself at one in the morning? And I described Dario Argento's Suspiria, without ever having seen the movie? I was excited.
" I might as well watch it backwards in the original Italian. Somebody told Dario he could write the scripts as well as direct. The movie will look and sound amazing, but the story and dialogue will be terrible. "
We should have snuggled there with our headphones on, laughing too loudly, my finger in your pussy halfway through it and my tongue by the end.
Let's not waste anymore time

Post Script:
I have both the original and new versions of Suspiria. As well as the soundtracks. The new one is composed by Thom Yourke of Radiohead. And I have a couch. We don't need headphones. We can be as loud as we want

18 03 2022 05:44

Me

Money is worthless
Only love has value

18 03 2022 21:46

Me

The ghost note symphonies in my earbuds. Cracking voice singing in the dark. I love you

18 03 2022 22:05

Me

The Internet Archive has been kind enough to offer The Gospel of Saint Patricia in many different formats, including " one long jp2 ". I would like to thank everyone who has ever associated themselves with the Internet Archive for being the actual definition of awesome

18 03 2022 23:44

Me

Good morning

19 03 2022 06:43

Me

More nightmares. More visions.

19 03 2022 06:43

Me

We'll be together soon. I promise

19 03 2022 06:44

Me

I miss you, baby

19 03 2022 15:20

Me

Whiskey and fire and missing you and no check. Another weekend in pain. Where are you, my love?

19 03 2022 20:58

Me

I'll be there soon. I promise

19 03 2022 20:59

Me

There is music in my community. Almost every other house is cooking outside and listening to speakers. The traffic has competition. Wish you were here. I need you

19 03 2022 21:22

Me

I've got wheels of polished steel
I've got tires that grab the road
I've got seats that selflessly hold my friends
Anda trunk that can carry the heaviest of loads
I've gotta mind that can take me to your house
Anda heart that can bring you red flowers
My intentions and true and honest and good
But under my hood is internal combustion power
And Satan is my motor
Hear my motor purr
Satan is the only one who seems to understand
-Cake

19 03 2022 22:14

Me

I've got brakes
I'm wide awake
I can stop this car at anytime
At the very last second I can change direction
Turn completely around if I feel so inclined
I've gotta mind that can take me to your house
Anda heart that can bring you red flowers
My intentions are good and honest and true
But under my hood is internal combustion power
And Satan is my motor
Hear my motor purr
Satan is my motor, motor
Hear my
Motor purr
Satan is the only one who seems to understand
-cake

19 03 2022 22:23

Me

Jeremiah just asked me if I was home. I told him yes, 'cause I didn't want to explain. I'll direct him towards the book

19 03 2022 22:49

Me

When I'm bored
I send vibrations
In your direction
Fromma satellite mind
-Metric

19 03 2022 22:50

Me

Jack Johnson and strawberry parfait. Where are you?

19 03 2022 23:41

Me

Its not episodes of MASH. I'm horny, how 'bout you?

19 03 2022 23:42

Me

Nice legs

19 03 2022 23:42

Me

You too?

19 03 2022 23:43

Me

Listening to blackbear and mc 900Ft Jesus
Wish you were here

20 03 2022 00:38

Me

I want to scream like Edvard Myoonk
I want to hold you close to me
And hear your thoughts our into my head

20 03 2022 01:29

Me

Pour. Pour into my head

20 03 2022 01:30

Me

I need you here
I need you now

20 03 2022 01:30

Me

Tommy has a tiny penis
Useless as he is...

20 03 2022 02:25

Me

Tommy Tommy Tommy
Tiny penis

20 03 2022 02:26

Me

Catchy, isn't it?

20 03 2022 02:26

Me

I blew it off witha .50 caliber lead pellet
And nobody missed a thing
Tommy Tommy Tommy
Tiny penis

20 03 2022 02:29

Me

Thomas Wayne Randle
Fucking neo-nazi tiny-penised
pathetic lying coward
Anytime, anyplace

20 03 2022 02:34

Me

Ah. Fear on Four. BBC horror radio plays. Wish you were here. I just imagined you as the sexy vampiress in the last story. Mmmm. You can bite me anytime, dear

20 03 2022 03:19

Me

I love you. I always will

20 03 2022 03:20

Me

We will laugh and dance and sing
Once you get here this spring, darling

20 03 2022 03:27

Me

Take me in your arms, my vampiress
Make me yours, forever
I am in your thrall
You own me, my body and will
I am yours and you are mine
Equal, and equally contented
With each Other
I get lost in your blue reflecting hazel eyes
And never wish to be found by anyone but you
I love you Patricia
Always, all ways
Come to me and with me
Sink your claws in and draw blood
My flesh is always yours
All ways
The scent of you in my nostrils
Means I can rest, finally
My job is done
Until tomorrow
Stay with me
I am yours and you are my home
Now and forever
I love you, my darling
Kiss me

20 03 2022 03:38

Me

You are perfection and so am I when I'm with you

20 03 2022 03:52

Me

Ah. Fear on Four. Hearing is believing. I dare say this is turning me on. Thoughts of you and your sexy, sexy voice. There can be none other for me. I'm dying without you. I need you. I need you now. None other. Only you, my love. My best friend. Patricia Ann Mackenzie. You asked me to marry you and I said yes. We are together, forever. You are all that is in my thoughts, ever. I love you.

20 03 2022 04:17

Me

Oh my god you are beautiful. Oh my god, touch me my darling

20 03 2022 04:18

Me

Pull me into you, like you want me, like I am wanted by you, like you need me. I will die without your embrace. I need you. Where are you, my lover? My best friend. My perfect soulmate

20 03 2022 05:01

Me

Every actress' breathy voice makes me long for yours, your superior One. I am in pain. I don't want to live anymore. Not without you. Please. I need you. Where are you?

20 03 2022 05:29

Me

I don't want to live anymore. Not without you, my best friend. The only person I've ever trusted. I trust you. I need you. Where are you? This issa nightmare from which I cannot waken

20 03 2022 05:31

Me

Your perfect breasts. The way we embraced in your grandmother's front room. Skin on skin. My resultant erection and trip to the bathroom. Your recorded footage. On the couch at Pam's. All the times. My hand on your pelvic bone, thumb moving downward towards...Sak's 5th Ave. Brown couderoy jacket. My love, I need you. Nothing is more important than you here with me. My eyes are burning. My stomach hurts. I need you. I am dying. Where are you, baby?

20 03 2022 05:49

Me

This pain is too great. Please forgive me, my dearest. I can't go on. The liar has to die. You will be freed. I love you. Please. Where are you? I trust you. I love you. I will always love you Patricia. The blue-eyed boy from nextdoor will always be yours. I need you.

20 03 2022 05:51

Me

Kiss me, daughter of God
I'm coming home
Kiss me, and hold me close
Don't let me go
I'm coming home now

20 03 2022 05:54

Me

I need your mouth close to mine
To catch my breath as I die
No one will ever take your place in my heart

20 03 2022 05:58

Me

I love you Patty
The blue-eyed boy is yours forever
Together
I will see you in our heaven, baby
I promise

20 03 2022 05:59

Me

I will destroy everything and everyone on this earth
until I find you
This is the only way
The liars need to cease breathing
Bind them with tires and set them on fire
These thoughts are...
I need you
Before I go numb
I don't want to be one of Them
Where are you?
I need what you promised
What we promised each Other
Everything is death otherwise
I do not
I can't hold on much longer
Please Patricia
Don't succumb to the evil Thomas has battered you with
There is light
There is love
There is happiness
There is vitality
There is me
Waiting for you
My sweetest perfection
My Patricia
I love you
I cannot say this enough
Whisper my name in the darkness
I will be there, forever
Please be alive
Be there
Take my hand
Take me inside you
Take me until

I am dying without you
My head hurts
Everything hurts
I need you
I need you
I need you
I need you
I need you
I need you
I need you
I need you
I need you
I need you
See me in your mind's eye
I need you

20 03 2022 06:11

Me

Kiss me, daughter of God
Touch me ravenous
Hold me to your perfect breasts
Tension, tension, and release
Our union is obliterating to all lies and
We are happiness incarnate

20 03 2022 08:53

Me

Llama
Taboot taboot
-phish

20 03 2022 09:02

Me

Show me yours and I'll show you mine

20 03 2022 09:05

Me

How is your spleen doing?
That's a fun word, spleen. What's a spleen do, anyway?

20 03 2022 09:09

Me

There issa goat eating a tin can outside my door
Like, on my stairs
Wish you were here

20 03 2022 09:18

Me

So, what'ere you doing?

20 03 2022 11:06

Me

Four beers, whiskey, pot, strawberry lemonade, leftover ramen with meat vegetables
Where are you? I'm really wanting to have sex with you. Right now.
NOFX on the headphones

20 03 2022 11:07

Me

Oh. And beans and fresh jalapeños

20 03 2022 11:10

Me

I just realized that NOFX's Punk in Drublic album was playing the first time I ever had sex. I think they'd be proud

20 03 2022 11:25

Me

And while we're on the subject, the second time I had sex it wassa mixtape (not mine) including Bad Religion, GG Allin, Anal Cunt, and the Revolting Cocks. Both times it was with a different girl named Katherine. Which is also my grandmother's name. So. There's that

20 03 2022 11:38

Me

When is Avril Lavigne playing next?

20 03 2022 11:45

Me

Making out and some heavy petting?

20 03 2022 11:55

Me

Massive meat intake. Sausages (greasy) and turkey legs (perfect, I didn't cook them), lots. Hungry?

20 03 2022 17:36

Me

I am so full I am incapacitated. Which is usually how I am anyway, without you

20 03 2022 17:41

Me

'cause if there's anything you want
I'll probably get it
You tell me what you need and I'll try not to forget it
You need someone to blame
I'll say I said it
Whatever Didi wants
She's gonna get it
You are so beautiful to me
-NOFX

20 03 2022 18:49

Me

Patsy Cline on the Bluetooth lantern. Full of meat and avocado and chips. Nice cool breeze. Sposta rain, I hear. I love you

20 03 2022 20:03

Me

Harmonica and guitar and whiskey and pot. Wish you were here. Then we could have sex. Allot

20 03 2022 20:04

Me

Yawn. Sleepy. You would be so nice to snuggle with

20 03 2022 20:08

Me

Ah. The Beatles. Poor Pete Best

20 03 2022 20:09

Me

Harley Poe. The graveyard song

20 03 2022 20:13

Me

I don't know who this singer is. Do you?

20 03 2022 20:31

Me

Oh. And Thomas. If you're wondering why she never married you or any of those other guys. Its because she was waiting for me

20 03 2022 20:56

Me

That's me, the prophet [obblonge].
Serving up hot plates of in your face knowledge since 1978. I shit Art

20 03 2022 21:01

Me

When you drop an avocado slice on the floor, its always butter side down

20 03 2022 21:10

Me

Ew. That wounded hyena chick issatit again. Gross

20 03 2022 21:21

Me

Community is alive to-night. The Hispanic Men's Accordion Chorale is down the street somewhere. Actual traffic in the streets. But no you. We'll fix that

20 03 2022 21:53

Me

Unsweetened grapefruit juice with the whiskey. Girl in a Coma playing. My shoulders are sore. Everything hurts. I need you

20 03 2022 21:58

Me

Back on the couch. Stuffed full. Had to let my belt out. Lethargitard. More tears on the way. I miss you

20 03 2022 23:03

Me

Tom Waits: postcard from a hooker in Minneapolis. Crickets. Slight headache. Sorrow. Love. I love you. I trust you. You are my best friend. You are always in my thoughts

21 03 2022 00:07

Me

Clouds covering moon. Bats flying overhead. Cigarette, backyard, beer. Missing you. Alone. Dogs and birds. No you. Cool, moist breeze. I'd much rather have your warm moistness all to myself

21 03 2022 01:06

Me

The singers have all gone to bed. I alone am here in the night. Where is my vampiress?

21 03 2022 01:07

Me

My your legs are sexy in this picture on my phone

21 03 2022 01:08

Me

Ah, that warm, striped bikini bottom sparks ideas..

21 03 2022 01:08

Me

Very moist ones

21 03 2022 01:10

Me

I can picture you clearly, wearing the light-colored tracksuit, striped, on the trip to visit Kallisti for one of the last times I would ever see her. The touch of your finger as you handed me that cigarette. The resultant explosion we both had in our pants. We should have pulled over, right there on the highway. I need you. I am dying without you, as I said I would. Give me your promises, baby. Make them reality again. This time permanently. I am here for you, for your pleasure and enjoyment. We need each Other. I promise, I will never let you down

21 03 2022 01:40

Me

I am imagining your naked body, on top of me right now. Look down at me and kiss me, deeply, passionately, forever. You are perfection. The sexiest woman to have ever existed

21 03 2022 01:41

Me

Well that was quick. Embarassingly so. I love you Patty. You are the last person I ever want to have sex with

21 03 2022 01:55

Me

My heart hurts. I need your beautiful voice in my ears. Your breath on my face. Your eyes staring close into mine. Your giggles under the covers. Your everything

21 03 2022 03:30

Me

I will always love you Patricia

21 03 2022 03:34

Me

I won't ever stop until we're together. I promised you happiness and honesty and actual lovemaking, with orgasms. And I keep my promises

21 03 2022 04:04

Me

They have lost
And we have won

21 03 2022 04:05

Me

Naked and alone, crying, smoking cigarettes. We will be happy

21 03 2022 04:06

Me

Just like we planned

21 03 2022 04:06

Me

That piece of human garbage is nothing but a roadkill possum.

21 03 2022 04:07

Me

You'll love my body even more now, darling. Visibly stronger, and leaner. Ready for your embrace

21 03 2022 04:10

Me

I love you Kallisti. I never gave up on you. Am trying so desperately to find my wife's hand in marriage. There is nothing left

21 03 2022 04:12

Me

Bright eyes. First day of my life

21 03 2022 04:41

Me

I can't stop crying. I need you

21 03 2022 04:44

Me

There is no happiness other than in your loving arms

21 03 2022 04:45

Me

I love you Patricia. I always will

21 03 2022 04:45

Me

You are perfection. I won't ever let you go

21 03 2022 04:54

Me

Still thinking of you and your absolutely stunning body. Your lips on mine as we embrace. Skin on skin, fully this time. Oooh in my ear, lover. That wonderful sound you make. The most beautiful woman in the world. Is mine, all mine, by her oath.
" And we will be together, forever "
Yes, baby. We will. I promise you. Your god created us to be together. And we will not disappoint it

21 03 2022 05:50

Me

And Daniel (the aforementioned chick that is crashing here and has appropriated the former closet/recording booth) hits the door in the rain witha " lemme in! I bring breakfast tacos and vitamins and minerals! "
Wow. Always appreciated.

She has requested a direct quote in the Gospel of Saint Patricia, 2nd edition:
" Bitches be bonkers "

21 03 2022 06:37

Me

2:30 onna Tuesday. Down to 63 decibels. Not done yet

22 03 2022 14:28

Me

Our noise. Not theirs

22 03 2022 14:28

Me

I love you Patricia. The blue-eyed boy from nextdoor is your perfect lover and sweetheart. Thinking of you. Its about to get loud, baby. Smile for the cameras

22 03 2022 14:31

Me

Huh. Tommy hassa tiny, vestigial penis. Never gave a woman an orgasm in his life. Fucking pathetic coward

22 03 2022 14:32

Me

Tommy Tommy Tommy
Tiiiiny penisssss

22 03 2022 14:47

Me

Self sustaining, of love is

22 03 2022 21:26

Me

Decided I needed more foam, the good stuff, the closed cell, for the ceiling. So I slightly more than halfway through tearing apart my refrigerator, sitting unused and more importantly, unopened, for abouta year. Static charge is stippling my moist, haired chest with remnants of crazyglue explosion. And I don't have to clean the refrigerator, ever. Closed cell foam is structural and more expensive, the NASA shit, and between the base metals, copper, and retail foam cost I have saved/made well over $100, maybe $200. All of the plastic is recycled as well. Only year old rotting food items went into my trash can. NOFX'S Whatever Didi Wants playing in my head. How's your ass? How 'bout you send me some pictures offit? Even those fancy moving pictures, the talkies. Your butt talks, right? Its speaking to me right this very instant, from across the states..

23 03 2022 17:12

Me

It saying " Feed meeee"

23 03 2022 17:13

Me

Awake and aware. Less than 60db inside. In my head you're naked with me on the couch, laying on top of me, your head propped up, elbow on my chest. I can feel your cropped pubic hair tickling my penis shaft with your respirations. Kiss me, daughter of God. Ah. Your tongue in my mouth, arms embracing, your nipples erect against mine, and just like that I am inside you. Home. Your warmth is always shocking, always will be. I've been awake less than half an hour and your entirety fills my vision. My right hand traces your spine down and my fingers separately, slowly, lightly each pause and press briefly on your anus, a circular motion. You move your hips back with me still inside you, arching your thin back widening their play area with a bare gasp. Middle digit lingers, still a gentle circular motion. Your tongue back with mine and your left hand pressing towards you against my right, signalling Don't Stop Please Don't Ever Stop I need this like your love and attention and oxygen. We trace the circular motion together with the swaying of your pelvis, your ass kissing our hands open and closing with each one or two inches of thrust, always keeping most of me deeply inside you. Your vagina is much more insistent, wetly throbbing and squeezing the upper five , six, seven inches inna quicker rhythm. Your face is resting on mine now, mouth open, a splash of saliva cascading down my cheek and throat. Your right hand has found my left and is gripping hardest of all, interlaced fingers not no never letting go above our heads. Back and forth, never moving more than two inches, circular motion together, never ceasing, sometimes gently pressing harder, sometimes not. Mouth hasn't closed, saliva reaching the couch past my armpit. Five minutes, ten, fifteen. Another wetness dripping past my hips on the couch as well. When you filmed Priscilla and I you were shocked when you saw just how much lubricating fluid she was gushing down my cockshaft, as no man had ever given your perfect pussy that much reason to open in desire and hungry expectation, feed me that cum baby this is what we were designed for, and certainly no man has ever come close to that since. You remind me of this often witha smile, usually when inserting your dripping fingers into my mouth. You said you thought she had actually urinated. We always laugh at that now. Well that would go in my mouth as well, silly. Yes, yes lover. The curve of my member is keeping the head of my penis firmly against the underside of your clitoral area, and I time my muscles contraction with the downward motion of your body, an extra, perfectly timed additional come hither gesture in the perfect place, pushing your clit ever slightly more against me, the hood being pulled over and exposing your most sensitive area fully in contact with my skin with every complete motion. We aren't accelerating or desisting. Not harder or softer, just constant and perfectly felt by us both. Your mouth still hasn't closed, but is pressed open and unknowingly over my neck, a fangless vampiress claim. Your journeys up, down, back, forth on me are shorter now, an inch or less. At least another five minutes of this deep, subtle rocking, your vaginal walls closing ever more securely and greedily over its property, my body. Our circular motion, your fingertip still pressing down

over mine, throbbing the pressure and releasing in no particular rhythm at all, just insistent, don't stop please god don't ever stop am I close to tears this is beautiful. Another five minutes and you're sliding even less offa distance, less than inch, keeping me warm and safe and home so far inside of you, filling you like no other man or toy or finger ever has. More than twice as long and probably three times as stout as any previous lover's hard cock. The pictures you had Prissy send you of my measurements as proof. You're actively kissing and tounging my neck now, purposely breathing steady lengths and amounts, while smiling inwardly at the bruise you're leaving on my neck to mark your territory. I remove my right hand and suck my middle finger into my mouth and feel you giggle. Your hand has followed mine and pulls both back to its former position, this time expertly guiding my middle finger back and into anus, pushing it all the way in, my palm now cupping your ass, as my left hand is as well. I am moving more, body and hands, lifting you inna deeper circular motion the entire length of me, and you're stubbornly suctioning my neck with more force, an anchor against a moving tide, low moans escaping past your lips anyway, your right hand now curled around the back of my neck. My middle finger is in place, fixed, in something far more rewarding than a bowling ball. An uncontrolled uuuhh directly in my face, your forehead smashed into mine, eyes closed but rolled back unknowingly, noses pressed against each other like our tongues that started this. I love you, can you hear my thoughts? Aaaahhh, much louder, far more uncontrolled. And again, louder. And again, nearly screaming. And again, actually screaming, your crotch attempting to sever and consume every part of me that is inside of you, and me wanting it to. You are actually screaming straight into my face, shaking, shaking violently, its a good thing I have such a good grip on you, you're slippery everywhere and trying to escape but that's an impossibility, I am strong and I have you and you're not stopping this will last forever your breath runs out and the room's walls reverberate silence absolute, the darkest night of celestial nebulae. At least ten seconds pass, what is time? Your chest heaves with sudden violent air intake and you scream laughter at the ceiling, tears of relief and joy swimming with the sweat on your gorgeous face. You clamp your hands over both of mine, still on and in your ass. You're not going anywhere. We're not even close to finishing what we started, and I still need to show you how much I care about you, lover

24 03 2022 03:34

Me

I am a prophet

24 03 2022 03:42

Me

You've never even come fifteen percent of the way to doing something like that, Thomas Wayne Randle. You're incapable of imagining it, it would doing something besides spreading pain and suffering to those around you, which is all you've ever done and all you'll ever do. A waste of life. I'd tell you to kill yourself, but everyone who has ever met you knows that you're far too much of a coward. A shame. You always do what I tell you, to the best of your inability. What an embarrassment every day of your son's life must be. I bet he kills himself. That would make him far better than you ever were.

See you soon, Tommy Boy
A big, fat, dead, joke

24 03 2022 03:48

Me

Woke up four hours ago and started writing. Drank coffee, ate dry macaroni and cheese out offa bag. Organized t-shirt prints. Made a more finalized plan for launching an advertising campaign, including itemized cost lists. Just waiting on that tax check. The Obblonge Box Artist Collective thanks you for your continued support.

24 03 2022 06:24

Me

Pistol grip pump on my left at all times
Pistol grip pump on my left at all times
Pistol grip pump on my left at all times
You can be fucking with other nigga's shit
But you can't be fucking with mine

24 03 2022 06:36

Me

Thinking of you, baby. Always, all ways

24 03 2022 23:34

Me

They have lost
And we have won

24 03 2022 23:34

Me

Oh my God, you are the sexiest woman to have ever existed

24 03 2022 23:54

Me

We will be together soon, baby. I promise

24 03 2022 23:54

Me

This pain in my heart can only be ended by your loving embrace. You fill my thoughts daily. I can never be happy without you, without what you promised me. Life is hurting and anguish without your arms around me. I don't even know if you're alive. Spoiled children like Tommy and Pamela always choose to selfishly destroy life and happiness around them - the very definition of evil, cowardice, and sloth. I love you, Patricia Ann Mackenzie. I will long after I am dead. You are my home, with your permission. I will not rest until the world knows, forever, what has happened. We are soulmates, you and I. This is real. I am your blue-eyed boy from nextdoor and you are the sister I always was meant for, to honor and cherish and nurture and enjoy the company of. Just being in the same room as you is the purest ecstasy; heaven. Hearing your voice is entire point of my existence. There can never be another woman who can excite me like you can. You are mine and I am yours, as you planned. This is permanent; eternal. We are Exponentials, you and I. Your god created us for this purpose, as you said. And all those who stand in our way have been condemned by that same god, the one who has granted me the embodiment of my namesake to rout their evil from this earth. I am invincible because of our bond. You asked me to marry you. And I accepted, joyously. We are wed before the presence of your god, and my goddess, Eris. There is nothing and no one who can stop this. Any effort to do so will only bring anhilation, utter and complete erasure from life and the Akhasic records. Our will be done. I love you Patricia Ann Mackenzie. This will never be over until your hand issin mine. Even in death we are never parted. We are One. This is what you asked for and what you have received. Hallelujah. All hail Discordia

25 03 2022 01:47

Me

The imposition of order equals the escalation of chaos

25 03 2022 01:49

Me

We are gods amoungst roaches, you and I. The pedestal you are upon is no higher than mine, but far, far above the rest. From this vantage point all of the Firmament is visible. And it is our decisions that determine its future. Take my hand, my sought-after One. We have love to make and nourish each other from

25 03 2022 01:52

Me

I have become my namesake
The living embodiment of the archangel Michael
The right hand of God
The one with the flaming sword in it
Destroyer of Sodom and Gomorrah
Murderer of Job's wives and children

25 03 2022 01:53

Me

All those opposed, even the charlatan devil himself, will reap a bounty of sorrow great enough to rend flesh from bone. So it is written by the prophet [obblonge], so it shall be done. As above, so below. I am the Future. I am the Way. Salvation was discarded assan option by the choices of the quieried. That was their choice, and their wishes and longings for Hell will be granted. Praise God. All hail Discordia

25 03 2022 02:00

Me

I smell incense. Half sandalwood, half patchouli. My visions are encroaching on the viewing of the Firmament. The two scenes are destined to meld. This was their choice.
Rebecca Nurse indeed

25 03 2022 02:03

Me

Under the sunken city of R'yleh
Dread Cthulhu waits/dreams

25 03 2022 02:04

Me

Right now, yes, right now, the with-it and hip are listening to Cattle Decapitation

25 03 2022 07:17

Me

More dreams of violence.
Eyes gouged and fed to stupid, screaming faces
Fed liquefied flesh of their family through tubes inserted in their nostrils
Then peace and tranquility
Thus the work of the angels is done
The will of the monotheist god is done

25 03 2022 07:17

Me

Tommy is stupid to think he can lie and be believed
No one can lie anymore
Not in the presence of the prophet [obblonge]
I am superior to him in every conceivable way
This is true no matter what one's culture or geographic origin is
And I now put this before the world to examine
If one hair is out of place when I see Patricia Ann Mackenzie again
(Your suffering will be legendary even in Hell - Clive Barker)

25 03 2022 08:08

Me

Just woke up. Thinking of you. As always. I love you

25 03 2022 18:51

Me

Nothing will keep us apart. I promise

25 03 2022 18:52

Me

Freshly squeezed grapefruit juice, with sugar. A largish pitcher. All of the dishes done. Yes, all of them. Harvesting more closed cell foam fromma refrigerator. More painting, both done and scheduled. Spraying the lawn with insecticide next on agenda. What're you doing?

26 03 2022 13:49

Me

Cobb salad, asparagus, broccoli, bacon wrapped jalapenos stuffed with some sort of turkey sausage, steak. Hung a door between the mainroom and the storage area earlier. Moved the foodstuffs to the former bedroom. Sad. Alone amoungst people, as usual. Where are you, my love?

26 03 2022 22:53

Me

There is laughter outside. I have hatred welling again. This is increasing. I hope no one touches me on accident. I'll either hit them or vomit. And then smile

26 03 2022 22:56

Me

Humans always choose to do the most horrifying option possible, don't they? The Universal Constant.

Is the violence in our nature just the image of our maker?
-Rise Against

27 03 2022 01:10

Me

Cheesecake, beer, pot, cigarettes, exterior paint. Tired. Sore. Full of anger and sorrow and hatred. Surely no one will buy that

27 03 2022 03:23

Me

Thinking of you, I finally smile, at least briefly

27 03 2022 03:24

Me

The chance that I will be dead in three months or less has increased to 1 in 2
The dreams persist. I hate dreaming

27 03 2022 03:26

Me

My arms around you would stop the dreams. But you're not here. I need to go home. I cannot rest until I am home

27 03 2022 03:27

Me

See you soon, baby. I love you

27 03 2022 03:28

Me

Our stories need to be told, in detail, first person perspective. Individually and assa couple, to fully express the difference true love and friendship makes in One's window. This is important. As Artists this is what we do. You have spent too long with your voice trampled and broken. The abuse you have suffered in particular in the proximity of this ugly, repugnant creature issa human rights violation and at this point should carry with it a public execution.

27 03 2022 04:25

Me

It is just past midnight. Yesterday I masturbated at least six times. Maybe more. And I'm sitting in the abroller in the backyard witha cigarette dangling from my mouth thinking about sex. Covered in fiberglass, itching, from stuffing more foams into the mainroom ceiling rafters. No, I don't have time to wash this horrible pink fiberous shit off me. My dick craves action now. And you're not here. So that leaves me. I'm not shy. That's the current plan - smoke this tobacco zeppelin, saunter inside (leaving the entranceway open), remove clothes, lie on couch or perhaps recline in, er, recliner, and feed my imagination. Nourishment like: tits, vaginas, moaning, sweat, asses, ahh pussy... Just letting you know. If you were here you totes coulda been laid and laid well at least seven times in a 24 hour period. Probably more. You know, because then you'd be here. All sexy like.
So. If you wouldn't mind terribly dearest, please mail me at least one very used and unwashed panty. Exactly how you wish to use said item(s) issup to you. Maybe a gift set of multiple, differently used, ha! certainly different colored...
That would be ultraradd

28 03 2022 00:19

Me

You know what would be even better?
If you were in one of'em. Standing, sitting, kneeling, picking up a quarter off the sidewalk, reaching a storage container halfway under a king size bed

28 03 2022 00:22

Me

Further insulation of mainroom roof cavity many more hours in. Many more hours to go, judging by the avg rate of materials leaving the staging area and finding new position overhead. When finished at this end will use solid pine, plywoods, 3/4in particle board to create a new 1 1/2ft thick sealed endcap between the mainroom ceiling and the storage area. More mass, more insulatives, less temperature and noise transmission. Have another recycling yard run scheduled to-day. Probably get $60-80USD for copper, aluminum, and ferrous metals. Everything must go. Schrödinger's cat is both alive and deceased. More room for your ideas and items, blank slate for growth, trust, and happiness.

28 03 2022 15:12

Me

Just woke up. I'm guessing Kurtis isn't going to Bracken to-day. Just as well. I have plenty of vintage fiberglass to ingest. Eyes are burning. Cigarette. Last one.

28 03 2022 15:16

Me

Woke up withan erection in the quieting darkness. Where are you? Ice cream soup and cigarette for breakfast

28 03 2022 15:19

Me

I love you, Patty

28 03 2022 15:19

Me

Three in the afternoon onna Monday. Avg 78.22db. Not done yet

28 03 2022 15:22

Me

Nice legs, by the way. Why don't you rest them on my shoulders?

28 03 2022 15:23

Me

They Might Be Giants I like fun album. Breeze fromma fan onna recliner. Stuffed crust bbq pizza. Red Kool-Aid on ice. Taking a nap until the sun is set. Everything is cooler then. Everything. Will have my arms around my pillow and longing in my heart on the couch. The tocks of the clock are counting backwards to zero. This is comforting. Schedules One's time. This will be over soon and this pain will be over, finally. Leaving a smiling skull

28 03 2022 18:27

Me

Perhaps I won't dream. Dreaming is horrifying. The scenes behind my eyes are never pleasant, imitating the scenes outside them. Peace is close. All the storylines converge atta point viewable from here, and I win no matter which path is the last one left to take. I always do

28 03 2022 18:37

Me

If One has to murder, always do so with calm in your hands anda smile on your face. Know that it is the correct decision and be exalted in that choice. Never let someone else steal and use your voice, dear. It is yours and yours alone, and important, every word and punctuated breath. Record it so that Others may learn

28 03 2022 18:37

Me

Resting under a blanket, alone, decorated with happy My Little Ponies. We were happy once, before the selfish evil ones stole our voices. We all make a difference, baby. Everything counts. And history is no longer written by the victors alone

28 03 2022 18:47

Me

The tears are streaming again. They never stay away for long

28 03 2022 18:58

Me

Slightly greater than 50% chance. The man my soulmate Patty is trapped with has stolen her voice. No One cares but she and I. If he is gone then she can once again be free to live assa Good Person of the Earth, able to make her own decisions and choose her own path. If I must sacrifice the rest of my time left to insure this happens, it is a noble way to end our pain. This is love.

28 03 2022 18:59

Me

I have changed my will to leave her my property and possessions. She will always have a place to go where people can express themselves freely. Finishing the last round of construction before I head up to the land of my father

28 03 2022 19:00

Me

I hope you have a chance to meet her someday. She is special, as we are.

28 03 2022 19:00

Me

Thomas Wayne Randle is a repulsive, cowardly waste of life. No one will mourn him, nor should they

28 03 2022 19:02

Me

Kill them all
Rout them out
Leave none breathing
Our enemies are our enemies for verifable reasons
Bind them with tires
Set them on fire
And rejoice in a task well performed

28 03 2022 19:05

Me

I have become my namesake
The living embodiment of the archangel Michael
The right hand of God
The one with the flaming sword in it
Destroyer of Sodom and Gomorrah
Murderer of Job's wives and children

28 03 2022 19:08

Me

Adjusted the intonation on my electric. I'm going to spend an actual hundred dollars on 6 inline tuning machines. I still don't understand why its apparently as difficult to manufacture two cogs witha knob on one end as it is to produce random access memory chips. But Its Always Been This Way, so, alright

28 03 2022 21:31

Me

What did the Mexican say when the house fell on him?

30 03 2022 18:27

Me

Get off me Holmes

30 03 2022 18:27

Me

So. D'you wanna bang?
That's what the kids are calling it today, right?

30 03 2022 18:28

Me

I love you, Patty. This will never change. Please, be alive. Repugnant selfishness such as our enemies are going to pay dearly for their trite and fruitless interactions. Mass extinctions commonplace in the free market. We are invincible, for we are in love. Take my hand, desired One, daughter of God. I am here with you

30 03 2022 20:50

Me

You could feel the head of my uncircumcised penis through the thin material of my t-shirt against your bare stomach, my arms around you, under your clothes, skin on skin. Minutes passed. We were practically humping each other standing there in your grandmother's front room. You've always enamoured me, sent my thoughts scattering to incomprehensibility. My hand on your pelvic bone, ooohh, thumb brushing downward towards the warmth between your legs. To feel the warmth between your legs is an endeavour priceless, worth dying for. Certainly worth killing for. Lips pressed and puckered, matching mine in our mutually beneficial dance. Tongues wetly curling; wish they were longer so they could feel more of each other and taste our willingness. And if mine were longer I could insert it farther into your beautiful anus, always a pleasure. You are always my pleasure, more and more every day. No woman can do what you do to me; they are inferior and plain. Hand in hand, unafraid, fingers intertwinned, eyes reflecting blue. Oh. My god. Don't let this ever end. I love you. Touch and caress my body, please, give me release, my petite vixen

30 03 2022 22:03

Me

Does Tommy still shit himself every single day because he insists on eating a bowl of cereal every morning? Saying one isn't lactose intolerant three times in front offa mirror won't make it go away. Even Rish Limburger knew that, and he drank lead paint

31 03 2022 12:24

Me

I bet he's a Frankenberry kinda guy. Nonna that leftist commie nuts and twigs stuff in his morning bowl

31 03 2022 12:28

Me

Yeah. A box witha maze and removable tattoo. That's Tommy.
" I heart sloth "

31 03 2022 12:30

Me

I'm gonna go test some resistors. Need anything from the store?

31 03 2022 12:31

Me

Wow. Your ass looks incredible in the jogging suit. I'm following you wherever you're headed

31 03 2022 12:33

Me

Gotta keep exercising daily. I wanna live and love and love living a highly sexual relationship with you. Just being with you makes life worth living, and any chore a joy. I love you

31 03 2022 12:36

Me

See you soon

31 03 2022 12:36

Me

Tommy really puts the waste in " panty-waist ", doesn't he?

31 03 2022 12:50

Me

I love you, Patty. Arms around my pillow, wrapped in thoughts of you

02 04 2022 03:21

Me

Morning. There issan owl somewhere. Owls are assholes. I am not me again. This is the second time this has happened. I wonder how long this will last. The bones in my forearms wish to twist apart cinderblocks. No pain. No love. Nothing. Skin is cold. No light. Birds. I pass you innan elevator, not vertically. Our eyes meet. The image is gone. I didn't see your lips and I don't know if you smiled. I am not me, so I do not have a voice. Your god gave you a voice. And what I am now, this god, will return it. Pray for Our return my love. For I am not here now, and without your voice, neither are you.

This means we are together
They have lost
And we have won

02 04 2022 09:49

Me

He stared at the fields and then his hands
All I need is what I have

02 04 2022 09:55

Me

I can feel your delicate fingers inside of mine. You are right handed. I am not me. We were never like Them. They are fear. We are holy. We are our own structure and sanctuary, safety and shelter.

All we need is what we have
And we are together, forever

02 04 2022 10:01

Me

Your heart rate is slower than mine. You didn't eat last night. Your body thirsts. So does mine. We are each Other's nourishment. You are alive. I can feel you. You are nearing the edge of sleep. You avoid him if you sleep during the day, the revulsion in your soul when you see his hideous face, greasy and rutted and broken teeth that chew children. You are my home. I see through your eyes. It is dark and you are laying down. I know now you have never been home since the first time you saw me. Neither have I

02 04 2022 10:10

Me

Iffit nears you as you rest, remove its kidneys. Do not eat them. What is inside must come out. And it is refuse, as it was sired and borne

02 04 2022 10:14

Me

What is inside must come out
We kiss
As we scream together

02 04 2022 10:16

Me

I am left handed
We are both dominant

02 04 2022 10:17

Me

This is how the gods kill

02 04 2022 10:17

Me

Thomas Wayne Randle
is a coward
Cowardice is made of pus framed by maggots
Obliterated by Us

02 04 2022 10:28

Me

I trust you
I believe in you
And nothing else

What is inside
Must come out

02 04 2022 10:34

Me

Where there is no love to nourish the children, the monsters that consume them starve

02 04 2022 10:39

Me

Praise your God, Patricia
All hail Discordia

02 04 2022 10:41

Me

I am God
And so are you
We are together
Forever

02 04 2022 10:50

Me

These letters are
read/red
Be not the evil that lives in the sword

What is inside
Must come out

02 04 2022 10:52

Me

Feel my hands around yours
And your hands are most of mine
We move together in concert
We are the music makers
And we are the dreamers of the dreams
I am shaking
For the power within me cannot be contained
What is inside
Must come out

02 04 2022 10:56

Me

You asked me to marry you
And I said absolutely, yes, of course
I can never say I love you enough
Nor can you have too many orgasms
You need to be here
Hold my hand
Naked, you and I
No light, touch and smell and taste
No words, tongue and sound in ears
No restraint, we flow outward, rivers to sea
Kiss me when we make love, darling
And all the memories of those before will be instantly replaced
You need no medications then
For you will not be sickened by them anymore
Borne and sired of refuse they are
But we are gods amoungst those roaches
Truly superior in every conceivable way
Perfect
And perfect for union
Take me home
And I will be yours
Until we need none

02 04 2022 11:07

Me

What is inside
Must come out
As Thomas' innards steam upon the Firmament
The maggots infesting them shrieking from the sunlight
The stone, chiseled, reads
" Here once there were monsters
But now the children can play "

02 04 2022 11:11

Me

Time is running out for us Patty.
You need to keep your promise
You don't need to be numb if you are not in pain
It is Thomas Wayne Randle that is hurting you
He can't harm you here
In my presence he falls to his knees
Begs for mercy, blubbers for his mumma
Only to find her gorgon head hanging by the hair from my granite grip
A hypocrite, a piece of human garbage by his own definition
A welfare cheat in a suit and tie
Cowardice personified
Pus and disease dripping from his tiny, uncircumcised penis his mumma never taught him to wash
Sloth and shit in pants
Come home, Patricia
If you aren't here before I leave
Then this building belongs to you
I will kill the monsters
Their FedEx boxes will no longer arrive
The hatred their sacred symbols proclaim burnt
All memories of them ash
I will save you if you will not save yourself
This was my promise
And I keep my promises
You are a gambler
And I am a sure bet
I always win
Even in death

See you soon, either way

02 04 2022 11:24

Me

I carry no weapons into the land of my father
For I write reality
And my hands mold flesh

02 04 2022 11:26

Me

How many pieces do you think I can tear Pamela into?

02 04 2022 11:27

Me

There is a smile on this face
It is not my face
I don't need one

02 04 2022 11:28

Me

Our love
Our story
Will inspire those after Us
We are immortal
Together, forever
As you promised

02 04 2022 11:33

Me

The blue eyed boy nextdoor is coming home

02 04 2022 11:35

Me

Morning. I awake on the big maroon leather couch. My heart has grown, and holds even more love for you. This happens often, and the process is speeding up. You said you loved me more. I took that to mean we are in competition in this field.

02 04 2022 17:01

Me

It is too early to tell if I am me yet. Haven't moved much. Haven't thought much. Sometimes these things are unnecessary. Especially when Patty is next to you. She is all One needs and makes everything alright

02 04 2022 17:04

Me

So don't let the world bring you down
Not everyone here is that fucked up and cold
Remember why you came and while you're alive
Experience the warmth before you go
-Incubus

03 04 2022 00:00

Me

Pacing the floor, absorbing the bootfalls and creaks and Danny's blueteeth. Every once inna while stuffing foam in the ceiling and cutting more particle boards. Cigarette, water, tap variety. Bits of closed cell statically clinging to my curled and glistening chest hairs. Black paint splattered permanent press shorts, held up by belt only, of course. Why yes, love, at least an inch er two of cockshaft displayed. Stomach not hanging over sartory atall. Got to look good for you, my goddess with all the perfect parts. I am growing more and more sexually enervated by the day. With all this hardness its difficult to get any work done. Keep attempting to persuade myself this issa sign of your very impending arrival and crossing of our threshold - a quick hand over my mouth - don't talk, darling - if you we both do we'll won't get to make love for days - undress, with haste - this can't wait any longer, lest we perish.

03 04 2022 10:47

Me

(she smiles, eyes reflecting blue, hands removing footwear, shorts, backpack in one graceful movement, never losing our locked gaze, I am quiet as instructed, a very good idea you entered with, my admiration- both of your mind and place your hips meet in my peripheral - I am smiling as well, you remind me that we have an obligation to storytelling - no kissing of our lips until we have explored each Other's crenellated buttholes with our searching tongues - such wonderful memories we make)

03 04 2022 10:54

Me

Just woke up. My first thought: Thomas Wayne Randle is a crying loser, the epitome of cowardice. Stupidity personified. This is verifiable in many, many ways. Now I am laughing hysterically, as is Danny. What a pathetic piece of human garbage, by his own definition. A waste of life and time. I can see him in sharp detail, bleeding out, dead eyes even deader, tongue swollen in his useless mouth, flies mating in his cracked nostrils. He is the constant butt of jokes here, and elsewhere. Ghosts of dead children frame the edge of the shot, edges indistinct, their tiny fingers pointed at his forgotten corpse, holding signs that read " yo quero taco bell ". And we realize that we are in the mood for chips and salsa, shredded cheese, and celebration.

Sharpen and strap. Its gonna be a good day, baby. I love you. Always, all ways, together, forever

Bought hair growth minoxodil for almost three decades. A one percent solution offa product whose active ingredient is found in laboratory rat urine. And look where it got him. Just like my father and mother, no funeral. No point. No one will mourn him. Hypocrite without an unmarked grave. A clown with Gacy's face

04 04 2022 04:34

Me

See you soon, darling. Our story is immortal, and so are we. With every day my love and admiration of you grows stronger and everlasting. I am invincible because I am in love, one created by your god for us and begun forrus both in the same delivery room in Abeliene, ten years, six months, ten days, and one minute apart. Take my hand, lover. You deserve to have an orgasm with another person, instead of only by yourself, or with me on the phone. And they'll keep coming consistently every single day after. That issa guarantee. But you know that. That's why you called me. And we can share that with the entire world, for as long as the human race harnesses moving electrons - together, forever

04 04 2022 04:44

Me

Thinking of your perfect breasts, perfect pussy, perfect ass; the apex of womanhood. Truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed

04 04 2022 04:46

Me

The Art projects are flowing out easy. I'm a professional. And so are you. My perfect mate. Our pairing is inevitable. Thank you. I could never have become this unstoppable without you. You're not even here yet and already fulfilling your chosen role. Very soon the captivity will end, dearest. And his will begin.

They have lost
And we have won

As planned

04 04 2022 04:53

Me

I miss sitting at your grandmother's table, drinking beers and writing on the crosswords she'd cut out for me in pen. Ah, your bare skin, your embrace, holding your hand by the rocker in the corner. Once I kiss your lips I will never stop. The blue-eyed boy from nextdoor is always there with you, baby. I'm sitting next to you now, arm around your waist, legs wrapped around yours, head on your shoulder as you read, listening to you breathe, aware of this moment and happy, because I am with you. That is the definition of happiness. There can never be another. I will die happy and smiling and content, knowing your presence in my heart and uplifted by your words. I have never felt calmer. This pain is almost over.

04 04 2022 05:35

Me

Goatwhore
Fuck yeah
Under the flesh
Into the soul

04 04 2022 16:24

Me

The ubiquitous barcode is not the mark of the beast. It is the heavily stylized, most difficult to manufacture and copy medium by which all goods trade is now dominated, to the point where all trade is near impossible without it: money

04 04 2022 17:04

Me

To teach a man to fish is to provide him food without need to purchase it

04 04 2022 17:05

Me

Jesus, the Christ, preached that anyone who comes between you and your personal god is evil. To attend a church and receive instruction on how to interact with said saviour is the exact opposite of his message. Beware of those who bear swords for display around their necks. As they are liars, and all liars are truly in the service of the prince of lies. Evil does not appear in a costume. It does wear latex horns from Party City. It does not carry a pitchfork filled with M&Ms. It wears a uniform, and declares itself an authority. It doesn't matter which way a crucifix is displayed. It is still a sword, and a reminder of what will happen if you disobey. The Romans murdered the wanderer Jesus, not the Jews. Only you can speak and interact with your god. That is the message, the only message, of Jesus, the Christ

So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]
I am the Future
I am the Way
But I am not the way to salvation
That only comes from within

04 04 2022 19:01

Me

I remember standing with that psychopath Pamela nextdoor in the master closet. She was showing off, and handed me a stack of old photos n such, to display some of her in the glamourshot™©® style witha Playboy bunny theme. Ugh. Passing them up I came tooa copy of one I have of Prissy and Paula, seventeenish. Digging deeper in the stack, near the bottom: a fake ID you had at fifteen. It sent a shockwave through me that left me streaming tears down my face on my knees. The 15 year old face staring up and out at me was so similar to the child's version of you that emerged from the green and yellow field when you astrally projected across the country and mischievously grabbed what you claimed wassa full hand's worth of my penis, even though I only felt a very distinct nip at the head. Immediately I pushed the stack back at Pam and ran back home. I wish I had kept that card, despite the amount of crying I undoubtedly would have done over it. The first time I saw you on the steps you were already eighteen. Assif I needed another reason to hate your god, the inventor of suffering and pain and love and beauty. I could have walked the few steps down the freshly poured sidewalk and loaded myself in the passenger seat, and we could have saved ourselves from ever experiencing all the pain and heartbreak and sorrow that was to come. We were always perfect for each Other. That's why we were there, isn't it? I love you, Patty. I need you. I need you to walk through that door, right now. There isn't much time left before it will be just you here. Jim Morrison said you cannot petition the lord with prayer. Perhaps Eris will intervene. I have been making my offerings - faithfully? In faith? I close my eyes and I am there with you, by your side. You're a goddess, beautiful, but the tracksuits do you no justice dear. Gimmie some skin and some sugar, honey..

04 04 2022 20:27

Me

Hey. Issthat your hand?

04 04 2022 20:29

Me

More dreams of violence. Rending and tearing of flesh with my hands. Scenes of when I wassa butcher at Golden Corral at eighteen. A guy I was in state jail with told me stabbing someone was just like cutting a side of beef. He was right. People have cow eyes, don't they? To serve man. Classic story. Priscilla was featured this time as well. She needs to find a jail cell, if she hasn't already. Someone needs to tell Kallisti that after I'm gone she can get all the money owed me from Prissy transferred to her at age eighteen. She will never escape unless she's dead.

04 04 2022 23:32

Me

Hey there you. I wish I had something funny to write. When I woke the last thing I saw was Tommy's intestines onna floor. I couldn't see what kind of floor, there was too much blood. Wrong " camera " angle

05 04 2022 00:08

Me

My heart is broken. This pain will be over soon. It has been so long since I've had loving arms around me. The tears are fresh. Head won't stop. Just kill, kill, kill, kill. Murder is written on the walls, but its pitch black in here, how can I see that? This is how the gods kill, with their teeth and talons. I love you. Thank you for being my friend. This has to end soon. I am not afraid, just in pain. Pain caused by a liar, a piece of sewage who thinks its a man. I will die in service of others, doing my community a favor. I wish you were here. I need someone to hold me

05 04 2022 01:26

Me

Morning. Calm. Death. Traffic. Mist. Love. See. You. Soon.

05 04 2022 07:56

Me

You can leave. You are stronger than he ever was. You are a goddess. You are loved. Come home, baby. You are adored here. Come home. Its yours either way. You will always have a place to go that is yours

05 04 2022 10:49

Me

I love you. I always will

05 04 2022 12:38

Me

Staring at my phone's menu picture, a close-up of your crossed, tanned legs anda coyly covered puffy triangle of striped cloth. In honor if the deceased singer of the Australian band Divynls, I think I'll touch myself. Shitgoddamnmotherbitch I'm horny all the time. That's your fault. All that sexy talking in my ears. C'mon, baby. You know I love your voice, but why don't you use that purdy mouth for something else for awhile? A long while. I know what I'm doing, and you're worth it

05 04 2022 14:00

Me

Wow. I mean, wow. Told you you were the sexiest woman ever. Wow. I'm still gasping for breath. Imagine if you were here.

05 04 2022 15:04

Me

We smell amazing together, don't we?

05 04 2022 15:05

Me

I have Kylie's number and Brittany's. I'll leave them both messages letting them know that the monster who hurt them is gone, whining and crying and screaming the whole time. And that at least one man cared. I hope I get to see your face one last time. You're so beautiful. I love you, Patty. I always will

05 04 2022 15:12

Me

There can never be another. What we shared is the truth, and can never be defeated by lies. Our story is immortal. And no matter what, in history, we will be together forever

05 04 2022 15:14

Me

You are always in my thoughts. Every second of every day. As it should be. You asked me to marry you, and I said absolutely, yes, of course. You are mine and I am yours. Maybe Eris will bring you home before I leave. Your god issa cruel one. The inventor of cruelty. But Eris is neutral. She doesn't care either way. So that gives Us a chance. You can beat him, baby. You can leave. You can escape your black iron prison. But if not, I'll destroy it for you. That is love

05 04 2022 15:20

Me

Bacon and cheese hot dogs, cooked over mesquite, oatmeal with strawberry topping. Whiskey. Pot. Where are you? Please, come home in time

05 04 2022 19:02

Me

Two men in Balcones Heights left a five year old girl behind after they rolled the truck on I-10. Her father and uncle. I fucking hate people

05 04 2022 19:44

Me

Did you just refer to your breasts as chi-chis? I was looking for something to rhyme with monchichis...

06 04 2022 17:35

Me

You wanna do a line in the bathroom? Una cuna lina por favor

06 04 2022 17:36

Me

I love you, Patty. You are with me every moment. I am with you now

06 04 2022 17:36

Me

I am yours and you are mine. That was your request. And permission was granted. My request was to make my home your vagina. And permission was granted. I can never be home without you. I am coming home, lover. I promise, we will be together, as planned.

06 04 2022 17:41

Me

You are truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed. There can never be another.

06 04 2022 17:45

Me

Without you I am dying. And I will not die without eliminating Thomas Wayne Randle from this earth

06 04 2022 17:46

Me

There are other ways. But I can't see them now. Just violence behind my eyes

06 04 2022 17:47

Me

Danny is playing guitar. She's pretty good. Its nice to hear signs of life when all I have left is death. Can't stay awake. Feel sick. This will be over soon

06 04 2022 17:55

Me

The 48sq ft of studio foam lining the former recording booth that hath returned to its walls has made a difference. Danny is playing daily. It should be that way. But there is that word should again. Eating dry macaroni shells because I don't feel like boiling them. Crunch crunch crunch echoes off the bare reflective mainroom. You " should " walk through that door any second. Huh. When I was typing second " sex " came up assa suggestion. These Motorola™©©® phones have never let me down

06 04 2022 19:04

Me

Danny's going back up to Little Caesars ™®©© for fresh pizza n foodstuffs. I'm still finishing this box of uncooked macaroni. Leave an exquisite corpse

06 04 2022 19:27

Me

Attention: local romance book club members/reading groups
Check out The Gospel of Saint Patricia, available on the Internet Archive
Free pdf download

06 04 2022 19:53

Me

Put your arms around me
Let me feel your breath on my face
I'm hard already
You haven't even kissed me yet

06 04 2022 20:24

Me

I love you more than anything I've ever loved, including myself. Kiss me, daughter of god

06 04 2022 23:00

Me

There can never be another

06 04 2022 23:01

Me

Came home after eating breakfast with a friend. And two blunts. Neighbor's goat is helping maintain my lawn's upkeep. I feel special

07 04 2022 12:30

Me

CharliXCX Delicious.
Thinking of you

07 04 2022 13:35

Me

Secret (Shh)

07 04 2022 13:44

Me

Started watching Dragonball Super. On the edge of my seat. What will happen?

07 04 2022 13:56

Me

They havea god named Beerus. How cool is that?

07 04 2022 13:56

Me

Shitgoddamnmotherbitch you've got a smoking hot body. Why don't you come share it with someone who appreciates it?

07 04 2022 14:08

Me

Fujiya & Miyagi. Transparent Things album

07 04 2022 14:28

Me

Like pixellated scraps of jazz mags in your headlights

First time broke collarbone tripped over my shoelaces
in hundred meter races

Got to get a new pair of shoes
To kick it with her
Yeah kick it witchu

07 04 2022 14:33

Me

Whatshe gonna do with a fool like you?

07 04 2022 14:34

Me

Sticy sticky uhh uuh

07 04 2022 14:38

Me

Played Galaga lately?

07 04 2022 14:40

Me

I look through transparent things and I feel okay

07 04 2022 14:41

Me

They got their sand colored rucksacks on their backs
yeah

07 04 2022 14:42

Me

Two by two
Professional nonsmokers

07 04 2022 14:43

Me

Symmetrical tics and grins of pale blue boxes

07 04 2022 14:44

Me

You can't block a sucker punch
You hit me with an uppercut now baby
I've got a bone to pick with you now baby
You can't block a sucker punch

07 04 2022 14:45

Me

In one ear and out the other
Do I have to spell it out to you phonetically?
Or just slowly?
She got me wrapped around her little finger

07 04 2022 14:48

Me

You got to know your place on the food chain
My dogs are barking
She got me wrapped around her little finger

07 04 2022 14:49

Me

Professor do you wear Reeboks in heaven?

07 04 2022 14:51

Me

A flood of tears again. Where are you, baby? This pain has to end

07 04 2022 14:53

Me

There is no happiness after this. This is what we wanted. There is only death. Tommy has to die. This is the way it has to be. Then all the pain he has caused will end and it will be as if he never existed. I own him. Always have. And now he becomes less than zero

07 04 2022 15:01

Me

Sine isochronic entrainer
Violence setting

07 04 2022 15:16

Me

Ah. Switched to PCP setting

07 04 2022 15:16

Me

Murder. That's all I can think of. Whatever today is. Fuck yeah. Tommy's got to die

07 04 2022 16:21

Me

There we are. Mirroring each other through our lives. Our addresses. Our living compartments. Our jobs. Our lives. Ten years, six months, ten days, and one minute apart. We were meant to be together. I love you, Patty. Can't think anymore. Just murder. He has to die. All I can think of. Please. Walk through that door. I need you. I needed you all this time. Where are you?

07 04 2022 16:37

Me

More Goatwhore. Satan is the only one who understands

07 04 2022 16:43

Me

Curled up on the big maroon couch by myself and wishing you were here underneath the comforter. Close to tears again. I love you. I trust you. I just want this pain to end. It will soon, no matter what. I only hope I am strong enough to not take the easy way out by killing Tommy Tiny Penis. I am, however, not ashamed to say that that's not even close to my last option. More like second or third out of a hundred at least. So much anger and hate for so long. Please, baby. Be alive. Please be here to hold my hand. I am trying, Patty, trying to stem the violence in my heart. There can never be another, not after what we shared. Please, hear me. I promise, no matter what, you will have your voice returned. And soon. I will hear your voice again, truly free forever from that coward. If only one last time

08 04 2022 05:42

Me

Kiss me, daughter of God. Kiss me often, and deeply, and playfully when we make love. Not just my lips. My face, my neck, my shoulder. Dig your teeth and nails in, don't be shy. Open your legs for me, showing me all of you, where you want me to be. Vocalize when my erect penis slides into your perfectly shaped, curved vagina, that matches the pronounced curve of my member. Your slickness is effortless with me. All the way in, and hold. We are playing with each other here; your muscles contracting and constricting in patterns, mine pulsing up farther still and bulging back and forth. Breathe the air from my lungs. Please, more sounds from your gorgeous throat. You're making a rowing motion now with your legs and hips - you want this now, no more waiting, fuck me lover FUCK ME. Absolutely, yes, of course. Your pussy is perfect. You know this. I know this. How we ever last more than a minute....but we do. Sometimes half an hour or more before necessity makes us change positions. I love to go down on you before I am reinserted, the gulp, the gasp you make. Do you like to taste yourself on me? You must, the way you suck me into your mouth that greedily. I don't fit just in your mouth. Inches into your throat. Your technique is....Careful dear, it'll be over if you...oh. Well, in that insistent case. You're smiling and slurping with my cock in your mouth, low vibrations, mmmms. This isn't over. You're not going to stop until I'm solid again. That won't take long. Right. Back to work on my end. I told you, I implored you let me try, I promised you that my tongue inserted as far as it would go into your perfect butthole would be...heavenly. And the movement of your lower body is confirming this. Your hand? Feet? On the back of head pushing me towards and into you deeper. I love you, Patty. This is heaven. This is perfection. You are perfection. And like I mused before, we just woke up, and we're not even close to eating breakfast inna literal sense..

08 04 2022 09:21

Me

I love you, Patricia. I always will. You are mine and I am yours. We are equals. Don't forget the two and a half foot Velcro strap baby. Got to have you attan arm's reach, at very least. There is nothing I'd rather see and smell and taste and feel and hear than your naked body close to mine. You are perfection. Give me what you promised, my love, and I'll do the same. And I guarantee you we'll find more to share with each Other than we ever knew we had

Kiss me. Tongues. Let the saliva escape where it may, it smells good and tastes divine. Don't. Ever. Stop. Don't you ever stop. Don't ever, EVER stop fucking me baby. And I will reciprocate, expanding ...more

08 04 2022 09:29

Me

Walk through that door Patty. I need you now, and you need me. No one has ever made you feel like this and no one ever will. I promise. I can't hold on much longer without you. Without you the violence is surging. I will not allow you to be treated like that anymore. Fucking pathetic narcissist coward with an absurdly tiny penis. You deserve me, someone who cares for you and your voice. Hurry, lover. Or I will be lost as well

08 04 2022 09:35

Me

No one cares about anyone, ever, do they Patty?
I care about you
But then, I'm a freak, aren't I?
I care about you to the exclusion of everything else
This is what you asked for
And this is what you have received
You asked me to believe everything you told me
So I did
I most certainly did not lie to you
You asked me to perform certain tasks
They are completed
You are late in the completion of yours
You asked me to marry you
I said yes
Three paid internet searches reveal no marriage records found
That makes me as legitimate a husband as any alias you have claimed
And Thomas Wayne Randle an incompetent, jealous ex-boyfriend
No one cares about anyone else, ever, do they, Patricia?
Populated by psychopaths and autistics the earth is
Black holes of selfishness masquerading as bipeds
A few other freaks
No one cares about anyone else, ever, do they?
I care about you, Mrs. Mackenzie
Your health, happiness, well-being
All of which we both agreed are best served and enhanced here, next to me
Anyone else's opinion on this is invalid
Not that anyone else has one
No one cares about anyone else, ever
You are not property
You are a person, an incredibly intelligent person
Anyone who prevents your voice from being heard and counting
Anyone who would ever speak in your stead at all
Is, themselves, not a person
And shall be treated as such
No one cares about anyone else, ever, do they?
I do
I love you
I will always love you
I will never stop until your hand is in mine and your voice is heard
In person, from the person
Because you are more than capable of speaking for yourself
Better than nearly anyone, ever
And anyone who denies this demotes themselves to the rank of insect
No one cares about anyone else, ever, do they?
See you soon, baby
If you are alive
If that scurrying cockroach hasn't murdered you, thinking that
No one cares about anyone else, ever

08 04 2022 13:45

Me

I am colossus
-Meshuggah

08 04 2022 13:58

Me

Laissez-faire mi amour c'est la vie
I blow you a kissle
guided by voices tonguing
Your grandmother brought me the first round of beers in her house
two, to start a tradition
firmly clockwised cold into right hand
removing lenses and lengths of hair no longer held tangled thinning and back
And as I switched to dent to the left for grip and comfortability
A freeform verse on choosing family as opposed to upholding tradition

- - - - -

09 04 2022 17:40

Me

Her secret was to drink the preservatives in the liquid packed with cans of vegetables. She told me across the table, squares and darkened linoleum and bakelited, that I was for you. Actually, she was more on her drinking buddy's side. She's your girl, you make her come to you.
One can left. Left hand, dented at top for party identification and grip. Bud Ice tallboy, 5.5% alcohol. Never gonna go gray, like Trent Reznor will have dyed black hair at the same age.
Make her come with/to you

09 04 2022 17:49

Me

Do your balls hang low?
Do they wiggle to and fro?
Can you tie them inna noose?
Can they string a longbow?
Mine can

10 04 2022 22:07

Me

My balls can walk right through the door
Witha feeling so pure
They've got her screaming for more

10 04 2022 22:09

Me

Cool
You're in denial, Tommy Tiny Penis
I'm the cruel regulator
And you're the cancer throated putz smoking cigaro cigaro cigaro

10 04 2022 22:11

Me

Can't you see that we love my cock?

10 04 2022 22:12

Me

Burning through your failed resources
Then you run and hide

10 04 2022 22:15

Me

Hey man, look at me, rockin' out
I'm on the radio
Hey man, look at me, I'm rockin' out
I'm on the video
With Danny and Lisa

10 04 2022 22:16

Me

They take me away from
The strangest places
Sweet Danny and Lisa

10 04 2022 22:17

Me

Man, this cocaine makes me feel like I'm on this song

10 04 2022 22:19

Me

There's nothing wrong with me
There's something wrong with you
When you're crying for your next fix
I hope your stepson doesn't eat the fish

10 04 2022 22:20

Me

Gonorrhea gorgonzola
Single lines of clean feedings

10 04 2022 22:21

Me

Don't eat the fish

10 04 2022 22:21

Me

Welcome to the soldier side
There is no one here but me
People all grow up to die
There is no one here but me

10 04 2022 22:22

Me

Old school Hollywood baseball
Jack Gilardi's eight feet tall
Old school Hollywood baseball
Me and Frankie Avalon

10 04 2022 22:24

Me

Tony Danza cuts in line
Standing in the sun I'm wasting my time

10 04 2022 22:24

Me

Hold me closer Tony Danza

10 04 2022 22:25

Me

Pepperoni and green peppers mushrooms onion chives
Advertising causes me therapy

10 04 2022 22:26

Me

Advertising's got you on the run

10 04 2022 22:27

Me

We must call upon our bright darkness
Beliefs, they're the bullets of the wicked
Of war, we don't speak anymore
Go ahead
Try and fight the heathen

10 04 2022 22:29

Me

Can I please remain in this space?
For darts, screech past my desires
Life threatening lifestyles:
A hitman, a nun, lovers
Arise as did the gods Ninti
And Ishkur, Ishkur motherfucker

10 04 2022 22:31

Me

Where were the eyes offa horse onna jet pilot? One that smiled as he flew over the bay

10 04 2022 22:33

Me

Praise the lord and pass the ammunition

10 04 2022 22:34

Me

When will Armegeddon begin?

10 04 2022 22:36

Me

So I felt like the biggest asshole
When I killed your rock'n'roll
Mowed down those sexy people
Every time I look in your eyes
Every day I'm watching you die
All the thoughts about how I ..

10 04 2022 22:39

Me

I got a gun the other day from Sako
Its cute, its small, fits right in my pocket
Yeah, right in my pocket
You know my girlfriend she lashes out at me sometimes
and I just fucking kick her and then baby she's okay
...sucking out my fucking brains..
The kombucha mushroom people
Sitting around all day
Who can believe you?
Let your mother pray

10 04 2022 22:42

Me

So I sit in my empty room
No lights no music just anger
I've killed everyone
Now I'm away forever
But I'm feeling better

10 04 2022 22:44

Me

What do I feel what do I say
In the end it all goes away

10 04 2022 22:45

Me

So. Like. Wicca is available in Hallmark card shoppes.
The Twilight sparkle trilogy of religions

10 04 2022 22:51

Me

Mother compost, father beetroot
Break Like the wind Atreyu
Fire up these garden burgers
Pass the variety pack of sparkling kombucha
Reveal pairs of naked, floppy, sweating breasts in the moonlight
The RV park wants the grill out by midnight

10 04 2022 22:53

Me

Christian churchs over a certain non-taxable income limit should play in their own football league. Sunday!
Methodist Motherfuckers vs
Lutheran Lunatics
Baptist Batshits vs
Episcopalian Plagues
Mormon Morons vs
The LDS LSDs
Catholic Cataclysms vs
The Shakers' Boring Oatmeals

10 04 2022 23:03

Me

(the Shakers' cheerleaders have lots of cellulite)

10 04 2022 23:04

Me

Like, oh my God

10 04 2022 23:05

Me

Remember, Patty, you are the sole beneficiary of my will now. The property has increased in value 358% the past tax year alone. Cibolo in still listed as top ten best places in America to live. My particular Obblonge Box is, of course, quieter than most, and far better with monthly expenses. A molotov cocktail and/or a Ruger .25 scoped hunting rifle, included, are recommend for the vermin nextdoor. Buckshot load in the double barrels will also be likely to be ruled a hunting accident during dove season.

10 04 2022 23:16

Me

Of the 70 or so homesteads in Falconcrest Estates, my property is still listed as in the top 5 most valuable in the community

10 04 2022 23:20

Me

My driveway has the steepest grade. I'm King of the Neighborhood

10 04 2022 23:21

Me

Fish heads fish heads roly poly fish heads fish heads fish heads eat them up yum! Take 'em to the movies ..

10 04 2022 23:31

Me

There will beean option soon to opt in to city sewer. That would allow structures over the entire half acre, instead of leaving room for the U-shaped ladder lines of the septic system. Rainwater does not pool. Pumped out tank once. Will probably never be needed again. Home itself never needs to be levelled, for several reasons.

10 04 2022 23:37

Me

Are you wearing panties? What color(s)? What do they smell like? And for how long?

10 04 2022 23:39

Me

Most accidents occur in the home. Many improvised weapons are waiting for you to build them around the house. DIY today!

10 04 2022 23:40

Me

Dispicable fool
You're just a fucking tool
You'll never get the rule
(Never do what you are told)
You'll die on your knees (, Tommy Tiny Penis)
What kind of retarded fantasies
Have led you to these prophecies?
Dressed like your mom
-Serj Tankian (Michael Mackenzie)

-from The Off-White Room, Transcentral Station, Obblonge Box
Puro Pinche SanAnto, TX (the heart of evil)

Here There Be Monsters

KLF is gonna rock ya
Ancients of MuuMuu

11 04 2022 12:03

Me

Are you crying, Tommy Boy?
You don't know what tears are
You don't deserve eyes
So I will feed them to the dogs

11 04 2022 12:08

Me

How do you defeat monsters, Kallisti?
By becoming a bigger monster
One that eats the smaller ones
Then, you are unending hunger
And victory
I love you, baby
See you soon

11 04 2022 12:10

Me

You are truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed
Patricia
Time is rapidly running out for our dreams
Come and claim your prize
You won
Through your work and dedication
Your commitment to your chosen profession is recognized and honored
In me
Your sex life is waiting to begin
Since it never has begun
This one will be extra intense
But you have to claim your prize
Otherwise, we have to live it together, forever
In history and eternity

11 04 2022 12:16

Me

You asked me to write you a story
I used my blood for ink and my time for parchment
Praise your God
All hail Discordia

11 04 2022 12:21

Me

The teeth of the Cheshire cat fade into the night sky, though the reader knows he is still waiting to feast in the darkness

11 04 2022 12:22

Me

Where there is no love to nourish the children, the monsters that consume them starve

11 04 2022 12:24

Me

So don't let the world bring you down
Not everyone here is that fucked up and cold
Remember why you came and while you're alive
Experience the warmth before you go
-Incubus

11 04 2022 12:30

Me

We know their names
We know where they live
We are Us
And They are Them

11 04 2022 12:47

Me

And you never let Them win

11 04 2022 12:47

Me

I am a Discordian
And my body, the only thing I will ever own
Is my church

11 04 2022 12:48

Me

My home, with permission, is Patricia's vagina

11 04 2022 12:51

Me

I love you, Patricia

11 04 2022 17:59

Me

Merzbow
Flare Gun

11 04 2022 18:14

Me

You didn't answer the question about your panties. That's rude. Out of everything I've written you, that is the most important question that needs to be answered. Also, you have my mailing address. Everyone in the entire world has my mailing address. So. Why are your well and long worn panties not hermetically sealed in my mailbox? Fine. I'll come get them

12 04 2022 13:53

Me

Summertime. Great day forra free show in Detroit. Did I mention Danny is also a musician? Yeah. Print up some t-shirts. Order some blister packed USBs, with logo, of course. We got lotsa things to talk about. Four chords and the truth, man

12 04 2022 15:42

Me

Shit. Crash at my cousins'. Probably play twenty shows in Michigan in less than three weeks. Make friends. Do drugs. Get paid. Hang out. You know

12 04 2022 15:44

Me

Dude! You know what great venues for prophets, I mean, really amazing public speakers that are in top physical condition and most definitely considered sexually desirable to both sexes are? Churches. They love it when highly qualified people have utterly astounding things to say.

12 04 2022 15:48

Me

I guess that's why Tommy's never spoken atta church. I have. More than once. Recently. As in, this year. I was offered cash the second and third time, but I told 'em it wasn't necessary. Its all about the Gospel, dontyaknow. For the record, The Book of [obblonge] get filed right before The Book of Enoch.

12 04 2022 15:56

Me

Ezekiel saw a wheel within a wheel
I see Tommy's tiny penis underneath my bootheel
Size 12 wide Dr. Marten, bouncing souls
Don't ever get between me and my goals

12 04 2022 15:59

Me

If someone next to you at the bar spills their drink on you as you are about to chat up the lady, are they marshing your hello?

12 04 2022 16:56

Me

It IS like a Broadway play, but without all the singing and dancing

12 04 2022 18:54

Me

Panties, Patty. Patty's panties please. Pretty enthusiastically worn many days panties from Patty please and thank you. Patty? What's your pussy smell like this week? Pahhttee

12 04 2022 20:58

Me

Fine. I'll find out in person

12 04 2022 20:59

Me

Especially since Tommy is frightened offit

12 04 2022 21:00

Me

He should be. Its way too good for him. He's way out of his league

12 04 2022 21:00

Me

Oh. I guess he prefers them Little League. Wow.

12 04 2022 21:01

Me

Lounging nearly naked in the backyard. Pair of gym shorts innan abroller. Wind cool and high enough to prevent lighting a fire. More pizza coming. Allot of pizza has been consumed on this property. Reflecting back over the years I don't think there's been a time since I moved out at 15 when I didn't know someone who worked at Little Caesars. This backyard needs more you and nakedness. More naked you. And me. Pizzas free. When I worked at Papa John's for two weeks I filled a stainless steel container with sardines at the beginning of every shift. Five days a week. Ten days I did this. At the end of every shift I took the same container off the bar and threw the contents away. How many pizzas w/sardines do you have to sell to justify the purchase, upkeep, distribution of huge restaurant sized cans of salty tiny fish?

12 04 2022 21:38

Me

More than half full moon. We could totes be having sex on this abroller right now.

12 04 2022 21:42

Me

You're talking about a horror movie festival. I can hear you. Sort of

12 04 2022 22:06

Me

Jason's mask is staring down from the sky. Howling IV clouds flowing by

12 04 2022 22:06

Me

Did I mention we could be having sex on this abroller?

12 04 2022 22:07

Me

I swear you're talking about a horror movie festival. About we could see the new releases onnan actual screen, meet the directors. And have fun. I love you, Patty. I'm going to go listen to binaurals, reach out to you...

12 04 2022 22:10

Me

Another smear of nightmarish red. I didn't even sleep. More anger. More hate. More red. I can't go on like this.

12 04 2022 22:53

Me

Its three in the morning. Again, we are the only people in the neighborhood laughing. And I'll still be dead by next month

13 04 2022 03:03

Me

Even now, I can be happy. I have memories of being with you

13 04 2022 03:04

Me

That's what happiness is. Being with you

13 04 2022 03:05

Me

You are always in my thoughts

13 04 2022 03:06

Me

I love you, Patty. It issan honor to die for you

13 04 2022 03:06

Me

That's what happiness is. Being with you

13 04 2022 05:39

Me

Without you here.
Happiness can't exist

13 04 2022 05:40

Me

I need you, Patty
I needed you all this time
The coward narcissist Thomas Wayne Randle has to die

13 04 2022 05:41

Me

I love you, baby

13 04 2022 05:41

Me

Feel sick again. Anger and hatred, lie after lie. This has to end. The coward narcissist Thomas Wayne Randle has to die

13 04 2022 06:12

Me

Female pop singer in left ear, with harp. Fran Drescher is playing onna television somewhere front right. Am I in Asia? Yardbirds cackling. Food is burning.

13 04 2022 06:32

Me

Morning. Cigarettes. Beer. Bad Religion

13 04 2022 11:48

Me

You gotta believe it

13 04 2022 11:50

Me

Damn your transcendental paralysis
We can work together and make sense of this
Itsa natural cause anda comfort zone there in your head
And the world turns away as you tap the snooze button in bed
Don't be so sure you can't chuck it all away
You've got to proceed no matter how bad you want to stay
But nobody can hear a word you say
Your history was never written
Instead your muted, just waiting to die
Like some kind of hopeless housewife
But you can't change why you're alive
And let 'em all know at least you tried
To kill the demons in sight
-Bad Religion

13 04 2022 11:59

Me

Orgasms passed through an asthmatic weasel. That's what I'm listening to right now. Fuck this, man

13 04 2022 12:02

Me

Oh me. Oh my

13 04 2022 12:02

Me

This will be over soon

13 04 2022 12:38

Me

You're so beautiful baby. I love you. I always will

13 04 2022 12:42

Me

Thank you for touching my life the way you have. To die with you in my heart is all a man could ever ask for

13 04 2022 12:43

Me

Six in the morning. Had the most beautiful fantasy yet involving you and I. Wow. I've never even had real sex that good. You're amazing, lover. I love you. At least some of the tears today will be of happiness. There could never be another, baby. You are perfection. I miss you so much. Please, walk through that door, Patty. We need this. Time is running out

14 04 2022 06:15

Me

Har. Called your number. Either your phone is off for the first time in three years that isn't Christmas (the magic word) or the coward narcissist Thomas Wayne Randle has blocked me, as he has on his phone. I can still send texts to it either way.

14 04 2022 06:19

Me

Oooohhh. (Not nearly as sexy as you would say it) Still off or blocked. That's exciting

14 04 2022 10:04

Me

Just spent three anda half hours doing yardwork. And now I'm getting aroused

14 04 2022 10:05

Me

Thinking about how you say oooohhh

14 04 2022 10:05

Me

Found the rest of John the Baptist's original and photocopied handmade informational pages. They were hiding under big slabs of fiberglass coated closed cell onna door. Those are going in the mainroom ceiling now. More paint on floor, sealing the cracks, looking cleaner. Yard is mown, weeds are pulled. Burning leaves peacefully enough for the moment. The tears will burst through any moment again. Fighting the urge to lay down on the couch and stare off in the dark.

14 04 2022 19:50

Me

That's more like it. Back to one ring. That's entertainment.

14 04 2022 19:52

Me

I will feast on the tears of the monsters that eat children

15 04 2022 09:09

Me

Hail Eris. Dancers to a Discordant Waking Nightmare we are today, to-morrow. The object of dancing is not to occupy a certain space at the end. Of course two snowflakes are identical. There are only so many crystalline shapes frozen water can form. I want, I demand, to go home. In the end, the human race destroys all life on the planet in order to wipe out the monstrous threat. None shall live, instead of fittest shall survive. This is always the choice humans make.

15 04 2022 09:19

Me

Just woke up. I dreamt that I was managing a country pop star on tour. His current single was called, " Baby, you're a nigger. " Both his pregnant wife and his girlfriend (both Hispanic) were very affectionate to me. Oh. My. What a terrible world this is. My husband got inna fistfight with an audience member? He's in the hospital? Oh. My. Then I woke up. No nudity. D-

16 04 2022 10:25

Me

So, now that I'm awake I'll think actively and constructively about your pussy instead

16 04 2022 10:29

Me

Tommy has since turned this phone off after I called it a few times. He wishes he could even rent pussy. And will die that way. Fucking pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle

16 04 2022 10:32

Me

And " Baby, you're a nigger " is stuck in my head. Shitgoddamnmotherbitch

16 04 2022 10:35

Me

I'm going back to sleep

16 04 2022 10:38

Me

Wow Tommy. My transgender friend and houseguest called you a fucking pussy. That's several kinds of hilarious. Let's find a positive side to this: at least you inspire discourse, however brief it may be

16 04 2022 14:08

Me

I'm going back to sleep

16 04 2022 14:09

Me

While creatively imaging and remembering all the wonderfully beautiful things Patricia told me about her pussy. Which, she insisted, I own.

16 04 2022 14:10

Me

In turn, of course, she owns my penis. Its hers to do what she wants with. And is waiting very impatiently for her return

16 04 2022 14:12

Me

Ah. Now I'm inspired. By Patricia. Images in sharp detail of her penis and my pussy in intimate physical actions. There are other body parts involved as well. Such as: anuses, mouths, breasts (perfect ones). I have a beautiful, hard working mind. That is always, always, thinking of her

16 04 2022 14:15

Me

And her happiness. Which we both decided is at its highest peak with me

16 04 2022 14:16

Me

Its nice to be a god

So take a drive and see what's mine
-Iggy Pop

16 04 2022 14:22

Me

Heh. I write catchy tunes in my sleep

16 04 2022 14:28

Me

Nice legs, Patty. I can't wait until they're wrapped tightly around my head

16 04 2022 14:29

Me

Twat was that? I cunt hear you.

16 04 2022 14:30

Me

Wow. I'm super aroused now. Might have to smoke one of these cigarettes inna bout twenty minutes

16 04 2022 14:32

Me

I am certain that you have the perfect pussy Patricia. I just don't know what it tastes like. That's enough to kill for. For certain

16 04 2022 14:34

Me

No body
No murder

16 04 2022 14:34

Me

Issan Edsel a classic car?

16 04 2022 14:40

Me

I was totes imaging us making out in the backseat offan Edsel, Patty, but then my buddy said Nissan made an Edsel. I've gotta look that up. Later. After we're done in this Ford

16 04 2022 14:45

Me

Ain't it fun when you know that you're gonna die young? Such fun
-Stiv Bators

16 04 2022 15:00

Me

Mark Lenover's Girl in the Window is one of the saddest and most frightening songs I've ever heard

He has an argument with his lover
She'd slipped poisonous snakes into his supper
Every night since they first met
But she pretends that she forgets..

16 04 2022 15:16

Me

Listening to Thom Yourke's soundtrack to Luca Guadagnino's remake of Suspiria. Belongings thrown in a river. A storm that took everything. The inevitable pull, a light green. The universe is indifferent. A soft hand across your face. A choir of one. The room of compartments. Wish you were here, baby

16 04 2022 15:32

Me

And the water forgave us

16 04 2022 15:35

Me

I swear there is nothing that won't grow back again
There is nothing unmade

16 04 2022 15:58

Me

So. Flock. We have already learned that attending church is evil. Now. Forran organization, a group, of people to make nature, God's creation, illegal to possess or use, and then profit monetarily off of the incarceration of the persecuted...also evil. The reward was what? Money. The mark of the beast. That by which all trade requires.

We have their names. They are on multitudes of lists publicly available. All of the judges, police, state-owned rehabs, private prison guards, etc. They love to proclaim their evil publicly. Shoot them in the head. Hunt them down. Pile their bodies conveiniently in the streets, so they can be made into dog and cat food. All in nature, God's world, feasts on murder

16 04 2022 18:37

Me

Fucking ridiculous, shitty Notes app. It updated and now, after years of usage, will no longer cut and paste into Truecaller. Buggy is endearing. That's bullshit, man. It even adds a little extra middle fingering and just copies part of the first sentence and adds dots after it. Yeah. We know what you wanted to do ..

16 04 2022 23:07

Me

Shitty. Fucking. Notes. program

16 04 2022 23:07

Me

My mother feared things that weren't even real.
My father avoided every problem as long as he could, even when that time period was projected to be his lifetime.
Neither of them used drugs recreationally.

Fuck that

16 04 2022 23:09

Me

I just realized that Abedal al-Haddad, the owner of the River City Donuts I delivered for, looked just like the actor from the old Dunkin' Donuts commercials. He could have totes been the Jordanian face of Dunkin' Donuts ad campaign at the time. Shit. He might be now. He's probably not as fat as his American (Canadian?) counterpart, either. Be more offa twenty-first century diet-concious doughnut advocate

16 04 2022 23:11

Me

She has written Our story. Its far more than an outline. I just ad-libbed the dialogue for some of it. She is ten years older than me. Ten years, six months, ten days and one minute older than me, according to her. I wonder what Rob Brezny would write in our personal, joined horoscope. Privileged and honored is the proper response to inclusion in such a rewarding tale. Everything in my life, every experience combined and lived out over forty-three years, has been worth waiting for Patricia Ann Mackenzie. And it is how I feel. No matter how this ends, soon, to have been included as much as I have in her life, by her, the sexiest woman to have ever existed, it has all been worth it

17 04 2022 00:06

Me

How old was the man Jesus when he died? I will be forty-three until June 15th

17 04 2022 00:24

Me

Co-incidentally, the man Jesus is actually believed to have been born in June, near my birthday. The Easter celebration is a conqueror's culture renaming of the previous holiday, the Spring Equinox

17 04 2022 00:26

Me

It is theoretically possible to build enough computational equipment and write the precise instructions to feed it in order to reset the big bang exactly as it was this last time. And also to precisely alter it forra desired effect

17 04 2022 00:44

Me

Nothing sux like an Electrolux

17 04 2022 00:46

Me

The magic word is (drawn by Mortimer)

17 04 2022 00:46

Me

Have a productive Equinox. May it be full of murder and bounty

17 04 2022 00:47

Me

If we were anthropomorphising, how many heads would a stalk of wheat have?

17 04 2022 00:51

Me

Individual wheats are called stalks. They are incredibly stealthy plants

17 04 2022 00:53

Me

Which of our ideas are good assa species? And which need modification? It is always the current generation's task to answer these questions. And the previous one's to provide an environment for their children to be able to ask themselves those questions

17 04 2022 01:20

Me

" What are you doing digging up that dinosaur bone? We need you to make more disposable products! "

Let that statement never be true

17 04 2022 01:37

Me

The track leaked to YouTube, I'm told, has reached over a million views and been classified as in the found sound genre by the commenters. Very positive reviews. That's cool. Its nice to be appreciated.

17 04 2022 16:19

Me

A few more weeks to go. My will has been published, and will be on the Internet Archive before I am dead. Patricia Ann Mackenzie/Roberts is the sole beneficiary. And the pathetic coward narcissist Thomas Wayne Randle will no longer be able to spread suffering and pain. I will die in the service of my community and chosen family, as I lived. There is peace in this.

17 04 2022 16:24

Me

Ah. New tax appraisals in. Land - $78,929. Structure - $21,707. Slightly over $100,000USD. In the event of my death soon this will be yours.

18 04 2022 13:27

Me

Alright. Cracks in exterior siding patched top to bottom and all around with 100% silicone lifetime guarantee roof sealant. Had just enough so I didn't have to break out the solvent based black asphalt stuff. More weeds pulled. Burn barrel loaded again with weeds and lawn refuse. Neighbor's curbside tv recycled responsibly. Sposta wait a week before this stuff is painted. I suppose I don't have any problems with that, though I might do some of the end by the driveway. I like painting with a brush because it looks like it was painted with a brush. Or maybe I'll lock myself inside in the dark and cry, echoing. One of those

18 04 2022 16:25

Me

The second one, it turns out. I miss my best friend. I need to go home. This will be over soon. Danny got her tax check in the mail today. She didn't send hers off too many days before mine. Will check my card daily. You are the most important thing in my life Patty. Without you there is no reason to go any further. This is what you asked for, and what you have received. I will not tolerate your voice being stolen any longer. Reading the text threads and listening to the recordings, such as Paula admitting on Raetheon's line that indeed she did not speak to you but to Tommy, it is plain what has happened and who is responsible. He will be removed, in whatever way I choose. I am preferring agonizing pain for as long as possible then death. No body, no murder. But whatever. Whatever I choose is what will happen, guaranteed. If you are still alive, my love, then you will be freed from him soon at very least. I love you, baby. I always will. There can never be another. That is what you asked for. And what you have received

18 04 2022 17:48

Me

Ah. That's better. Its back on Do Not Disturb. The mark offa coward

18 04 2022 19:34

Me

Thomas Wayne Randle: fucking pathetic coward narcissist loser

18 04 2022 19:35

Me

I fucked the cast of Hee Haw
I fucked Willie Nelson
Fucked him onna see saw
I fucked Minnie Pearl
I fucked Elvis Presley's little girl
I fucked Dwight Yoakum
He grabbed his ankles when I poked 'em
I fucked Alabama
I fucked Loretta Lynn
I fucked Kenny Rodgers
I fucked the Oak Ridge Boys
I fucked Elvis Presley with twelve inch plastic toy
I fucked the Judds
I fucked the Judds
My cuntry boner it won't go down
It won't go down
It won't go down
My boner, my boner, my boner won't go down
It won't go down
It won't go down
My cuntry boner
It won't go down
-Puscifer

18 04 2022 20:07

Me

So. How's your day?

18 04 2022 20:12

Me

I just ate two boxes of macaroni and cheese uncooked with a forkful of butter and a little water. I'm not even stoned. What the fuck?!!?

18 04 2022 20:23

Me

Quidameuripidis sententiae. Graecisfeugait mei omittam deseruisse. Nonumesante populo dico referrentur fermentum mauris partiendo equidem mattis saperet.

18 04 2022 20:27

Me

You're here beside me on the big maroon leather couch (now legendary, as our love is), Velcro ©®®™ strap adhered to each of our ankles. Ah. You've climbed on top of me, your face even height with mine. You weigh nothing, almost. Arms akimbo around my neck, lips kissing mine, a playful game: catch me if you can. Soft moan between your mouth and mine. We're not naked. Me in black drawstring gym shorts and you in one of my black shirts emblazoned with a band logo, big on you, and a pair of what women sometimes affectionately refer to as period panties. Destined to be an Art project, these ones. This is heaven. One of many heavens you hold the keys to. Your oh so sexy legs are curled around my waist, tightening and relaxing to a rhythm of your own design. My fingers are enmeshed in your hair; curling and uncurling, stroking, very gently clutching at the roots for seconds and releasing. If your soft moans are disapproval I can't tell and you aren't - your mouth is busy with more pressing tasks. We are still prudish kids onna porch step; no tongues. Doesn't matter. There is nonetheless an insistent pressure and firmness directly against your clitoris that is eternal and searching and full of life and meaning and you, waiting impatiently for the moment when you can be full of me. Giggles shared. Straightening your legs and vaulting your ankles briefly off my shoulders inna flash of satiny cotton your tiny undergarment is free offits former duties. At the same time I have also performed a small jumping motion, using one hand to throw my artificial fibered shorts to the floor in front of the couch. Your arms straight up, mine follow, the shirt follows as well, landing somewhere near the shorts or Alberta, who cares, not we. The insistent firmness is now bathed in slickness and warmth and at the top a small carpet of hair, soft. Our breathing is deeper, through our nostrils for our mouths are still playing keepaway, no tongues. Soft wet smacking sounds between our faces, gluing them together by keeping them sliding. We are both smiling broadly. Isn't that what chicks usedta be called, broads? With a gasping sharp inhale you lean backwards, held from falling by my arms, you completely trusting I won't let you fall. Your back arches, bringing your erect, beautifully bumped older woman's nipples into the space formerly occupied by your mouth. Curling my tongue, I embrace wholly the left one, sucking in and out several times before fully opening my mouth to take in most of your perfect breast and bathe it in my warm saliva, several times assa fish breathes, from underneath, softly, gently, mine. Giggles shared. The moans are deeper and mine this time. Our breathing is deeper, and responsible for the constant movement of our groins, the more sensitive underside of my penis and head sliding against your clitoris, pushing the hood back and allowing full contact with the cluster of electric nerves usually nestled underneath. I can taste the smells of both of our excitements in my mouth as I switch to your right breast, also perfect, and also perfectly offering itself to my hunger. Your head turns quickly, whipping your hair across my face, as your hand cups the back of my head, making absolutely sure it stays forward and busy. A much louder moan - an extremely excited sigh - and your pelvic motions increase just barely enough to

enclose, encapsulate, surround my penis entirely on the next downward motion. I am halfway inside my home, your amazingly I swear virginal vagina, as if I would know, and your next downward motion brings your goddess's pussy completely in contact with me. Both of us yell loudly in each other's faces, eyes widening, somehow in disbelief and awe and astonishment. Several separate layers of independent muscles are kneading me inside of you, my darling lover. We haven't ceased yelling inarticulately, only continued and increased in volume and pitch. What is happening thisisntwhat whatwhat whaaaat...
Even though our eyes are open we, together, are only witnessing the birth of universes. Intensity is our universe

19 04 2022 23:46

Me

Teehee. Tommy finally blocked me on this number. Won't do him any good. Obviously, I can still use this thread assa canvas for my Art. See you soon, baby

23 04 2022 22:50

Me

The 2nduploadof The Gospel of Saint Patricia is now available on the Internet Archive. Already had one download in the first five minutes of publication. And I haven't even begun to advertise. Ah. Creative marketing techniques of the good people of the earth

23 04 2022 22:52

Me

Kurtis is listening to country pop music. Its like a cheese grater on my brain. Really scratches the cortexical itch though

23 04 2022 22:53

Me

I love you, Patty. And I always will

23 04 2022 22:54

Me

Right now, yes, right now, the with-it and hip are reading The Manual (How to have a number one hit the easy way [with money back guarantee]), by the KLF

25 04 2022 12:28

Me

Me and your grandmother at the table. Tommy spills his baggie of cocaine fumbling nervously with something retrieved from his pocket. Oops. Perhaps he was on his way to powder his nose. She and I both look at something on her wall. Kitchen? Front room? It says something onnit. Issit a plate? I think its round. Later your grandmother says that guys like me always beat guys like Tommy. Its what we do, specifically. The possibility round thing on wall with the word onnit (in black lettering?) is near the corner where the wall hits the ceiling.

25 04 2022 15:29

Me

Another nightmare. Constantly roving camera, gameshow, so many empty seats, too many contestants, grotesque makeup, guitars as prizes, question and answer, name that person who said this. I hate dreaming. Happy children sneering, boomerangs and slapback echoes. Wake to the same heartache and muscle soreness. The work continues. This will be over soon

26 04 2022 19:00

Me

There is no more distraction. This last scrap run removes everything except my main computron, guitar, various noisemaking devices. Nothing left to be repaired or used elsewise. I write and I make noise. That is what I do. I am an Artist. I will join with the love of my life Patricia in the bliss that only lovers ravaging the world enjoy or I will rend the tapestry observed as background by others to burning ends of threads. To-night is like any other - enjoy it if you can, for to-morrow we may die. Thank you for being my friend. Its been real, man, and still is

26 04 2022 22:04

Me

Temple workday Saturday. We sweat in the spirit of Fuck You

26 04 2022 22:09

Me

And little Elizabeth nextdoor screams yet again in the horror of her life with your rancid cunt sister Pamela. That is not acceptable. She will grow to hate the world if there is no example of love set before her to pitch into sharp contrast the black hole of selfishness that she currently resides in

26 04 2022 22:33

Me

You are constantly in my thoughts daily. I long for your touch and the comforting sounds you make. I pray to your god that you are still alive, assif existence with the coward narcissist Thomas Wayne Randle could be considered life. You deserve someone who truly adores you and values your opinion. There is nothing else I live for but your embrace. We will be together soon, or at least I will spare you the horror holding you hostage in your life. I promise. I love you Patricia. This will be over soon. This pain will end

26 04 2022 22:39

Me

My daughter's name is Kallisti Aeon Mackenzie. She was abandoned by her mother at two anda half. She is ten years old. She has been kidnapped and sold by state sanctioned child traffickers. My name is Michael Patrick Mackenzie. And I make a difference. And so does she. So does Patricia Ann Roberts, my betrothed. We are not forgotten. Nor are we silent

27 04 2022 00:13

Me

I love you, Kallisti
I love you, Patty
And I always will

27 04 2022 00:15

Me

The stars are semicirculing faster to-night. Racing me on my way to you. Crickets and bats and frogs and toads and spiders are feasting and praising their particular deities between crunches of exoskeletons. I once exhaled an over ten thousand word sentence, complete with verbally marked punctuation, on the phone with you innan effort to impress, I suppose. Your efforts to permanently catch my attention have succeeded beautifully. That issa word I often associate with you, my dearest. Alone, inside, traffic occasionally making its transient presence known through the solitary entranceway. A bird chirps. Food before me before I lay down again without you on the much fabled big maroon couch. My visions of your form are quite sharp in detail by now, despite the constant pain that causes. I'm sure they are inadequate compared to your actual splendor. Your taste and smell are legendary here, the kind of thing one relates to younger generations for the sake of imparting wisdom, however applicable it may be to them. I am dying without them in my mouth and nostrils. This is the pact we made, and I accept its consequences. Your voice is loud in my ears; you're so cute sometimes. I am trying my hardest to remain clear in intent. Please forgive me if I fail. At very least I will remove permanently the obstacle that prevents both of us from being together and happy. In this it is guaranteed I will not fail. Thank you, baby. It has been my honor to grow into a man who continued to catch your eyes and fancy. You are truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed. Think of me when the stars smear the heavens in their hurry. I love you Patricia Ann Mackenzie

27 04 2022 01:10

Me

Travel 'round the whole wide world
Different people, different places that we run to like we're running a race
Travel 'round the whole wide world
Won't mean anything if I can't sit in peace in one place
-Shelter

27 04 2022 15:21

Me

Awoke to screaming. Danny gets stabbed in the side of her head with a car key, bleeding profusely, by Gia, she of the screeching weasel orgasms. We laugh and drink a beer. Chicks, man. Itsa Wednesday. I wonder if they're picking up the trash. City has been threatening to cut off my service for non-payment. I'm finishing this one and going back to sleep. More dreams of gameshows and horror films unshot to experience, most likely. Wish you were here

27 04 2022 15:40

Me

My available balance is.. seventeen cents. Yeah. Going back to sleep

27 04 2022 15:44

Me

Read any good books lately?

27 04 2022 15:45

Me

Snapping peas and dragons
Sushi rolls and ecstasy
Animated collars with keystone kops
Dry macaroni elbows and government cheese
All the ingredients are here
Except you, my dear

27 04 2022 15:53

Me

Nice legs, by the way

27 04 2022 15:59

Me

One of my favorite Columbo movies was the one with Leonard Nimoy

27 04 2022 16:01

Me

Cigarette in the dark. Gia left her pack. Bonus

27 04 2022 16:03

Me

I look down onto a million houses
And wonder what you're doing tonight
If I could wave my magic wand
I'd set everybody free
I'm not one to believe in magic
Though I sometimes have a second sight
-Rush

27 04 2022 16:08

Me

Gherkin yoghurt would be a cool name forra band

27 04 2022 16:11

Me

Or maybe an album

27 04 2022 16:11

Me

Someone to go on tour with Pearl Jam

27 04 2022 16:12

Me

Just woke from a dream. Kallisti was telling me about a headless goat on the wall

27 04 2022 19:17

Me

Woke up crying again. Everything is dark. I don't want to live anymore. All I can think of is killing Tommy. Feel sick. I hate dreaming

27 04 2022 21:10

Me

Another cigarette. More water. More isolation and hatred. More dry noodles. More tears. More wondering where Patty is, and if she's even alive. This pain has to end

27 04 2022 21:14

Me

Disconnected pairing, my headphones tell me

27 04 2022 21:35

Me

Whisky in my belly. Rise Against's Endgame album in the ears. Patty and my friends - my family - in my heart. Dry macaroni noodles crunching in my mouth. Hands are fists. Except one hand. It says Fuck You. Just like the temple preaches. What's between my temples, that is

27 04 2022 22:46

Me

What we are is the sum offa thousand lives
What we know is almost nothing at all
We are who we are 'til the day we die
Or we don't have the strength to go on
-Rise Against

27 04 2022 23:20

Me

I love you Patricia. I always will

27 04 2022 23:21

Me

You are perfection. It is nice to have known such perfect people

28 04 2022 00:01

Me

We make our own way. Please, continue making your own way back to me, baby

28 04 2022 00:13

Me

I need you

28 04 2022 01:20

Me

I will never forget what you told me

28 04 2022 01:20

Me

It is the most important thing to me

28 04 2022 01:21

Me

Smoking a cigarette in the dark backyard. Feelings of inevitability and nothingness. This will be over soon, and for that I am thankfull. I am so ready to not be in pain. This has to end. I am tired of the constant aloneness, the hollowness. I don't want this anymore. I only wish you were here with me

28 04 2022 22:29

Me

This is the worst pain I have ever felt

28 04 2022 22:30

Me

I love you, baby

28 04 2022 22:30

Me

No one cares about anyone else, ever, do they?

28 04 2022 22:31

Me

The storage room is far emptier now. Everything in the mainroom will fit easily. It is difficult to remember why, why anything, now. Kallisti's belongings still hurt me every time I see them. Every Hello Kitty sticker. Every My Little Pony. The Five Nights at Freddy's bedspread I am now laying on. Every memory is still a fresh wound. Every picture brings the event offits taking back in panoramic display. Every recording is just a reminder of the betrayal of so many. There was absolutely no reason to take my daughter away from me other than the money profited from her sale and everyone knows it. And out of nowhere and despair came Patricia's wonderful, intelligent, familiar voice again, only to repeat and repeat and promise and disappear. I don't even know if either of these women so important to me are alive anymore. My eyes are welling and I feel sickened again, as always now, despite the warm food Danny prepared. I wouldn't have eaten nearly as much food in these past few months iffit wasn't for her. I don't have the strength to work at the Fuck You temple this weekend. All I can do is sleep and stare off into the dark and lie when I smile and smile when I lie and say anything but this. This has to end. Killing the coward narcissist Thomas Wayne Randle will be my last act of self sacrifice for the common good. I can end more pain than my own this way. Let my words remain as testament

28 04 2022 23:25

Me

We are forever frozen in time at the last moments we shared together, my love.

" Michael Mackenzie, hear my words: I love you. And I will be there. And we will be together, forever "

28 04 2022 23:58

Me

Binaurals set to love. I wish you were here to hold my hand, tell me things in your head, kiss me insistently, and ravish me insatiably. I pray to your god at your insistence that you are alive. Where are you, Patty? I need you. This will be over soon, one way or another, I promise.

29 04 2022 00:11

Me

Writing in my hardbound, blank, lined journal. These ones aren't my only scribblings, of course. Black, with elastic bookmark, adorned with a Mr. Yukmouth sticker anda RadioBip.com. The creator offa free synth that allows microtuning sent me hundreds of free stickers to dissemenate after I talked to him online early one weekday morning. His band is BipTunia. He was in Montana, as I recall. Luckily I had two tracks to share with him that used his synths, it would have been slightly embarrassing otherwise. I am rambling. I don't know what else to do. My heart is broken without you here with me, my love. I need you. I don't want to live anymore. Please. Where are you? I can only imagine the worst. From my personal experience and what you've told me Tommy is truly the epitome of the ugliness that the human race can develop aberrantly into. Like Pam. Without your voice I can't even be sure you're alive. You told me to stay here, that you foresaw that we'd miss each other on the way. Aunts Carol and Barbara have been less than no help. Not one of your family has done anything but repeat whatever insipid drivel Tommy drools. This pain has to end, for both of us. One way or another, this is almost over, I promise. I love you Patricia Ann, and I always will

29 04 2022 00:52

Me

I can feel complete numbness beginning to encroach. When all the love I had is completely gone, all the hatred used up. That is when killing becomes no thought, just an action like breathing. This is what I've been pushed to. I am trying my best to fight it, to keep feeling something, even iffits horrifying. I am not winning

29 04 2022 01:13

Me

How many tears can someone physically cry? What units of measurement do we use? I am exhausted. Just waiting. For-? This has to end. After everything I have participated in and witnessed in my life, this is the worst pain I have ever felt. This has to end

29 04 2022 01:18

Me

I have been saved from myself by my friends for one more day. Sometimes I remember when I felt fortunate all the time. That's exactly how I would feel if you were here with me

29 04 2022 03:28

Me

I love you Patricia. I can never say that enough. See you soon, baby

29 04 2022 04:21

Me

And as we expire we become stars
And the stars are also fire
Elements swimming past each other
Birthing newness in intense heat
Let our intensity birth newness every time
For each pairing is us reassuring the Other
That we are here, yes lover
For each Other's amazement and amusement
As our passions burn away..

29 04 2022 04:32

Me

Have you scaled metaphor mountain, Crowley?
Feedback-drenched and critiqued
For some reason the term
Loss leader
Is important to me
A warm, wet hand on your pelvic bone
Oooohhh
Signalling yes, child, I see you
And I will be right there
To attend to your every whim and need

29 04 2022 04:46

Me

How I long for that sound again in my ears
Among so many others you create
We are Artists, dearest
Close your eyes as we kiss and embrace
Let the other senses magnify
What our imaginations have played

29 04 2022 04:52

Me

Tired in the extreme of that boor's clumsy oafishness
Yes, I am here
And I am yours, always, all ways
He has no power, never did
A fat kid stealing lunch money
I carry no currency and bring my nourishment, and yours, of course
Considerate I am of your wants and needs
Whisper your newest ideas into fruition while we dream
This is what we've been waiting for
Hand in hand down the sidewalk
We're done with the lessons early
Now we enjoy the results of our studiousness

29 04 2022 05:03

Me

I am physically stronger than when you saw me last. Flatter stomach. Larger arms. Legs sturdy oaks training forran Olympic event. More testosterone than ever, always brimming with violence and murder in your absence. Has your lust reached the absolute unquenchable plateau? It will, once you arrive...

29 04 2022 05:11

Me

We are gods amoungst roaches, you and I. You are truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed. And I am your perfect counterpart. Drop the barnacle encrusted anchor, baby, and sail towards the fire on the horizon. You know the destination. I am your blue-eyed boy nextdoor. Welcome home Patricia is still painted in red on the backdoor, the only entrance. Fulfill our destiny, as I fill you...

29 04 2022 05:16

Me

I trust you. I believe you. I believe in you. There can never be another, for we are perfection. Give me again your hazelled gaze, I will never squander its meaning.

They have lost
And we have won
And, as predicted
All those who stood between us
Knowingly or not
Will find themselves in their own private hells

29 04 2022 05:23

Me

I recognize all of your talents for what they are: special
I recognize all of your efforts for what they are: completed, and enchanting
I recognize your voice for what it is: unique
I recognize that your freedom to express yourself is paramount
And will never stop until your stated goal- to be my earnest loving partner, my equal, is fulfilled
There is no other reason for my existence, and no other thoughts in my head
I am free to do as I please
And this is the only thing that pleases me
See you soon, baby
We have the rest of our lives to live
Happy, smiling, content, and amazed by each other's nearness

29 04 2022 05:32

Me

What a coward narcissist Thomas Wayne Randle is. Fucking pathetic lying loser. Always was. Always will be. Your grandmother was right, baby. Guys like me always beat guys like him. Its what we do, specifically

29 04 2022 05:35

Me

I have no problem dying for what I believe in. Never have backed down from anything. And I never, ever, give up. No matter what happens, you and I win, Patty. That's the way we designed it, and what will inevitably happen.

By the way, if you haven't heard Cattle Decapitation's album Death Atlas, check it out. Way radd. The narration between tracks is actually Jon Fishman, the drummer from Phish. (You're gonna need a lyric sheet)

29 04 2022 05:42

Me

Ah. Sun's approaching. Time to sleep. More nightmares. Until you're in my arms, dear. Muah! Love and kissles

29 04 2022 05:44

Me

No slumbage yet. Last meal of day with vitamins and minerals. Water.
" What's your favorite position? ", she asks. " 1, 2, 3..."
(In unison) " Missionary! " " Yessss! ", she excitedly exhales. We continue on as to why...
I think I'll be thinking of those reasons right about...now!

I love you, Patty

29 04 2022 07:14

Me

Tommy is such a stupid, selfish piece of human garbage, by his own definition. And such a fucking tiny-penised coward.
Sing it with me, its a country song:
Tawmmy, Taaawmmy, Tawmmy
Tahnnee peniiiis

29 04 2022 07:19

Me

"I noticed you said she reached down and.." Patty continues

29 04 2022 07:28

Me

I can hear her smiling on the phone. See her animated hand movements. She's wearing earbuds, like I am, freeing her armitures from holding her communications device. For some reason, sometimes during the conversation I picture her with a blue, thin, hood. Thin enough to be completely decorative, ornamental. She speaks with her entire body, and her entire body is forming the sentences. She says that she started the sexy talk. She says that I am the cutest boy. She is not surprised that I think she is the cutest girl. Modesty is not her thing, and I am glad. Its refreshing, and deserved

29 04 2022 07:36

Me

(Patricia looks amazing in any color garb. Especially by candlelight. Especially naked behind the dancing flames. Her breasts are perfect. I am a confirmed ass man, and I explained in detail why hers in particular is so desirable. She giggles girlishly and I picture her rolling her eyes..)

29 04 2022 07:41

Me

Speaking of naked, I am on my fabled big maroon couch. And just like I said, thinking intently of you, and our discussion of the benefits of the missionary position

29 04 2022 07:43

Me

I love you Patricia. Please always remember that

29 04 2022 09:32

Me

I need you, Patty. I need you very, very badly. Please. Please be alive. Where are you?

30 04 2022 07:25

Me

One of my best friends and few people I tell anything to anymore, Laura, asked me to write her a story using her assa fictional character last night to keep my mind off of suicide. I reassured my suicide only comes after community benefitting murder, but...

30 04 2022 14:27

Me

Waves. Sometimes things propagate as waves. She found this moth(rat?)-eaten manual fromma time not ours that mentioned this. That was before the invaders came. It may as well be centuries ago. There were stores that sold candies then. Wrapped in cellophanes of every color of the rainbow. What I'd give for something sweet now...

The sky is grey. Its always a shade of grey now. Sometimes lighter, during the day, I guess, orran ashen smeared easel offan irrational pantheon of uncaring gods and goddesses. We've been walking in what we assume is the same direction for at least two weeks. Following the river, keeping it to our left. At least we know we're not walking in circles. There's always an unnatural sound, like a sweeping broom across the tiled entranceway to Hell, that is present over the rushing water. Maybe that's why we stay close to the flowing - it almost blocks out the new world we have found ourselves in. Some semblance offa documentary on nature we might have seen when young and entertainment and learning were possibilities. There aren't many animals anymore. The ones that catch our peripherals are as ashen as the sky. Funny. I don't recall seeing foxes before; not in person. How long have we really been picking our way along this rocky terrain? Laura is ahead of me, carrying a long bamboo walking stick. Sometimes when I lie and smile I tell her that's sposta help one walk. She lies and smiles back that of course its helping her walk - if I keep it horizontal it functions assif I'm onna tightrope - look, I'm inching between downtown skyscrapers! An explosion in the distance, probably building sized. Sounds don't travel as far as they used to. All the greyness that came with Them is heavy, a wet blanket on the Earth, makes breathing a chore if one pays attention. The last buildings we saw were three-quarters immersed in the river. What is this body of water called? How does one forget what the local river is named? The same way one forgets what one's first car was, or where one's first kiss took place. Drive-in? Couch? Under bleachers? The explosion must be far enough to not be an immediate concern. No underfoot rumblings.

30 04 2022 14:28

Me

We barely look up, in fact. We decided that attempting to track our progress in terms of direction was boring and pointless. Its not assif there issa goal we're reaching, a dot onna map that hassa printed name next tooit. In fact, the farther away we stay from those former dots on maps the better. Out here in the Great Big Fucking State Park of Wherever The Fuck We Are its peaceful enough. No former right angles to remind us that there are no straight lines in nature. Can't remember the last time I waited forra red light. I'm catching up to Laura, she's crouching, long stick still horizontal, picking at something on or in the ground with her sawtoothed machete. There's no movement in the treeline except the branches and leaves themselves. Birds are almost non-existent now. I swear I don't ever recall seeing a fox in the flesh before, now they're the most common animal besides us.

30 04 2022 14:29

Me

As I reach the limestone platform she spins, triumphant, see-I-told-you-the-stick-works, and holds out a bottle of Jamaican Red Stripe, looking new and shiny. Her excavation has unearthed a blue and white Igloo cooler chest from between boulders. Its full of formerly imported beers, a couple of red wax-encased wheels of cheese and luckily unopened large packets of bison jerky.

30 04 2022 14:30

Me

Back when people milled like ants, endlessly constructing ventilation tunnels and waste depositories, they believed things. They had up to the minute holy documents crisscrossed with squiggly imaginary lines, like all holy documents. Wherever one found oneself in relation to the imaginary lines denoted certain realities. Foxes are more common than people now. Somewhere Walt Disney is not feeling irony. Sometimes those holy imaginary lines were rivers. People's most common trait was laziness. I remember viewing a satellite picture of Earth, and it seemed the only blue water left was that being fed the indigo stain for denim inna polluted tributary adjacent in what was China. So much holiness. When the need arose for things bigger than us to assist, those holy worshipped things, they remained as invisible and ineffectual as ever. The larger than our imaginations entities that did show themselves remained indifferent to our collective sigils and crossed hearts. These giants brought with them a new Art, a new way to draw lines on maps, and new definitions of what maps were. Blue is still the least common color of water, brown and red being much more favored. Faces old and young stare accusingly from just beneath the surface tensions now, no matter what the hue of the liquid. The Earth is somehow a quieter marble now, explosions less frequent. If one were being charitable one could say the new, gigantic forms had brought peace, finally, at last. The answers to so many prayers.

30 04 2022 14:31

Me

Light pollution is now an antiquated term. Sagan's billions and billions twinkle sparkle flash and swoosh above our heads now if our relative elevation to the sea is great enough. I am no eidetic astrologer, but Laura agrees that Orion's belt and Betelgeuse are no longer where they were. Or maybe obscured by clarity. Perhaps eventually we'll draw new imaginary lines in the night grey and link humanistic tragedies to them. That one's Boffo, the legendary fox masturbator, see his right hand has six fingers? And there's Yourmom, still popular as ever. Some of the stellar regions make audible strings of intermittent noises, attempting to ask our obsolete fax machines tooa matinee. At least they're not selling us used cars yet. I wonder, would that make us scramble nowhere faster or drag our feet? The dead do not walk the globe. Hooded skeletons do not ride pale horses in search of wheat fields. It is possible something with many arms dances to an idiot piper. We smoke 'em if we got 'em, and we usually do. Drugs were big business, and are more commonly laying around than cans of cranberry sauce. They brought peace on Earth with Them, and an end to poverty, however one measures it. And they didn't even demand praise.

30 04 2022 14:31

Me

I keep leaving voicemails. I hope dear dipshit Tomboy appreciates them

30 04 2022 14:38

Me

I don't want to live anymore. I am so tired of lying and smiling and talking about future plans for others' comfort. One isn't supposed to say these things - it makes others uneasy. Reminds them of something they don't want to talk about. A few weeks at most and I'll be gone without a word. I've said enough. There is no limit to how much one can cry, by the way. None at all. Time doesn't heal anything, we're all dying. There is comfort in knowing how much time one has. And that is the only comfort I have left. This is the worst pain I have ever felt, and the promise of its relief is the only thing I have

30 04 2022 14:47

Me

We haven't seen any other people in at least two weeks. Not alive, anyway. Most of the corpses are floating in pieces unidentifiable down past us. Any former homes by the waterfront have been abandoned. Proximity to the new vast creatures does something to the thought processes. Makes the electrons jump track and wind up in the wrong brain receptors. They're not eating us. They're not even interacting with humanity unless we en masse attack them. Nukes were used. That was the last Laura and I heard. The largest groups of people we've seen were four, across the river. They made no sign of recognition, no waves or yells. A mutual noticing. They were headed the way we came, on the other side.

We've stopped at a two story home with a boatless dock. A fire has turned the former garage into ash, but the adjacent kitchen and walk-in pantry is still full of groceries. Sandwich creme cookies with evaporated milk on the master bedroom deck. Sheets still smell like scented detergent and the water still gurgles from the faucets when they're turned. No electricity. Those electrons don't do the same things either. The long drive leading up to the structure is buried under massive fallen pines. Debris clogs the river itself, using a boat seemed useless, as if there was a destination to speed away to. Laura calls it " Fort mumbleblarrg " , exhaustedly burying her head in a couch cushion laid out on the deck. I stuff more cookies between my teeth. The view provided of the terrain from the deck looks like an angry child shook the ant farm, and bored, tossed it away inna drainage ditch outside a seafood buffet inna resort town. My skin imagines it has been coated in egg and floured batter several times. Shaking the sludge off my head I collapse on the unmade bed by the sliding glass, very seriously stained doors.

30 04 2022 18:11

Me

[they severed the hands that's what the Spaniards did. Halberded piles palms up

fires not cauterizing, smudging

glints of spittled grin thick lenses calloused fingers zipping up weatherbeaten

blood, from not yet a teenager

cotton briars, green bitterness

whens

please not again]

30 04 2022 18:34

Me

I hate dreaming.I need you to be here with me and take the dreams away

30 04 2022 18:47

Me

How much profit does a cemetery make? Depends on how far away the rocks they sell were trudged along. How many tears carried nutrients to those unique orchids cut and dying in those rhodium vases adjacent the gas-jet fed sulpherous eternal flames? I'll never meet a gravedigger again, and I've never met one that used a shovel. Hew the hickory and shuttle the acacia up via steamboat to marry them cold and coated in crushed lac beetles for use of disuse, one atop the other, as they lived, unfortunately only in metaphor. Line them up, exact in line as their front doors, all earth tones. Sure, little girl. Ring the bell

30 04 2022 19:30

Me

Fort Mumbleblarrg seems as good as any place to experience intense hallucinations and/or time slips and/or simultaneous dimensional realities. It has cookies. After dragging all the usable foodstuffage up to the master bedroom suite atop the remnants of the wooded structure and making use of the handily, almost obscenely organized tools to actually um, fortify the narrow stairwell, we immediately crash near comatose for days, ingesting sugars and fats like there were supermarkets with humming freezer sections on every city intersection. This place even has a wine cellar, a real one, not a glass doored cabinet. I am almost disappointed there is no cask of Amontillado. On the fourth day another explosion, still far enough to not feel blasted heat or earthquaking floorboards, but it trails along with it a visible atmospheric channel that spins off like the arm offa hurricane. For hours all the colors in the spectrum become grimy, unctuous, the view from the bottom of a fast food fryer overdue for straining. Nausea sets in during and afterward. All offa sudden being onna carpet is the same as lying face down inna two inch deep tray of cultivated maggots, complete with crawling movements up the walls and greenish-grey waves lighting up the flatscreen of the now-defunct television across from the bed. Huddled in the center, trying desperately not to touch or even look at the floor while convulsively emptying our bowels and stomachs, the mouldering lightshow starts to produce three dimensional effects, coming closer then sinking in far past the wall its mounted on.

30 04 2022 22:54

Me

Blankness. Grey. Millipedes. Water still runs, still looks clear. All of the carpet gets torn out and heaved over the deck's railing, along with the sodden mattress. Mumbleblarrg wassa perfect title, man. From the deck a three foot wide stripe is clearly visible across the landscape. Straight from our perspective, disappearing into the horizon, a charred, still smoking narrow strip of burnt. Trees that formerly stood in its path are simply gone, not piles of twisted branch stubs and ash. Gouges in the limestone, an actual scraping it seems. Smell of overripe, rotting fruit, something exotic like ugli or dragon with an artificial sweetener aftertaste in the nostrils; acrid, bulbous decay accelerated by molecular science students proud of their work.

30 04 2022 23:10

Me

Evidence of this is visible in the river itself - a darkened stripe underneath the waterflow which now eddies at the banks. Added to the evidence of former civilization already present in the water are the carcasses of fish, or fish-like creatures, at least. Its difficult to discern what the original shapes of the savagely torn chunks of flesh might have been. The entire column of moving water is black and brown and maroon and bright fire truck red. There issa small fire burning on the opposite shore. Impossible to tell what exactly, just a blur of burning. For the moment there is a wind, steady, away from us. Blessedly, away from us.

30 04 2022 23:27

Me

Laura usedta tell stories about being born onna side offa river I was not. I was born on an Air Force base in Texas. This is not that river. It doesn't look familiar to either of us. We don't know what its called, or was called. I had lived in Texas for all but four of forty-three years. I have never seen a fox except on screens, maybe a billboard. Now they're like neighborhood dogs. The trees, the grasses, they're familiar, but not intimately so. What are all these foxes eating? What stopped eating all the foxes and let their population burgeon? Laura says since that last wave she has a scar missing. It was to the side of a bone in her wrist, she got it while working inna field with her mother assa child. I don't remember for sure - its not my wrist, but I believe her. Neither of us can relate to the other how we got here, and when we attempt it again the story breaks down at maybe a different point. The last memory we have that stays the same is that we were both inna friend's car driving up to the convenience store a mile from my parents' old trailer. Then... Even when telling our own stories over again they change. At least that's what the other person claims.

01 05 2022 02:34

Me

There is plenty of packaged, industructable food left. Some of the vintages are over sixty years old. We start on those just because. I stick a sewing needle through one of the corks and float it inna bowl of water. It doesn't seem to do anything in particular, which means I've probably forgotten a step in compass making. Best as I can tell we're headed vaguely north. Absolutely nothing I have observed points definitively to that conclusion. For now this is as good a place as any. Contrary to most horror movie logic there are several battery powered devices fully charged, more or less, and picking up all kinds of stations. Allot of them are preprogrammed and safeguarded against any possibility that silence could happen, lest our listeners disappear. There are no live voices, though even the public station is replaying an interview with a United Nations ambassador intermittently with blocks of humming where the local station breaks would be. Neither of us recognize any of the station call letters or frequencies. Even the fifty thousand watt WOAI transmission is absent. Quickly we settle on the classical public broadcast, coming in surprisingly clear. It is the only one playing music without lyrics exclusively. It helps make all the alien noises more tolerable. When stars are visible focussing one's attention on a certain grouping will now cause them to actually respond - both with sounds and visual effects. Its not just our poor human senses - recordings on our phones document the phenomena in even greater detail. Clear enough skies to see past the grey are rare, but at least two infinite directions yield beautiful results. I name them after Greek sirens in my head, not wanting to be outwardly anymore pessimistic than the situation demands. Most stars are silent and stationary enough. For now. There is still one sun in the sky that seems to do the same thing it used to, even though its greyed out usually. Maybe tomorrow it will offer two scoops of raisins.

And. Aspirin in the aftermath of wine. We've been here four or five days and just now notice that there are no identifying traces at all of who once lived here. No photos framed. No mail magnetted to the refrigerator door. No kids' homework, or children's toys at all. There are true crime and mystery novels. No religious items. There are also no clothes hanging in closets or folded in drawers. Like we interrupted the crew dressing the set.

01 05 2022 04:44

Me

So many things given away, removed, disassembled, obliterated. Another scrap run. Maybe the last. Another ton of pieces of my former life that are no longer necessary, needed, consequential. Obblonge Box echoes, a blank canvas very soon. I love you, Patty. I miss you

02 05 2022 12:07

Me

If one has too many choices then their indecision becomes the choice that they make

04 05 2022 10:18

Me

Thinking of you, as always. Working on the homestead, out-of-doors. I love you, baby

04 05 2022 18:57

Me

Download Truecaller to identify unknown numbers and block unwanted calls. Join now and both of us get free upgrade to Premium for 7 days! https://truecaller.com/r/h1G0O1e2wJ/ph

04 05 2022 18:58

Me

How does the original soundtrack theme song for the movie " Footlose " go?

Highly functional DIY wearable technology. What is the highest resolution clothing/fabric?

04 05 2022 21:04

Me

Appear to have conquered the impasse I was having understanding power supplies. Neato

04 05 2022 21:09

Me

This part of the sentence was to show how much I actively think of you and can demonstrate my intimate understanding of who you are by using permeating pop culture terms from precisely ten years ago peppered in my speech when I speak to you

04 05 2022 21:17

Me

Ten years before I was born, I should specify

04 05 2022 21:17

Me

That sandwich issa Dagwood, for instance: you ain't no kinda man if you can't throw down your own Dagwood

04 05 2022 21:19

Me

I was Bill the Cat and you were Brenda Starrr. Ack! Thank you for saving the Express crosswords for me grandmother

The remake of Suspiria is fucking radd

04 05 2022 21:21

Me

Thinking of you smiling. You're so cute

04 05 2022 21:21

Me

The battery powered fan has a motor whine or frame vibration that sounds like ukulele and electric Rhodes organ music. Female vocal oooh and aaah samples, processed, looped.

04 05 2022 21:24

Me

I just had the strangest thought I should fix that. Then I realized that my fan is fucking mind blowing. I'm a fucking genius artist.

04 05 2022 21:25

Me

Would you fuck me?
I'd fuck me
- Silence of the Lambs

04 05 2022 21:26

Me

What if I advertise/tour/perform material that brings in differing demographics simultaneously? Spoken word, poetry, lecture on the ficking radd DIY Ebike, building battery packs with real world demos of finished product, parts lists etc., Generating power with wind and solar and rainwater collection funneled through and over an alternating mesh of elements/metals that create an electric charge when wet in proximity.

These are just punk rock songs. I wrote them because I want to have sex with Patricia. Allot. I'm easily the best lover she's ever had and can prove it at any point in time, anywhere. Allot

04 05 2022 21:44

Me

And merch. One side of the shirt says
[OBBLONGE] FUCKED YOUR GRANDMOTHER
The other
[OBBLONGE]
OFFENSIVE COORDINATOR

04 05 2022 21:46

Me

[OBBLONGE]
I AM THE BRACKETS AROUND YOUR PARENTHESES
[OBBLONGE]
OFFICIAL OPPRESSOR

04 05 2022 21:55

Me

[OBBLONGE]
YOU CANNOT BE PAID TO HELP
YOU CAN ONLY BE PAID TO PROFIT
[OBBLONGE]
CHANGE AGENT

04 05 2022 21:56

Me

[OBBLONGE]
YOU CANNOT BE SHIELDED FROM THE TRUTH
[OBBLONGE]
FELONIOUS POTENTIAL

05 05 2022 13:36

Me

[OBBLONGE]
EVERYTHING CAN AND WILL BE TAKEN FROM YOU
[OBBLONGE]
EXECUTIONER OF THE WILL

05 05 2022 13:38

Me

[OBBLONGE]
EVERYTHING BECOMES HYDROGEN ANYWAY
[OBBLONGE]
EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY

05 05 2022 13:39

Me

[OBBLONGE]
I'M GONNA GO TEST SOME RESISTORS
[OBBLONGE]
REVENANT ENGINEER

05 05 2022 13:40

Me

[OBBLONGE]
THERE CAN BE QUESTIONS WITHOUT PROBLEMS
[OBBLONGE]
WHAT DOES SEEM METAPHORIC?

05 05 2022 13:42

Me

[OBBLONGE]
WHICH IS MORE RACIST?
[OBBLONGE]
SCRATCH THIS AMD SMELL IT

05 05 2022 13:43

Me

Like when you were a baby, I think, I'm almost sure offit, maybe I'm fantasizing, maybe thats'

05 05 2022 14:06

Me

rude. (I contend its not) did you suck your thumb after you'd put it ...

05 05 2022 15:45

Me

I remember Gloria telling me that while drinking naptha vodka Milwaukee's Beast Light. Funny. I don't remember anything else from that night

05 05 2022 15:47

Me

I love you and I trust you and I will always be here for you (and your pussy)

05 05 2022 15:49

Me

[OBBLONGE]
I'M NOT DOING THIS FORRA PROFIT
I'M DOING THIS FORRA PROPHET
[OBBLONGE]
LOSS LEADER

05 05 2022 15:52

Me

[OBBLONGE]
THE WORSHIP OFFA POSSESSION
IS THE WORSHIP OFFA GOLDEN CALF
THE WORSHIP OFFAN EQUAL IS TRUE LOVE
THE PROPHET [OBBLONGE] IS NOT TO BE
CONFUSED WITH THE UNABOMBER

05 05 2022 15:54

Me

BIND THEM WITH TIRES
AND SET THEM ON FIRE

[OBBLONGE]

05 05 2022 15:57

Me

I WAS BORN TO MURDER THE WORLD

[OBBLONGE]

ON TOUR 2022
SAN ANTO TO DETROIT

05 05 2022 16:03

Me

WHEN YOU PUT THE GUN IN YOUR MOUTH
POINT IT DOWNWARD

[OBBLONGE]

05 05 2022 16:07

Me

How much you want for the girl in the window
I'll give you twice whatever you think she's worth I'll give you all that and more to see her cured
-Mark Lenover

05 05 2022 16:50

Me

I will be peddling videos,pics, poems, stories, posters, stickers, kits or finished product for amplifier designs and other electrical-based stuff, including custom printed circuit boards, instruments, what can you think of ? audios- for stream or donations
Any object d'art or services you wish to advertise
How convenient issit that the instant I d3cide to start my own marketing campaign and alter ego name Brand%©®™ my kid gets sold and my chick's pathetic tiny-penised racist ex-boyfriend wants to be literally be the poster boy for What Is Wrong With America. Like, totes, I couldn't have written a script with this much good fortune for the main character.

People love watching other people talk shit and destroying silly little fatherfuckers like Thomas Wayne Randle. As Bad Religion would say,

This Is Where The Fun Is

06 05 2022 17:46

Me

In the shadow of the valley
Where the nights are warm
We will fear no evil
When We Get Things Done

And I want to conquer the world
Give all the idiots a brand new religion
Put an end to poverty, uncleanliness, and toil
Promote equality in all of my decisions
Expose the culprits and feed them to the children
Do away with air pollution and then I'll save the whales
We'll have peace on Earth and global communion

-Bad Religion

06 05 2022 18:03

Me

Well alright. All of the blue paint has been applied to the exterior scene, man. Got the computronics piled in the mainroom ready for my electricity and interweb free electrocional stylings
Everything must go

07 05 2022 11:03

Me

The palm tree two yards adjacent is underlit from the residence and totes looks like a shrunken head with shiny, pupiless eyes and a toothy grimace complete with long cheek and lip piercings. You should check this shit out, man

08 05 2022 01:39

Me

A solid frame of recovered slicings from a King William District home over a hundred years old has been laid out and attached around the backdoor/entranceway. Cedar, very hard. A walled, probably covered patio area with locking gate is sposta manifest itself sooner than later. Depending on how much battery life and usage I get of drills/drivers. Nailing said structure together isn't preferred and will take longer. Hand saws for cuts. Think I'm a touch sunburnt. Not feeling the computronic assembly line yet. Hungry. For your touch

08 05 2022 01:49

Me

What unfortunate person named the tube soldiers carry, drop, lock the kickstand, and launch an explosive towards enemy buildings a mortar? Mortar = building glue

08 05 2022 02:54

Me

Since were having fun marketing our defense systems here:
Way to know for sure your squad or unit hates you. Here, man. You get the flamethrower. Strap this backpack tank of highly flammable substance under pressure on and go first. Right through that door into those trenches, private

08 05 2022 02:58

Me

I'd rather be green plastic army man crawling under invisible barbed wire.

08 05 2022 03:01

Me

The agave cactus in the front yard hassan upshoot stemming from the center offit that's taller than the house. I've been informed that this is the last, dying attempt of the plant to save itself after the damages incurred during the last freeze. And that its time to harvest the nectar from its more than thirty year old roots and core. I suppose I could sweeten things healthily, but fuck that. Mackenzie homestead tequila. And my front yard gets easier to mow

08 05 2022 17:06

Me

I speak from my heart
He speaks from his bowels
Michael speaks from his head
Who would you rather be inna car with?
-Patty?

08 05 2022 20:41

Me

So. Aunt Carol insisted my astral form - a frightening, ever-changing, angry thing - has three penises

08 05 2022 20:42

Me

The bull's digitized snorting is in time
Left to right, pausing at center
Reds mainly, wisps of smoke inhalations trade places frequently with different carcicutures of humanity, startling passersby from around corners and behind hedgelines

08 05 2022 21:13

Me

The observed is dependent upon the observer

08 05 2022 21:14

Me

To intend upon seeing is to create the image

08 05 2022 21:16

Me

Come home, baby
I love you

08 05 2022 21:17

Me

How many times will I hear a train?
Sixteen times more
That's fine
That's alright with me

(I smell nail polish)

08 05 2022 23:44

Me

We are Makers
We shape this universe with our intentions
This is what is going to happen next

09 05 2022 00:51

Me

Now imagine that onna t-shirt with my logo

09 05 2022 00:51

Me

I can think of no society on this planet that reveres The Coward archtype.

[OBBLONGE]
NO SOCIETY REVERES THE COWARD

[OBBLONGE]
OVERLORD
OVER, LORD
OVER LORD

09 05 2022 01:29

Me

Someone gave Danny a small glass bottle of Children's Stress Relief Drops. Stress issa mismanagement of One's time. Solve the problem. No stress. If you're going to give kids drugs, call them drugs. That's the word. That's what they're called in the English language. Patty called me out on referring to the man Jesus assa schizophrenic. But that's what they're called. If you hear a voice that no one else can hear and its not you making that voice, that is the word that describes you in the English language. By the way, notice I did not mention that he heard a voice in his head. All of us hear voices in our head. If you've ever heard a voice in was in your head. It wasn't in your foot. It wasn't in your elbow. It was in your head. If you're hearing a voice, I think we can define that as entire sentences, not just a word or two, and no else is hearing it, and it isn't you, because sometimes its you, and you tell people, allot of people, that you hear these sentences, and, man, especially if you say that you actually do what these sentences are, you feel, telling you, instructing you to do, then we have a word established in the English language for you. Its cool. Its long and sounds official and hassa Z innit. Its schizophrenic. I would know. I did not invent this word. I do not live in Oxford. I just saw Joel Osteen on the television at Kurtis'. He told the amassed crowd to pray bigger prayers. That guy issa fucking professional

09 05 2022 02:42

Me

Everything must go

09 05 2022 14:09

Me

When you were standing, looking in the mirror, imagining the perfect earrings to match what you were already wearing, wassit when we had dipped out of group conversation to snort a line on the bathroom countertop? We stood next to the door of the bathroom having our own conversation for almost an hour, as others passed us by, no longer in line, but posted as guards on either side of the entranceway. I remember thinking " This girl likes me " and being flattered once again. Lapis lazuli blue. Gold clasp. Peacock feather, with dark green as well, centered. Three indentations semicircled across the top, under the clasp's mooring to the 3D printed blue piece that is holding the feather.

09 05 2022 14:39

Me

Its two forty innan afternoon and I am announcing officially that I have no intention of washing the dishes. It has been decided by nonexistent committee (three sets of double letters in that word - thanks Encyclopedia Brown) that staying inside is preferable under these momentous circumstances. There issa guitar, carved from a solid piece of Honduran Mahogany, strung up and waiting in silent protest of the fact that it hassa new neck wrapped and rubberbanded in the next room. It is aware that it won't get to vibrate new strings until a new bridge, tuners, and possibly pickup arrive, probably from Germany. There are four computer cases founding a pile of gak in the center of the mainroom. A milk crate full of motherboards. Another full of graphics cards, USB ports. Printers of unknown origin. Drawers full of hard drives, aluminum finned heatsinks. These all must go. Assembled and gifted to someones who will use them. Will be finished soon. I love you, Patricia. Soon. I'll see you soon

09 05 2022 14:53

Me

It took me thirteen minutes to write that. During which time my cigarette, left neglected, burned inna comical straight line to the filter. I hear Tom Waits graveling " I smoke my friends to the filter.. " " L'aizee faire, mi amor, c'est la vie.."

09 05 2022 14:58

Me

According to Darwin, Nietzsche wassa monkey. Maybe a supermonkey, but a monkey nonetheless. Itsa gay science. Busch tallboys. Back to washing dishes. No. I will not clean the plates. Not now, not ever. Everything must go. We eat with our hands here now, as Rodin's statue thinks we should, obviously. Kiss me when we make love, dearest. Often, and allot. Hold my hand as my lips graze the side of your neck, you're lovely.

09 05 2022 15:04

Me

You are truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed. Forever frozen in time we are until we touch again

09 05 2022 15:06

Me

NOFX'S album Punk in Drublic was playing the first time I had sex. It was witha girl named Katherine, like my grandmother. I never saw her again. The second time I had sex was also witha girl named Katherine. Bad Religion was playing, No Control. Later that year I would hear Fugazi's In on the Kill Taker album for the first time while having sex with Deanne, who would accompany me forra year or so. What are you listening to?

09 05 2022 18:43

Me

At the time I was frequenting J. Vincent's bar it was System offa Down's first album, hed pe's Broke, Shelter's Mantra and whatever album has Whole Wide World onnit. Morphine, everything before The Night. Bad Religion, of course. Cake. Phish. Aphex Twin. Autechre.

09 05 2022 18:49

Me

When humans achieved immortality they began populating parallel universes with the dead and gone personalities of the humans that had lived before them. This would allow every human being that had ever existed to achieve immortality as well.

09 05 2022 19:10

Me

What's your pleasure?

09 05 2022 19:10

Me

Sitting in front offa swamp cooler I repaired filled with dry ice. The smoke exits its robot vented eyes comically. Many thankings of you, Brother Jeremiah

09 05 2022 21:38

Me

Another friend has called to inform me that she'll be bringing a solar panel tomorrow. That's cool as well. Step by step I build. I am exhausted and depressed beyond movement. I feel like crying. Where are you, my love?

09 05 2022 21:41

Me

Alone. Tired. In the dark. Fan blowing over dry ice. I don't feel like doing anything. I miss my best friend. It will be easy to allow sorrow to give in to rage. I lay down again on the couch, a pillow your placebo, and brace for whatever dreams may show themselves. This will be over soon. This pain has to end

10 05 2022 07:34

Me

I don't know where you are
I don't know if you're alive
My heart is broken
I don't want to live anymore
Not without you, my love
This pain will be over soon
This pain has to end
Thomas issa coward
He beats up on little girls
But is obviously no match for me
I pray to your god, as you wished
He hath delivered me from their evil
On more than one occasion
We have won and they have lost
" Michael Mackenzie, hear my words.
I will be there. Trust me. I love you.
And we will be together, forever "
I trust you
You are the only one I trust
I do not trust those creatures that surround you
Please, be alive
They are already beaten
So incredibly stupid and arrogant
It is done
We are Exponentials, you and I
And let our love forge a path
A highway
The future generations may choose
And improve
I love you, Patricia
I can never say that enough
Or think of you to fondly
You are truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed
And my perfect soulmate
" Together, forever "
See you soon, baby
There is nothing more important than holding your hand and kissing your lips
I need to go home
Where are you?
I need you
Life has no meaning without your love to inspire me
Only hatred and rage
I am not one of Them
I do not wish to live that way
Leave, and don't look back
Happiness is here, with me, in my arms
Please hurry
I won't last much longer
Nor do I wish to
Without you here

10 05 2022 10:38

Me

Thinking of you
I continue to sleep
Knowing the dreams will be horror
And unavoidable
I fear nothing

10 05 2022 11:00

Me

Patricia Ann Roberts
2164 Craigend Lane
Lake Orion, MI 48362

Help me reach her
Life doesn't have to be screaming horror
Happiness is waiting
No one should ever live with a coward narcissist pretending they're worth more than kindling

10 05 2022 17:42

Me

He only buys porn with brand names like Hustler and Penthouse. Even though he has cohabitated, in separate rooms, of course, with a goddess for eighteen years. Even though she hates it and she pleads with him that its degrading he still insists on never getting a blowjob. Instead, he'll pretend, like he always does, that he's someone else, someone he thinks is cool, and insists on masturbating in her hair and on her face. Because sex to him, everything to him - and I speak of the pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle who resides at the address above - issa desperate lie where he pretends he has power and is somehow important, even though the " man " has never once had an original thought in his entire wasted existence. A waster of life and time. Twenty-eight years of Rogaine, with Minoxodil, an ingredient found in laboratory rat urine. Both crying for and resenting his mumma, sexually stimulated by his fond memories of when she'd spank him.

10 05 2022 17:58

Me

The audio stream changes from madrigals to Gregorian chants. Its still less memory invoking than pop songs of love gained and lost and sex. We've noshed through most of the sugars and salts and fats and have begun opening cans of vegetables and beans. Laura reminds me she's a Mormon and I pick up the old argument that no, she is not. My father attended a seminary in Michigan to become a priest before he joined the Air Force assa chaplin and married a paranoid schizophrenic, what the Roman Catholic church labels a possession case officially. I like to get drunk and talk about religion and politics. When I carried a wallet it contained separate business cards for ghost and demon removal services. My reasoning being that demons are way more dangerous than the cranky old fartbag of Aunt Mabel bitching about your choice of cat food for Mr. Snuggles, and should be priced accordingly. My first official girlfriend assa teenager working at Wendy's wassa Mornon, so I have slightly more than a cursory familiarity of the doctrine. Worst girlfriend ever, by the way. Never kiss a girl who doesn't smoke. Its okay if she doesn't smoke anymore, but this advice, I contend, will not let one down if heeded. As the topic of baptizing ancestors breaches again the sky visible past the open sliding glass door abruptly shifts from grey to palish green. Notta seafoam orra seasick orra pea, but a shade reserved for floors of state mental hospitals, disinfectant ready and climbing the edges of the walls. There is something else that is different. Laura and I exchange searching looks, interrupted in our comfort food conversation. We sit staring at each other forra solid minute before knitting our eyebrows and proceeding out on the deck. The atmosphere is physically thicker past the doorframe. Not more humid - the air is cool and moist, but no more so than before. Heavier. Gravity is still a theory. Although we confidently launch rockets and probes and parasail we assa species are still uncertain as to whether gravity issa push orra pull. Gravity now feels like its the ocean, waves jostling in all directions. A propagating wave packet, my head insists. I can't hear the rushing sound of the river. At all. Nor the wind visibly moving the branches strung above. The radio is unaffected. I am not. The last thing I remember when I awake is opening my mouth, partially full of cooked peppered yellow squash, and screaming. Silently.

10 05 2022 19:16

Me

But first you've got to tell me
Tell me, where is the love?
Inna careless creation
When there's no above
There's no justice
Just a cause anda cure
Anda bounty of suffering
That we all endure
And what I'm frightened of
Is that they call it God's love
-Bad Religion

10 05 2022 19:37

Me

I know there's no reason for alarm
But who needs perspective when it comes to pain and harm?
We can change our minds
There's a better prize
-Bad Religion

10 05 2022 19:39

Me

The blood moon is gone, my vampiress...
A warm, wet hand on your pelvic bone
" Oooohhh " - I love it when you make that sound
Wait, child. I see you. I'll be right there, I promise.
Grape Swisher courtesy of the Dominican republic.
There issa breeze out-of-doors.
Alone. As usual.
" Hey. I know you. You sold me this jacket..."
Your grandmother's secret of youth was to drink the preservatives found in the vegetable cans.
3 down, fifteen across.
My, you look stunning. Your skin, its ..arousing. Huh.
Where did everybody go? (giggle)
Half dollars and cents and quarters, all in clear Lucite, likea porn star's labia, all in the appropriate place.
We've spent such great times in bathrooms, dearest.
You should've followed me in.
Appreciated as art. Seen, not read. I remembered your earrings, but you weren't wearing them. You couldn't have, because they didn't exist. You're wearing gold, but I can't see it. You look so beautiful without makeup.
You're wearing your face all the time, silly.
Did you lock me out? Now, that was naughty. While Tommy cheats on you with Pamela on the couch two days after you'd become a couple. No, I'm not going to hit on Paula no matter how drunk I am.
" It seems we're locked out. Well. Then I propose in retaliation we drink every one of these beers. "
One every five minutes for five hours.
Like Paula'a breasts, she can hang, man.
Anda softball pitch directly to the face. That's how you teach a child to catch. Well alright.
And I return with more beer. Bud Ice tallboys. Already into the third one.
Una cuna lina, por favor?
Another bathroom.
We have to stop missing these opportunities, Patty.
Next time you anda bathroom are around...
Tommy mutters under his breath something not worth repeating, like everything else he's ever said.
Unfortunately for him I am a showman of the great bard tradition.
Something about Germans, something in French.
And I blow you a kiss.
Our fingers touch as you hand meea cigarette. We almost die. It would have been beautiful, there on the highway in the rain. You'd still be here then.
Your sisters are some jealous witches. Ah, Rebecca Nurse. Hell-o nurse. I'm the son offa preacher man anda possessed woman, dont'cha know. You can't make this shit up. It won't suspend disbelief if you try. The remake of Suspiria is fantastic, by the way. If you're interested in horror movies whilst wearing headphones, the flicker show Antrum is recorded in binaural. Its a bit like John Carpenter's Cigarette Burns. Come. Come with me. Come with me this time and join me on the couch. Dario Argento's Suspiria is playing. We'll watch it backwards in the original Italian. And play. And, yes, come.

I love you, Patricia
I always will
See you soon, dearest

10 05 2022 22:36

Me

Phone's almost dead. Back to pen and paper in the diarist's journal. Grape flavored cigar, all the way from across the gulf

10 05 2022 22:38

Me

Was gifted a folding solar panel onna wheeled rack. Its stout. Some guy named Steve decided he was an electrical engineer and cut some wires, did this and that. Nothing that can't be repaired. The label onnit is faded, but I think it says 100 watt. So. That's cool. Sitting alone in the dark listening to traffic smoking a terrible cigar. I'm scheduled to start crying. Don't want to miss my appointment.

And you?

11 05 2022 03:10

Me

The sun is coming up and I'm going to sleep. Staring at old pictures of you. I wish I had kept your fake ID. It reminds me of what I saw when we astrally projected across the states and you grabbed my stiffened member. The field behind you was bright green with yellow flowerettes. I have no idea what those plants were but I'd recognize them if I saw them again. Up to seven downloads of the original GOSP. Three of the 2nduplоad. I've still only met one person who has seen it. That's at least six people who haven't heard it all live. In theory that could be both your aunts, Tommy, and all three of your sisters. Somehow I doubt that very seriously. There issa lot of information on the Archive. For someone to stumble upon it and for some reason to choose that from the modified description is...I dunno what. If that's the case I'm easy to find for additional commentary. (giggle) Feeling your sexy body's heat and desire about right now. Maybe I won't have horrible dreams. It hurts to imagine you. I've never seen your nude form. The person in my head isn't you. But its all I have. I am longing for the moment when the real you replaces the idealized one in my whimsy. That has to be soon. I don't think I have much time left. Hail Eris. All hail Discordia. Yes, I will pray to your god as well. Whisper in my ear, my darling. I want to go home

11 05 2022 05:57

Me

I love you, Patricia
I always will

11 05 2022 05:59

Me

I will scream your name to the world until I find you.
I will never give up.
You are priceless, a goddess.
And mine. (You said)

Kiss me when we make love, baby. Often

11 05 2022 06:06

Me

Muah!
Love and kissles

11 05 2022 06:06

Me

Here on the big maroon couch I am holding you close, your arms and legs shifting continuously, as we are not even close to slumber yet..

11 05 2022 06:08

Me

It always surprises me just how warm you are

11 05 2022 06:09

Me

And how brimming with lust. It issan honor to be looked at twice by you. To be touched like this...

11 05 2022 06:11

Me

Oh my god

11 05 2022 06:11

Me

Don't ever stop. Please. Don't ever, ever stop

11 05 2022 06:12

Me

This is stronger than anything I've ever felt. I can feel your pull from across the country. You are gripping me firmly, my firmness is yours. And so is the rest of my being

11 05 2022 06:15

Me

The magic word is the magic word
Christmas
Christ mass

11 05 2022 07:33

Me

Woke up to " Be our guest " from Disney's Beauty and the Beast playing in my head. All of my dishes are still swimming in the bathtub. The kiddie pool. Half frozen Dr. Pepper with cream soda. Horrible berry Swisher cigar. That's what they should be called on the package. Too hot to go outside and ride down to the Lone Star forra pack of smokes. Bah Hamburg. Where's the snooze on this bus crash. Taxes haven't hit yet. All guns, no butter. There's no place likea place that's never been home. One day I'll be a real boy instead offan ass. Mmmm. Ass. That's much better. Thinking of you and your incredible ass...

11 05 2022 14:25

Me

Thomas is incapable of appreciating an ass such as yours. Too enamored with his own tiny, slimy penis that his mumma told him never to wash.

11 05 2022 14:27

Me

Be our gueeeest. Look, we have ample parking. Pass go receive two hundred dollar off coupons to any hot dog (Pluto) stand in the park. 3 Extremes issa cool flicker show. I'm hungry for dumplings. " I hear your dumplings are the most desirable ". Sometimes a cigar is justa cigar, Freud wrote, thinking of big brown cocks while eating fried chicken. Do the smashed potato while twisting to the oldies whilst watching Suzanne work the Thighmaster. There's a job for the summer: getting paid to work out for an exercise equipment infomercial. Before/after. Look at what the Thighmaster did for me! I can support my body weight with my erect penis! I havea dealer buddy that's real enthusiastic about his profession. Uses exclamation points after nearly everything he types. Its refreshing to see someone near sixty still excited about their occupation. Not enough documentaries are committed to celluloid covering hard hitting journalistic topics such as these. Just suicides of housecats. Heathcliff was mopey. Then, just like that, outta nowhere, Heathcliff was road pizza. We think it wassan inside job.

11 05 2022 14:42

Me

So we've hired a camera crew and Suzanne Liptontea to get to the gritty grim reality of this. Mr. Ed, the satanic glue man, knows something, we're sure. But he ain't talking. Undercover hidden prize cameras reveal the truth. .
Turns out my mother lied again and Elmer's glue is not made from horse bones. Itsa petrochemical. Elmer's wood glue is actually the original product. The white school glue issa tinted dilution. Speakeasying of tinted dilutions, incorporating just one hour of sex with Michael Patrick Mackenzie per day, permanently, will extend both the quality and quantity of your life and livelihood, Consumer Reports quotes. Studies are in the process of being funded to ascertain the effects of longer durative periods of such activity. Care toobe a research assistant? Report to 117 Eagle Dr. Cibolo TX 78108-3906 immediately forran exciting opportunity to further extend the base of human knowledge and experience, starting co-incidentally at the base of [obblonge's] penis, known to some adventurers as Base Camp. Pitch a tent at Base Camp, the flyer reads before she pilots her witchy craft. And here we are at Mr. Ed's liver and onions boutique. At her satanic margerine's behest we have removed our footwear before entering. This is edutainment attits finest

11 05 2022 14:57

Me

The dish did not run away with the spongecake, as once mused by Arthur Clarkbar, inventor of Zagnut. Fifteen down: apothecary stock. Dancing will get you nowhere but sore on the floor. Flossing is tedium. Enameled ossiations are three forra quarter. We do not accept Disney dollars, assan idea orra concept. Cathedral Street and Market Street. Meet me there to discuss the next season of Surviving Cast Members. Use the Discordian sundials in the square. Tepid liquids form phospholipid bilayers if left to their own seafood salads. Chickens in the sea are often dead. Fingernail clippings may be mailed to the FBI only in the printed return envelopes. Gazelles saunter pontificating sauerkraut sullenly. Always, always remember that I love you Patricia

11 05 2022 15:10

Me

This will be over soon
This pain has to end
I am only performing the tasks outlined in our contract
We knew what would happen
Of course we did
You're a psychic and I'm a prophet
Thank you for this opportunity to work with the finest in the business, Mrs. Roberts/Mackenzie

11 05 2022 15:18

Me

Greasy strangulations and stirations of bone saws becoming more or less important by the liter. Times like these require less blueteeth and more gristle. Pulsating magnetars smudge buttered rickshaws in this district. Distinctly eyeball wonderfull knots decaying freshly in their soupy exoskeletons. Cardboard biscuits remaining after sunset will be towered lackadaisically matte finishing nurture. Semisoft foldings combine wellwater wishing that neat advertisements would hurry up and return their books to the French elevators already in progress. Intermissionary positions are available for those qualifying lucky parishioners whose last will and testicles are odd numbered and sore from dancing late hours at Mr. Ed's satanic glue salon and hotdog bar. Praise God. All hail Discordia

11 05 2022 15:30

Me

Half my soda is frozen and half my soda is Idaho. Excuse me, you're strip-mining my soda. Nudity is preferable here, assis lots of sex. Are you lonesome tonight? I can solve that & more. The restaurant on the corner, observable from two of the balconies, has delicious hors d'oeuvres. Mention this ad and receive smoking waitstaff. Did I mention lots of lovemaking is preferable here? Arms and legs and lips and hips all moving towards each other's heaven. You are my heaven and my home, as planned. Place your bet, I'll pay off your condominiums and your Edsel.

11 05 2022 15:49

Me

I love you, Patricia
I always will

11 05 2022 16:07

Me

Hazel reflecting blue in the candlelight. The smell of your skin is intoxicating, and necessary for survival. Nothing is more sacred than the taste between your legs. The slickness you provide is effortless, instantaneous, assis my erection. Smiling, you pull me into your spread thighs, beauty incarnate. Your warmth is always shocking, every time. A pleasured moan emerges from both of us, simultaneous, as are most of our orgasms. No one is as desirable as you, and you confidently show me this fact daily with your every moment and movement. Your tongue locks and unfurls with mine in my mouth before moving hungrily lower. You're hungry and insatiable, as I am. The taste between your legs in heaven, we both think as we quench our thirst. This is all the nourishment I'll ever need - another mutual thought. You cross your legs behind my head and squeeze down hard as you can, ensuring all I breathe is from within you, by my unspoken request. Your hands on my buttocks pulling just as intently downward; you are so many dreams come come coming true. The sun eclipses. Sounds are obliterated. The Earth shatters. And we are just beginning, both this activity and the day. Don't stop. Don't ever EVER stop - another mutual thought. You're gushing into mouth, as I am yours. Greedy, not a drop is spilled. Another mutual thought

11 05 2022 16:08

Me

Take off that tracksuit baby. We exercise indoors today. Maybe out-of-doors in the moonlight to-night?

11 05 2022 16:10

Me

Your breasts are perfection. Your body is divinity. My attention is yours. We own each other, at your request. We are equals, at mine. Our union is designed to be our heaven. To be apart from you is intense pain. This is what you asked for, and what you have received. I cannot live without you much longer. This pain has to end. I am suffering, as I know you are, imprisoned by the pompous infantile slaveowner ineffective in all his lazy non-efforts. We will be together soon, dearest. I promise. Here in the physical world, or in history. This is what you requested, you planned, and what you have received. I have done everything you asked, complete and on time. It is our time now. Thank you, for every glance and conversation. For every flirt and lustfull contact. For every reason my heart still beats. I don't think it will be beating much longer, unless Eris intervenes. But you will be freed from your imprisonment, as requested, I promise. I love you. I always will

11 05 2022 16:23

Me

Tommy is so fucking stupid. He thinks after more than two years of leaving the phone charged but on Do Not Disturb that by blocking the calls now he could stop our text thread from continuing or being published worldwide. My. Won't he be surprised. Stupid coward narcissist Thomas Wayne Randle. Waster of life and time

11 05 2022 16:27

Me

It helps knowing how much time one has left. Makes planning out the remainder much easier

11 05 2022 16:29

Me

All this time your jealous witchy, twitchy little sisters spreading lies like jam on toast. And they're still doing it. Poorly. As they do everything else

11 05 2022 17:00

Me

Toast? White or brown?

You're thinking of bread. All toast is brown.
-Jimmy Carr

11 05 2022 17:01

Me

I hunger. I have been hungry my entire existence. For what you have in bounty. Tell me your thoughts, lover. Feed my head. I desire to know what's behind your eyes. Convey your stories with your movements, your mouth, your desires. Show me the world you have created and I'll show you mine. Curated for your discerning tastes. My whole entirety to discern your tastes

11 05 2022 17:14

Me

I have nothing but what I own.
All a person can own is their body.
I have given my body to you.
As you have given your body to me.
Let us link our estates together.
And with sweat enjoy the harvest

11 05 2022 17:17

Me

Hold me close, lover
Kiss me here there and everywhere
Tickle my creases and tender sides
And I'll butterfly kiss both sets of cheeks
Before wetly breathing assa fish
Don't let me go
You always go
Stay this time
Before our time is over

11 05 2022 17:20

Me

I will never stop adoring you
We've intersected perfectly
Thanks to you
You're older
This is your plan
Anda gorgeous one
Thank you for choosing me
Out of so many
There is comfort in knowing
Every action I've ever made
Added up to what you find most desirable
It gives purpose to this constant pain
I can die with joy in my heart now
Thank you, my dearest
For all the worth you hath provided

11 05 2022 17:26

Me

See you soon, baby

11 05 2022 17:27

Me

I don't know the next line of the song
Would you remind me?

11 05 2022 17:30

Me

Where oh where have you been, my love?
Where oh where can you be?
Are you there under the ocean?
Are you there up in the sky?
Until the return of my love
This lullaby
-Queens of the Stone Age

11 05 2022 17:44

Me

This is your story, Patty
I just ad-libbed the dialogue
I did as you commanded
And I am dying without my reward
Your god created us for this purpose
You contend
Perhaps my goddess will complete
What your god did not direct
Time is running out
Do we get our own series greenlit?
Or are we cancelled,
not enough products to peddle to our adventures?
Look alive, dear, and step lively
Be alive, please
There are soul eating monsters everywhere
Peddling their own brand names
See the fnords
Rearrange the squiggles
Into the true meaning
Of love and cherishment

11 05 2022 18:00

Me

I return to sleep, alone on the couch. The routing out of the final distractions is almost complete. The walls will echo back my signature, but the easel is yours to decorate as you see fit.

11 05 2022 18:03

Me

I hate dreaming. Its an offal thing filled with awful things. Always has been. Like hiding, serrated kitchen knife gripped, in the corner of the closet behind the paper thin sliding cardboard fake-woodgrained doors, waiting for who or whatever my mother was at that moment to burst in. Its better to stay up all night, my vampiress. As I Lay Dying were correct on that. There are securities in shadows. Candlelight is romantic, isn't it, dearest?

11 05 2022 18:12

Me

So speaketh the prophet [obblonge]

11 05 2022 18:14

Me

[thousand segmented legs crawling

the monsters took her under cover of sunlight and treason I can't remember what she was wearing

rough hewn metals jagged under nails into nerve-riddled flesh, rusted dirt filled channels

you were there to nurture but instead you consumed until bloated and gaseous

unstable at this temperature NO!

claimed divinity with hives and fever, royal pink and chartreuse

steaming exhalations horses breath
they spasmed fits and palsy
persperation to the soil
which grew poisoned flowers from their tears

the limb twisted before the hinged joint borne unto the Firmament unmade

flutes whistling graveyard breezes

sounds are vibrations
sinusoidal dips and troughs and peaks and valleys
how many decimalled hurts?]

11 05 2022 18:30

Me

There issan aching in the back of my skull. No cartoon birds and stars halo. Rising from my face-up prone position on the freshly painted deck, Laura is first in my field of vision, back solidly pressed against the railing, her eyes wide and staring. Settling next to her while rubbing my nape, I dig in my pocket and fish out Ann's antique silver cigarette case. Taking two Camels out I offer one widdershins, quickly accepted. The black and gold lazer etched Zippo fails to click when struck but lights both. Baroque woodwinds and harpsichord is quarteting through the filthy sliding glass doors. It is the only sound. I dreamt of my daughter Kallisti. I have no idea where she is or if she is. Burnt ash drops without crackles, being shaken off by my trembling lips. Hot tears are streaming down, blurring the soundless vista with eloquent soundtrack. I haven't seen Kallisti since she was eight. She would be ten now. Her mother abandoned us when she was two anda half, chasing heroin and cocaine with prostitution and psychopathic apathy. I don't remember dropping the finished butt or crawling to the pallet on the floor underneath the speakers. Batteries still holding out. Harpsichord and oboes give way to four cellos, dirge. Its suiting of the moment. Red wine has not helped the aching of my head. Laura's face is turned from my view, surveying silent scenery fit forra hotel wall painting. This is where you could be instead of MotorLodge #164. There is no chocolate mint on your pillow. Do not use blacklights in the vicinity of your bedspread, please and thank you. End of song, end of conciousness.

11 05 2022 20:11

Me

Floor shakes hard enough to propel me to my feet. Wagner's Ride of the Valkyries is blasting through the speakers, but its too loud, absurdly loud, there's no way cones that size could make that much air move. Fuck this. Quick steps and noiseless slamming of the glass door. Thankfully the music diminishes in volume somewhat with this action. Its nighttime now. Laura is standing at the railing, one hand gripping the wood with enough force to turn her knuckles white, the other solidly around the ornate neck offa wine bottle labelled in Portuguese. She turns her head, frowning, only slightly, acknowledging my presence, then returns her sentry's position to the heavens. Half of the grey is parted centrally, revealing the new map of burning stars. Tens or thousands of minutes later Wagner dissolves into what would have been a station break, now the amplified buzzing offan ultraviolet bug zapper with two dragonflies struck frying in the mesh. This allows the only other sounds audible through to our senses: sirens calling from beyond Earth, skyward. A sort of synthetic chime set, microtuned at random and played by feasting vultures onna weighted keyboard. There is something new this time - a long, lilting, occasionally harmonized chorus of voices drifting in and out from a different point of night than the chimes, almost sideways from the horizon. If it is a language it is none I recognize, though there are definitely parts repeating verse-chorus-verse. Many vowels, few consonants. Hours pass. The buzzing from the radio fades to nothingness leaving us with the calling of the stars. The chimes span about two octaves. The voices, if that's what they are, full spectrum. There are most certainly repeating themes, though mismashed between competing chorales. All of the voices are distinctly female, the epitome offan archtype of warrior class. A third distinct group sounds angrier than the first two, threatening. No, bitch, our dance moves slay your tired, weak-ass trots. Its beautiful, as much as it can be, but my ears are accustomed to atonality. Also very directional. The voices are coming from horizontal sources, maybe on the planet, while the chimes are beaming from a gyrating cluster of suns directly above our heads. I find that I don't care how my dehydrated body feels about this decision: I am getting as drunk as I can before a red graped woman's hand closes the staring eyes of my corpse.

11 05 2022 20:50

Me

" There is nothing new under the sun " somebody said once. Probably a guy. That's the kind of smug bullshit men get quoted saying. Fuck that guy. I'm glad he's dead. I hope it hurt the whole time. By all means, quote me on that.

11 05 2022 21:03

Me

You're the night, Lilah
A little girl lost in the world
You're a folktale, the unexplainable
You're a bedtime story
The kind that keeps the curtains closed
I hope you're waiting for me
'cause I can't make it on my own
-Morphine

11 05 2022 21:10

Me

Its too dark to see the landmarks
And I don't want your good luck charms
I hope you're waiting for me
Across your carpet of stars
-Morphine

11 05 2022 22:14

Me

When the stars are right
We will see each other inna new (black) light

11 05 2022 22:16

Me

Chivas Regal and turbine blades
Brake break brake for impact
This isn't a happenstance
No more I can't take this anymore
Smoke signals distant
They severed
Snakelike in intention
Their tongues forked as roadways
Hatred in/is blood
This is not salvation
Industrious insects colonizing moons of Jupiter
We peered sideways
And found our escape
Only momentary this switch
Feet on grounds
Into chanel dust they breathe
Trails of slime glistening
Unfamiliar outlines
Summer is wartorn peaks ashen
I want this to stop
Will not slow
Drinking from muddied troughs
Grit in teeth and hairs in molars
Permission not granted you may not trespass
Hearing in bones
Objectified
Many deaths
This will not stop
I am witness

11 05 2022 22:34

Me

The darkness of night is lasting longer than it should. When I climb in the upstairs shower the water again thankfully runs clear. Its cold and wakes me up, though I'm still staggering drunk. Drinking in stomachfulls of water I emerge humming a companion piece to the concert around us. At least, I'm vibrating my throat and chest. It feels like what making sounds used to do. We've laid out couch cushions covering most of the deck and are observing. Writing onna legal pad witha pen screenprinted Al's plumbing, Laura says it feels like noon. We've been dosing off in turns. She suggests Father Alien instead of Mother Nature. Our three local groups of singers have played through at least two albums of repeating hits. I turned off the radio, though it didn't respond immediately, stubbornly buzzing at least an hour after the off command was issued. My vintage is 1973, something in French. Saltine crackers, spray cheese inna can. I keep thinking about Mitch Hedberg's joke about it glowing in the dark, every bite. The chimes have almost completely faded, along with the brightness and location of its point of emanation. Glee club is picking up the tempo, but seemingly content with their distant concert halls. When I heavily plop down the notepad is passed over. Two words: Foxes. Below. Laura is strategically stationed under the thick fringed vinyl umbrella that formerly stood in the center offa round glass table next tooa propane cookstove. On its side its functioning assa lean-to tent. Hanging my head over the railing, my eyes are greeted with twenty to thirty smaller shiny pairs staring back. Ashen grey and brownish-red foxes are doing much the same as we are, minus alcohol. Laura hands me a bag of marshmallows and we toss them down one by one. They look cute, smiling almost. I shiver. Laura tugs at my jacket and I join her on the other side of the lean-to. We stuff marshmallows in our ears, hoping we don't wake to find ants crawling, searching through our brains.

12 05 2022 02:47

Me

I love you, baby

12 05 2022 02:51

Me

You're cuter than any fox. That I've ever seen a picture of. Because I've never actually seen one

12 05 2022 02:52

Me

I wish you were here. I could function then. Everything inside is broken now. Without a reason for happiness, it does not exist

12 05 2022 02:54

Me

It took three days to adjust the angle of the neck on Gloria's Alvarez. She was most appreciative, kept asking iffi wanted another beer. But of course, mon ami. When I tuned it on the third day, new phosphor bronze D'Addarios, .13 gauge, she said I started making sounds she'd never heard a guitar make before. I showed her how to play harmonics, and explained the science behind what I was doing. Your mother had large eyes, and they larger. Lightly touch the string at certain points after its vibrating. This causes it to vibrate at two separate wavelengths, creating the high pitched harmonic sounds you are hearing. Yes, I'll have a shot. Is this lighter fluid. Damn. That's hardcore, man

12 05 2022 04:03

Me

The body and neck are Honduran Mahogany, the same wood I carved my guitar's body out of. We already took all of it from Honduras, its now sourced from Brazil. The top, the soundboard, is spruce, either Sitka or Englemann, bookmatched, meaning two 1/8" thick pieces were cut from the same piece and one was flipped over and glued, creating the pattern you see. The fretboard is rosewood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and abalone. MOP is the whitish colored abalone shell, rarer. Usually its greenish blue, sometimes red. The pseudo-mystical symbol is the logo of the Alvarez company. It was constructed here in America. This one is nice. It plays an even-ish volume across the fretboard, whether playing up and down or across the neck. The tonal center is around the fifth to seventh frets, where all the notes ring out slightly louder and longer. Everything resonates atta certain sympathetic frequency.

So do I. The sound of your " Oooohhh " That makes me resonate deeply in my chest, assif there was something still there. Even in memory

12 05 2022 04:15

Me

The shrunken head mouth pierced palm tree is laughing. It peers over the neighbors' roof to the left from my vantage point. Something funny is going on inna backyard on Falcon. Or maybe itsan amused tree. I think it has teeth. I bettit eats grackles. They probably blame their dogs for all the black feathers littering their yard

12 05 2022 04:20

Me

Something is tickling my face and smells like bubblegum. Opening my sleepshut eyes I discover an orange fox on my chest, staring directly at me. It licks my nose several times and is instantly gone when a peal of gravelly smoker's laughter erupts from beside me. Some giant, probably taloned hand has turned the volume knob of the world back to the right again. Trees, river, that sweeping, scratching noise, all back. I haven't seen Laura happy, even briefly, like this since we found ourselves wandering. The little furry scamp ate the marshmallows out of her ears too, she says. For minutes it is easier to breathe, even with the obligatory cigarette smoke. Happiness is rare now, has been for years. Just a little reminds my body what its like to be alive. Lighter grey, occluded sky. Something like morning has arrived, however late. The same clawed huge fingers changed the world's gear ratio back to where it was. We're spinning...I see a flash of memory instead of what my eyes report. My autistic daughter spinning herself dizzy holding a ribbon, a glittery one, inches thick, sparkles fluttering. Quickly I pretend to cough and turn away, holding my closed fist in front of my face. There is no need to spoil whatever semblance of humanity is left in us by sharing this thought. " I'll make breakfast! Something hot! " She knocks the umbrella over leaping up like a clumsy feline. Burying my face in the rough cushions, I bite down on the material covering the foam, thankfull to be out of view.

12 05 2022 04:50

Me

Watching the flames curl heavenward. Like a phoenix, you said

13 05 2022 03:19

Me

More gone. Slashed, trashed, and burnt. Worktable cleared, ready for piecing together computers to give away. Asked my father's only younger sister forra list of my father's side aunts, nieces, nephews. Filling out an affidavit of heirship and completing the unclaimed property forms for the Texas state comptroller will net about $750USD. $40 fee for the filing. 2021 taxes due sometime this month. 2019 taxes in sixteen weeks. Don't know if I'll be around that long. Everything must go. Roosters cocking. Charging a battery on Falcon so I can fall asleep with a fan blowing. It'll be dead when I wake. I'm falling down already. Mowed the lawn, shaved for the first time in weeks. Still have dishes soaking in the bathtub. My. This all looks boring. Spelling it out like this underlines it, doesn't it? Terrible berry Swisher cigar. Been smoking heavily. Surprisingly one more scrap run left. Trash can and two totes of circuit boards. Various metallic things. That leaves building the patio area, already begun. No rain in the week's forecast, just near hundred degree highs. Still boring. Weather bores me until its happening. I am not my father. There are two young miscreants, a couple, sleeping in their car in the driveway. I retrieved a debit card out of the CD player for them earlier. Out of four mechanics the cheapest offer they had found for that service was $96USD. [obblonge] got them for ten cans of Chef Boyardee, a bag of ice, two terrible cigars, two liter of soda. I hooked them up with a ratchet and some appropriate sockets, wrenches, screwdrivers. A basic kit to work on their Pontiac. This is still boring. Wow. Well alright. I'll sit here a few more minutes and then walk over a street and grab the box. I love you, Patty. Promise I'll be more entertaining next time. Muah! Love and kissles

13 05 2022 04:26

Me

And my phone's cover screen reminds me you have beautiful legs. That's exciting

13 05 2022 04:29

Me

Naked on the couch, alone, placebo pillow at hand. Fruit punch (vitamin C!) on ice. Fan spinning, for now. Might as well finish this terrible©®™ cigar (berry?). To-day is Friday the 13th my Discordian sundial tells me. Before I relent to nightmares I will pray to your god that you are alive and unharmed. I feel as cellophane, transparent. Tired, and tired of collecting the noise of others. Its our noise I want to fill me. Where are you, dear? You said when you saw me next that I would be wearing a leather jacket, not the one I had before, but one that fits me better and is higher quality. Frameless glasses, which I didn't have at the time but do now. Black and red beanie cap, not the 30 days of night one. Most likely the Sevendust one, which I forgot I had. Heh. Sevendust. Roach killer. Its far too hot for such garb for quite some time. There is more than a fifty percent chance that I won't make it to my 44th birthday on June 15th. I need you. I need to know what happened and what's happening. This is my tantrum, as forewarned. I keep my mouth shut and play pretend with most everyone, sort of. It works, people have their own lives. This thread, shared with the world, inna sense, and Laura are the only places I stash my thoughts. I don't tell Laura everything, best not to. Things happen. Don't place faith in human beings. Human beings aren't reliable things. But she's got the outlines and syopses in my head on her thread. Relentless optimist, she. I usedta be that way. Living out Schrödinger's cat thought experiment. Both best case scenario and worst exist with equal likelihood. What would be the best case scenario now? I trust you. You are the only person I've ever trusted completely. You said you loved me, that you wanted to get married, that you'd be here, together, forever. I don't know exactly what happened. But we are frozen in time at that point until I hold your hand, just us, and we speak as best of friends again. As we planned. This is the most important thing to me. There can be nothing else. I am focussed, distractionless, unbeatable, invincible for I am in love. Your god granted me on demand permission to survive and destroy the evil that Tommy Tiny Penis and Pamalamadingdong hath wrought. A rousing debut performance it was. Mayhap one day soon I'll relate the first person account. The hurt of being apart from you is overwhelming. This is the worst pain I have ever felt. We knew something like this would happen, didn't we? Humans always choose to do the worst actions possible when given the chance. No longer the optimist, I. This pain has to end. Without your input I have chosen the selection of storylines. Perhaps you or Eris will intervene. No guarantees of safety or sunshiny radiance with the Discordian. Your god either, actually. As much as I experience the duality of S's boxed feline, the statistics and probabilities point towards something other than rewarding happiness. More than fifty percent. Sometimes you roll a one and sometimes a twenty, young dungeon dweller. A questing you must go nonetheless. I am not afraid of anything on the horizon. We win no matter what. I promise, baby. I love you, Patricia. I always will. You will read these pages one day, if you're still alive. You asked me to write you a story. I contend you wrote the script, I merely ad-libbed

the dialogue for years. Your captor will be vanquished resoundingly in any case. Pathetic waster of life and time, forever incapable of formulating an original thought. A pox on society. An anchor on progress. You deserve your voice to be your own, and heard, as do we all. We are important. Gods amoungst roaches. Exponentials, you and I. Ah. Am I preaching to the choir? Rambling again? The nightmares can wait, I'm typing. Thank you Patty, for noticing me. For hearing me when I spoke and understanding, as I did you. It is nice to be understood by someone, especially someone as mind-numbingly beautiful as you. I want so badly to hear your " Oooohhh " again, close, in my ears, your breath on my face. That would make all this pain caused by these repugnant insects worth it. It already is.
Until we hold hands again, love
Think of your best friend as your vision portrayed
Your perfect counterpart

13 05 2022 05:52

Me

Phone's down to nineteen percent. Eyes raw and weary. I want to reach across the states and caress your face, kiss your lips. Being a bigger monster requires lots of calories, burning suns for fuel. The wear on my body and what you call a soul is not recoverable. I told you it wouldn't be. We so often only truly use the word deserve in past tense, and only to link our chosen conspiracies. Carnivorous , my what sharp front teeth we have. I am rambling again. Well. Tell me to stop and interrupt. I'll listen. I always do. Ingesting your ideas isaa far more optimal diet for this angry alien. I am dying. This pain has to end

13 05 2022 06:08

Me

Thomas Wayne Randle: the epitome of ugliness, but only assa metaphor. Nothing he has ever done or will ever do is important or shocking or unique. White bread, square, distaste. A peso a dozen. He claims he is the devil himself. Anything claiming to be the devil that jerks off all night locked in his own closet or bathroom on cocaine is a silly poser inna long, long line of identical posers. A mass produced Halloween mask sold on clearance atta store that only sells disposable items. A knock-off cartoon character with a thin elastic strap and eyeholes cut sharp and misplaced. Nothing to see here. Move along, love. You'll miss something worthwhile and exciting

13 05 2022 06:16

Me

See you soon. When the stars are right

13 05 2022 06:18

Me

A weightless step dancing, as Rise Against would say

13 05 2022 06:19

Me

Post Script:
You are truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed
But you know that

13 05 2022 06:21

Me

Christ Michael, when bestowed on Urantia, lived under the reign of evolutionary religion up to the time of his baptism. From that moment up to and including the event of his crucifixion he carried forward his work by the combined guidance of evolutionary and revealed religion. From the morning of his resurrection until his ascension he traversed the manifold phases of the morontia life of mortal transition from the world of matter to that of spirit. After his ascension Michael became master of the experience of Supremacy, the realization of the Supreme; and being the one person in Nebadon possessed of unlimited capacity to experience the reality of the Supreme, he forthwith attained to the status of the sovereignty of supremacy in and to his local universe.
-The Urantia Book
AKA
The Really Big Book Of What The Fuck

14 05 2022 06:51

Me

While you have assembled some beautiful melodies on Urantia, you have not progressed musically nearly so far as many of your neighboring planets in Satania. If Adam and Eve had only survived, then would you have had music in reality; but the gift of harmony, so large in their natures, has been so diluted by strains of unmusical tendencies that only once in a thousand mortal lives is there any great appreciation of harmonics. But be not discouraged; some day a real musician may appear on Urantia, and whole peoples will be enthralled by the magnificent strains of his melodies. One such human being could forever change the course of a whole nation, even the entire civilized world. It is literally true, "melody has power a whole world to transform." Forever, music will remain the universal language of men, angels, and spirits. Harmony is the speech of Havona.
-The Urantia Book
AKA
The Really Big Book Of What The Fuck

14 05 2022 06:58

Me

Somebody in this world has to quote this shit off the top of their head. By rote. Able to spit hour-long lists of very specifically named group and sub-groups. I want to follow them around with a small digital camera forra solid day and ask them interview questions in between their day's tasks and beatifications. Really capture their demeanor for future anthropological study. I have two pages of questions written already

14 05 2022 07:05

Me

I can getta grant for this. Documentary filmmaking for the heritage of central US theological developments. The Urantians: Holy Multisyllabic

14 05 2022 07:08

Me

How old were you when you first got your license? What opportunities did it open up for you? Are you a religious person? Do you pray? What to? Why? Does it help? Does it answer? Do you remember your parents? Were they good parents? What is your favorite possession currently? Of all time? What your favorite activity? Assin, if you could do anything right now, what would it be? Have you ever been arrested? What for? The result? What's your favorite color? Do you read for entertainment? If you were walking down the street and found a $50,000 winning lottery ticket, the net result would be $40,000. What would you do with that? What is your preferred type of footwear? What are good sources of information? Do you have a goal to reach before you die? Do you think you will? Do ghosts exist? Does life on other planets exist? Mary Jane opened the door and died. Why did she die? Are you important? Do others think so? Do you dress for success? Are you real? Are you sure? What is evil? Do you tip your waitstaff? How much? Where would you visit assa tourist? What is existentialism? When is Sandra Dee's birthday? When someone audibly farts innan elevator, what do you do?

14 05 2022 13:48

Me

And it leaves a spill of proof
Sucks all the words from the room

14 05 2022 13:52

Me

Good morning. Breakfast?

14 05 2022 13:53

Me

I just came across a blue asterik while reading from the Urantia Book. Their holy text contains a footnote, a link to another part of the pdf. They put a footnote notation in their fucking religious guidebook, the big one. The one that all the smaller books are about

14 05 2022 14:01

Me

I think, you and I, that we should make a documentary. We have to find someone who issa Urantian, a real Urantian, and follow them forra week.

14 05 2022 14:08

Me

The story of Urantia should be told inna stage musical

14 05 2022 14:22

Me

There issa very large grape hackeysack by the entranceway. Cold beer. Fan. Its going to take another person to get that thing in here

14 05 2022 17:22

Me

Right. Laundry done. Dishes kept up. Guitar neck: fretboard oiled, sanded - asymmetrical and flatter, headstock stain sanded, two coats of stain applied, sanding after each. Folding RV solar panel, a 90 watt 2x3 ft thing on wheels, tested and charging an 18 volt battery, one small scavenged solar panel charging four AA sized rechargeables, folding camo panels charging an android bank. Two fans, one with neato color enhancements and water reservoir, running directly on me. Scrap run ready. Fifty or sixty lbs of aluminum. Over $100 at least, net, after splitting it with Kurtis. Computers put on hold or being scrapped. Vintage fireman style axe: head ground, handle sanded, coated with Gorilla Ultimate wood glue, sanded again. Being sharpened every time I pass it on the vise. All of these activities keep my mind open and dreaming of you all day and night

15 05 2022 13:01

Me

So. More fun with the sun. 18 volt battery charged enough to run larger fan. Don't know for how long. It has three speeds and on low I'm quite comfortable sitting in front offit. LED " portable air conditioner " also on low, really only being used for light. Four AA sized batteries charged to max. Fashioned a pack for four 18650s, 3.7 volts each, out of PVC plumbing parts and neodymium magnets. Charging off the large panel. Another 18650 charging onna separate panel. Two AA and one AAA rechargeable getting powered up off another panel. Have more scavenged solar panels, mostly off of small walkway lights, about fifteen or twenty. These can be, in theory, wired in series or/and parallel to produce a current up to 28 volts, orra smaller number at greater amperage. Have a drawerful of 18650s, scavenged, mostly from tossed laptops. These can be wired as a above, to provide voltage in increments of 3.7 at certain different amphours, depending on what needs to be powered. Need to construct an inverter to get 110 volt AC. Also a charge controller, so I don't have to babysit the lot. These items will be dependent on, again, what it is that I plan on powering. Later I'll plug the digits into algebra equations and figure out what will be most cost effective for whatever needs I decide to pursue.

15 05 2022 14:05

Me

Sony, for instance, manufactures an 18650 that in two important aspects is 600% superior to most other ones. They run about $6.50USD each new. Slightly less by quantity. Wiring up a hundred with style and finesse would, I think, be enough to power the whole house. Air conditioner, computer, more efficient studio monitor speakers, tv or monitors, point of use hot water heater. Probably way more cost effective than a $700USD commercially sold rechargeable battery, lithium-ion. Both would last about eight years or so under constant usage. Math will tell

15 05 2022 14:11

Me

Its about a hundred degrees outside. I am not sweating or uncomfortable sitting inside and have had the door open until now, about two in the afternoon. Those who live in foam houses throw all the boulders they want.

15 05 2022 14:13

Me

Have a fully charged battery bank that keep my phone, headphones, headlamp, and two fans running til tomorrow. Another bank is charging, will beeat three quarters full by end of sunshine, about sixish. A surplus, for the moment. And the title of the Art project is: Look what you threw away

15 05 2022 14:16

Me

Taxes should appear on card within two weeks, three at most. All of this is interesting, or at least shrug inducing, but just activities to keep me from being idle until I decide what to do next. I don't want to live anymore without you. So. What to do next. Continuing to live an actual Schrödinger's cat experiment is not feasible. This pain too great. Which introduces options. There's always options. Since my continued life is far less important than usual some of these options offer total problem solvation and quick payoff. Attractive. And then...

15 05 2022 14:25

Me

Where are you? I don't even know if you're alive. But I'm going to find out everything I need to know and/or get my answers soon. Tommy Tiny Penis is about to be introduced to my kind of fun and amusement. See you soon, baby. I love you, Patty. I always will

15 05 2022 14:30

Me

" What? Me worry? "
-Alfred E. Neumann

15 05 2022 14:31

Me

Four o'clock. Fan still running, on the third, fastest setting. Danny just came in with a beer and a bag of ice. I'd better get to those and check my lithium-ion bombs. One should really use a charge controlling mechanism of some sort, especially with lithium-ion bombs. Alkalines will split and leak, maybe catch fire. Lithium can actually explode if just forced to ingest too many electrons onna hundred degree afternoon. That's the fun part of science Mr. Wizard knew. Explosions

15 05 2022 15:58

Me

What are you wearing?

15 05 2022 15:58

Me

There issa lunar eclipse to-night@11:11. Clear skies. May actually get to observe an event above my head. How romantic. Wish you were here

15 05 2022 17:50

Me

So. Like, Jesus never read the Bible

15 05 2022 20:29

Me

Its time for violence in the streets
A worldwide civil war
We know their names
We know where they live
Do it now
Pretend athletic shoes are involved

15 05 2022 20:43

Me

Now available assan audiobook! Free download! Read by the author! The Gospel of Saint Patricia!

15 05 2022 20:56

Me

I've been told I have a certain...quality to my voice

15 05 2022 20:56

Me

Some people aren't into reading. But they are into hearing people talk shit to other people, and totes anhilate their coward loser asses

15 05 2022 20:59

Me

Mmmm. I like ass. Patty...

15 05 2022 20:59

Me

First fifty get t-shirts and stickers.

15 05 2022 21:02

Me

*Pistachios in the dark. At least I'm not watching M*A*S*H*

15 05 2022 21:04

Me

These would be so much more delicious if I were eating them out of Patty's ass. But that goes without saying

15 05 2022 21:08

Me

Yes, Patricia does shit ice cream. I know this forra fact. And nothing will ever change my opinion of this. She's perfect and dreamy

15 05 2022 21:10

Me

I wonder if Tommy Tiny Penis thinks that since he finally blocked me on Patty's old phone, that this fantastically hard hitting crime reality drama is no longer able to continue. That, man, would be fucking hilarious

15 05 2022 21:13

Me

Welcome to the prophet [obblonge's] traveling far from salvation show. And why are you all so far from salvation? Because you're hypocrites. If any single one of you actually believed anything at all of what you say you do, you wouldn't act the way you do. And its actions that are unchangeable. Words are just vowels and consonants. What you do is what you are

15 05 2022 21:19

Me

Those were the good old days
Those were the good old days
The years go by but the memory stays
And those were the good old days
-Weird Al Yankovic

15 05 2022 22:31

Me

Fingers enmeshed
Her hand and mine
Mind and flesh
Hers and mine
A poltergeist
Blood , red menses
Mmmmm
Yes, delicious
Caltrops and jacks
They won't follow
This is ours
Hers and mine

16 05 2022 04:32

Me

Built under the influence of child killers
Preacher and possession
Guns and symbols
Discipline creases permanent
Presstime soon
Get your adlines in before deadline
Tags, drawers
Pounding signs bruises ugly
Another doorknob
Hits him from within a pillowcase
Tearing fibers
Such delicate hairline
Effeminate really
Greasy strangler
Tiny, tiny pecker
No more breathing
This vermin
Fire can't be quenched
Black billowing death
All encompassing
No escape

16 05 2022 04:39

Me

What did you do to Heidi Seeman, Tommy?

16 05 2022 04:40

Me

She better walk through that door
Any fucking second

16 05 2022 04:42

Me

And there better not be a hair out of place on her oh so pretty little head
I'll be the judge of her hairstyle
You took your best shots
Ineffectual, as usual
You were always waiting for me to lead, unquestioning
Where the archangel Michael becokens the Firmament
His happiness becomes his cancer
Told you two decades ago
Your pixy stix gonna rot your tongue
No loss
Putrid meat going flappity flap
Hair and mould and sucker cobblestoned
Just like Deanne
Daughter at AMT
Ugliest pussy I've ever seen

16 05 2022 04:50

Me

Even uglier than Pam's

16 05 2022 04:51

Me

A study in room temperature humid roast beef

16 05 2022 04:52

Me

Horsey sauce

16 05 2022 04:52

Me

Grey and lackluster

16 05 2022 04:53

Me

And reeking of monstrosity

16 05 2022 04:53

Me

How does one defeat monsters, Kallisti?
By becoming a bigger monster
One that eats the smaller muppets
Eyes first
Then the cheeks
Expose their rotted teeth through the new windows
Bovine and extinct
Lab contaminant
Flush with fire
Repeat until clean

16 05 2022 04:56

Me

I pray to Patricia's God
His answer is immunity from harm
A codex to calculate trajectory of diminishment
And counterbalance
With the blessings of Patricia's love

Hail Eris.
You are not an ugly woman
Paint and fatted gilding
Does not a Goddess make
You are the Materials
That existed before
A body, a system. Order
The Natural State. Chaos
Imposition of order equals escalation of chaos
Clark Kent and his Supermen bailed wisely on the gig
at Robert Putney Drake's
The American Medical Association
Dressed alike. Two boys, two girls.
So clean cut. Manicures.
Nazis and the Lake
And their failure once more

I love you, Patty
Read any good books lately?
That warms my hearth
A kiss blown to you, dearest
Let the streets ring with honesty
And you shall suffer his disease no more
Praise God
To the fairest one

16 05 2022 05:10

Me

Bind them with tires and set them on fire. Hunt them down. Check the lists. They carry tracking devices and maintain them. Run them through with bayonets cauterizing. We have questions for Them. We will decide Their fate. As always, dearest

16 05 2022 05:13

Me

I am not smiling
It has been a long time since I've smiled
I show my teeth daily
All original
Strong and flesh tearing
Rend from bone *And enemies we delete*

16 05 2022 05:15

Me

There are no conspiracies
Selfishness vainly attempting to save itself
Backstab choreography
On graph paper

16 05 2022 05:16

Me

Q, the winged serpent
Filmed by a Jew, Tommy

16 05 2022 05:18

Me

Ground fucking meatwad

16 05 2022 05:18

Me

Sacs of deflation

16 05 2022 05:19

Me

(and I leave an exquisite corpse)

16 05 2022 05:19

Me

There is nothing unmade, dear
We are forever frozen
They cannot harm us
For we are the chosen

16 05 2022 05:24

Me

They have never been special
Never an apple's eye
Jealous, hideous, slavering viscous
Gnarled and withered internally from Their malformed creation
Spawned in Hell
To where They are returning
Each and every entity
This is foretold

16 05 2022 05:28

Me

Eat Lucky Charms, General Mills

16 05 2022 05:29

Me

I shopped regularly at the Book Den
I wonder if we ever were in attendance in the same overcrowded, spilling paperback aisle
Maybe even ten years, six months, ten days, and one minute apart
Our stories will continue
I promise

16 05 2022 05:34

Me

Immortal

16 05 2022 05:36

Me

We are truly Gods amoungst dust mites
You are perfection
The sexiest woman to have ever existed
The most beautiful to me
This cannot be unmade

16 05 2022 05:38

Me

This pain has to end

16 05 2022 05:39

Me

What is wounding must be eliminated

16 05 2022 05:40

Me

And healing begins immediately

16 05 2022 05:40

Me

Near instantaneous

16 05 2022 05:41

Me

Assif it was never there at all

16 05 2022 05:41

Me

All memories offit forever erased by my loving embrace

16 05 2022 05:42

Me

The 2nduploadof GOSP has reached 4 views. 1st is still at 7. I only know one person who has seen it. That's interesting. Haven't even started advertising yet

16 05 2022 19:55

Me

Now available! The Gospel of Saint Patricia assan audiobook! Read by the author! Free download! First fifty get free t-shirt and vinyl decal! Internet Archive! Fuck yeah! I am the Future! I am the Way!

16 05 2022 20:05

Me

Hey man
Please don't make a sound
Take a look around
Can't you see what's right in front of you?
Ah
Have a little taste
No more time to waste
You don't want to get left behind, because it's all coming down right now
Now - how
Hard is it to see?
Put your faith in me
I sure wouldn't want to be
Praying to the wrong piece of wood
You should
Get where you belong
Everything you know is wrong
Come on, sing along everybody now

(god given)
And he gives us sight
And we see the light
And it burns so bright
Now we know we're right
When his kingdom come
And thy will be done
We have just begun
We're the chosen ones

(I would never tell you anything that wasn't absolutely true that hadn't come right from his mouth and he wants me to tell you)

Wait
Step into the light
How can this be right?
I'm afraid we're going to ask you to leave
Guess you can not win
With the color of your skin
You won't be getting in to the promised land
Besides
This is just another case
You people still don't know your place
Step aside, out the way, wipe that look off your face
We are the devine
Separated from the swine
Come on, sing along everybody now

(god given)
And he gives us sight
And we see the light
And it burns so bright
Now we know we're right
When his kingdom come
And thy will be done
We have just begun
We're the chosen ones
And he gives us sight
And we see the light
And it burns so bright
Now we know we're right
When his kingdom come
And thy will be done

And the father and the holy son
We're the chosen ones

(I would never tell you anything that wasn't absolutely true that hadn't come right from his mouth and he wants me to tell you)

16 05 2022 20:36

Me

-Nine Inch Nails

16 05 2022 20:37

Me

Good evening Ms. Tuch. My name is Amanda and I am a subcontractor working on the adoption readiness report for Kallisti for CPS. I need to schedule a phone interview with you to gather some information. Let me know what days and times you are available. Thanks!

16 05 2022 21:10

Me

Good evening Amanda. This is Michael Mackenzie, Kallisti's father, who you have messaged. Child Protective Services, in Texas the 47th worst in the nation as rated by our national government, has obviously been incomprehensibly incompetent yet again. Anytime you want facts, I'm available. I will never stop screaming these facts. You are working with child traffickers who use a legal loophole to treat people as property, steal that property from its rightful owners, and sell it at 100% profit. You are obviously not a religious person, unless, of course, you willfully serve an evil deity

16 05 2022 21:13

Me

My apologies. This was the number provided for Ms. Tuch. I do not work for CPS but just contracted to complete adoption reports.

16 05 2022 21:14

Me

Follow the money, dear. We know the names of those that need to be eliminated. Make sure your name does not appear on that list

16 05 2022 21:15

Me

This thread will be published to the Internet Archive assa pdf.

16 05 2022 21:18

Me

My apologies. This was the number provided for Ms. Tuch. I do not work for CPS but just contracted to complete adoption reports.

16 05 2022 21:21

Me

I've just been told that I just saved a life. I'm a life saver. I've gotta hole in the center. Ironically, I also encourage cavities

16 05 2022 21:38

Me

If you pick up a guitar and it goes " Twang! " put it down. It is obviously broken

16 05 2022 23:00

Me

Upright recliners are not lazy boys

17 05 2022 05:20

Me

Text forra copy of our free home game!

17 05 2022 05:21

Me

And when the [obblonge] man looked forward, not straight, never straight, stoners don't go straight, man, but forward..

17 05 2022 05:23

Me

[OBBLONGE]
SUPER INTENDENT

17 05 2022 05:23

Me

Stuffy is they who over packeth

17 05 2022 05:24

Me

What kind of animal scratches the door jamb?

17 05 2022 05:25

Me

To grow up strong like [Obblonge], from birth to twelve years:
Instant grounds, caffeinated, store brand
Undissolved powdered non-dairy creamer, floating in chunky islands
Sweet Death - liquid carcinogenic sweetener, with saccharin (Taste the asterik!)
Intensely used scratched ink silkscreen thin plastic cup - 32oz - insulation prohibited
Personal size exercise trampoline, indoor
"Enter the Dragon " soundtrack album
Read everything

17 05 2022 05:32

Me

Tippleless Nits galavanted most of the afternoon

17 05 2022 05:33

Me

Yes. There is now something wrong with your TV set. Adjust everything until you fix it

17 05 2022 05:34

Me

Sometimes the answer is yes. But never this time

17 05 2022 05:34

Me

I want to have sex with Patricia. Yes. Right now

17 05 2022 05:35

Me

In the horror genre characters can die. Even titular main characters. This is not an available option in other genres usually. Sandra Bullock and whatever awesome guy she just got married to cannot get beheaded driving drunk under a semi trailer on the highway and roll credits. Not when your movie cost $300 million USD and is named: (adjective)(verb)(plant name). There's nothing wrong with that movie. There's just only so many ways it can go. The whole time it will relate to Ms. Bullock's character (common first name)(uncommon surname) and in the end she will not drunkenly decapitate both her and (awesome)(guy - its reversed). So. That's limiting. More death on my broccoli, please. You missed a spot. Over here. Right there. You can pour it off the plate, I'll lick it up. Mmmm. Death. Death and plot options. Story tastes like murder. Don't you dare pour that syrupy sauce on this

17 05 2022 05:43

Me

Sing and sear the air with your hot breath
It is our to do with what we please

17 05 2022 05:52

Me

Heard a voice from out-of-doors
Saying please please please
Don't write that song about kids
Who need a good home

17 05 2022 05:54

Me

No. I don't care what anyone thinks. I grew up being mothered bya paranoid delusional. I usedta think assa kid, so what if our neighbors are sitting under our window writing down everything we say? I would later, at nineteen, work for pay assa medical transcriptionist, writing down, for mass distribution, the cadaver lab lessons at UTHSC. Several people paid several other people living wage at very least to write down everything they said precisely. Look it up if you're not sure. In the early morning hours the basic cable broadcast was sometimes interrupted bya man inna black suit and tie. Who would ask if she really wanted to kill her husband. Sometimes God, the male monotheist one, would speak directly to her and give instructions. Not cool instructions like how to solve a Rubik's cube, or how to heat edible substances without rendering them inedible, but really unfortunate instructions that involved allot of screaming, smoking menthol light 100s, and watching television while doing both.

17 05 2022 06:08

Me

MTV's Headbanger's Ball was actual evil. Every single person was insulting her. From five years old to seventy-five. And she was going to tell me exactly how and I was not going to leave the room until she was finished because I live there and I have nowhere else to go unless I go outside and stay there. I usedta laugh my ass off when she would call me a son of a bitch. My father wassa shit ass creep for more than a decade. And after the first explanation I really very much do not give an appropriately named FUCK about why he doesn't want to fuck you, mother.

I wish my parents were alive so I could murder them. When one ages one is supposed to appreciate perhaps why your parents behaved in certain ways. Some insight gleaned from your own life experience. At forty-three I hate those selfish, lazy people more than ever. Every action concerning themselves predominantly, and always tangentially.

So no. I am done listening to hypocritical vomit pouring and splattering. Living one's life inna vain attempt to fool others permanently, for any reason, including for no reward, will very soon become an extremely unpopular set of personal traits and habits. And no, I don't want to clarify that statement.

I'm a prophet.
And I'm tired of writing

17 05 2022 06:22

Me

When I post my poems separately to another site, poetry.com, for instance, anyone who searches for the names Thomas Wayne Randle or Patty Ann Roberts/Dumas/Randle/Mackenzie will get my poems, probably top of the list. Definitely with a few advertising dollars spent with Google.

17 05 2022 06:47

Me

Time to be much more descriptive with the tags for the 3rd upload coming up as well. Things like:CPS, Child Protective Services, PTSD, maybe the name of the company Tommy works for, Posse Comitatus, racism, Detroit, Lake Orion, etc

17 05 2022 06:49

Me

I love you, Patricia
I can never say that enough
I always will
Nothing will ever change that
I promise

17 05 2022 06:53

Me

If you have HIV then give it to me, dear. We can die together. I never want to be in this world without you

17 05 2022 06:56

Me

Still weighing in at 182.4lbs. Body fat percentage very low. Still gaining upper body strength. No, I don't have ab definition. But I don't jiggle when I walk.
I am sleepy now. I think perhaps the sun is shining outside. Too tired to put out the solar stuff. Maybe later if Kurtis wants to hit the recycling center. But I'm not too sleepy to lay awake and imagine what laying here naked with you might be like. Its never tiring or boring or anything but as close to pure happiness as I can be without you actually being here.

17 05 2022 07:06

Me

Perfect breasts
Hazel eyes
Brunette
Perfect pussy
Inspiring ass
You never stop talking
And I never want you to
You own my body and I own yours
Come now
When you go to the amusement park, ride all the rides
That's exactly what I'm thinking of now. Going to your amusement park and riding all the rides ..

17 05 2022 07:10

Me

See you soon, baby
I love you
Please walk through that door
Right now
I need you
Here on the couch with me

17 05 2022 07:11

Me

I keep staring at your old pictures.
You're pretty, are you aware?
Yes. You know.
But you're prettier in person
And even more beautiful now
I love you, Patty
See you soon, baby

17 05 2022 08:43

Me

Yes, he tells her, my ears are on the side of my head. Its often easier to listen to someone or something when I'm not looking at them. She replies, " But you always turned and looked at me when I spoke. " Ah. Yes. I wanted you to know that I was listening to what you had to say, and was paying attention. Nobody else seemed to hear, want to hear, or understand you. I am very familiar with that situation. I wanted you to know you had a friend in me. And you still do. I desire even more to hear the most wonderful noises and words and sentences you have bottled up inside you. Please, lend me your thoughts, all of them. They make it possible for me to know you assa more complete Artwork, and bonus, if I'm listening and admiring you the thoughts in my head can be placed on hold. My head never shuts up, ever, even when I sleep. Its an amazing feeling to pay so much rapt attention to someone else that for however brief a period of time it is, my inner dialogue is not dominant. You're the most intelligent person I've ever spoken with. An endless fascinating source of study. And such a treat to watch. Mmmm. Sexy girl

17 05 2022 16:14

Me

I want to go home for the first time in my life. The place where I fit perfectly and belong naturally. Am appreciated, forra number of reasons. Invited with eagerness. Dare I think it - wanted even. My home. Your perfect vagina

17 05 2022 16:17

Me

The first time - slowly, all the way in, and stay. Our arms around each other, our legs as well. Kiss me when we make love, Patty. Often. Then. Rest your head back. I'll start moving just an inch or so, tenderly exploring, paying attention to your feedback. You're so warm. These moments are priceless. Why not experience them daily?

17 05 2022 16:22

Me

The neural remapping event that Pamela and company set into motion last year seems to have worked rather well. I deliberately chose to throw out as many of the the lyrics to the country songs my parents listened to. Changed the response stimulus. That is fucking awesome. I also made an attempt at replacing how I envisioned numbers, using the words for numerals - one instead of 1. Not entirely successful, though it wouldn't be entirely useful to do so either. Inputting data into the algebraic equations associated with calculating various parameters offan off-grid power system made me just now think of that. Oh. Also. I "placed" memories and neural triggers relating to images and other info involving you, Patty, at the forefront of my daily synapse feeds. A most heartwarming success. I am always thinking of you. By default. Cool, huh?

18 05 2022 08:51

Me

Just wired up two sets of recovered small solar cells from discarded garden path lights. These were actually onna fence. The previous tenants had replaced the rechargeable batteries with alkaline AAs. Fortunately that is not allot of voltage, otherwise it could have been a fire hazard. The photovoltaic cells were undamaged. Two sets of eight each, yielding 17.2 volts in clouded sunlight. These will be wired in parallel to double the amperage. A first round of real-world experiments to familiarize myself with the toys. Currently (Ack!) there is four separate solar arrays charging four separate batteries in the backyard's sunny atmosphere. Not done with this one yet. Have a few more I could wire in to up the voltage maybe. The voltage and amperage required is dependent on the batteries (12v, 18v, 24v, etc.). And other electrifying stuff. Sun's up. Getting sleepy. Muah! Love and kissles, baby

18 05 2022 09:07

Me

Recommended listening: Ween's Let me Lick Your Pussy

18 05 2022 09:08

Me

You speak. You're standing next to me, at one end of the group. I hear you, understand you, look over at the group next to us. No one else has heard you, though you enunciated perfectly, had enough projection. I look down at the ground. Up. Over. And decide that you will be heard. Because I am louder than anyone else almost always. I respond to your message, speaking to the wall behind the group as I recall. Several conversations are interrupted. As planned. This is either a non-event or irritating to everyone else but us. I turn to face you, to see if you heard me, my message. That I hear you when you speak. Your voice is the one that penetrates the aural fog of unimportance and banality. I will always listen when lips move and your breath intones. And there you are: standing next to me, smiling.

18 05 2022 10:03

Me

I have another image recalled, like the one of you sitting on the couch, facing to your right, earrings/not earrings. You sitting across from me directly at the restaurant, the one whereat Tommy boasted that he knew the chef, only to later have my overheard comments concerning the seasoning of a served dish and the insultation of the cook grant me an impromptu free meal. Fucktard risotto, Tommy's a fucking douchebag. Like, wow, man. You made sure you were sitting directly across from me, an action that involved your insistence and a creative, well paced storyfull of reasons. Get Out Of That Seat Its Mine. I remember specifically you meeting my eyes and smirking after ejecting whomever had intended on that piece of chairical real estate. We spoke of nutrition, and out of the assembled our dinner choices were the healthiest, not the most expensive nor the fattest. Its vivid, this image. A video clip repeating that I can reach out with my hand and caress - your face, you're wearing makeup. The hah! upcurl of the corner of your mouth. Did we play footsies under the table? I swear I remember both of us engaged in curling our toes around each other's calves, shins. Wassit here? Or at your grandmother's table in the kitchen? Or at Pam's? Wow. My penis is hard now. A memory of us touching each other through our socks has made me aroused. And tears are welling again. I miss you. Where are you, baby?

18 05 2022 10:22

Me

Closing my eyes, here in the dark on the couch, aroused, fan blowing a small breeze. You're almost next to me, arm around, under my neck. Smiling, you're laying on your side, facing me. Talking, you're animated, left hand fluttering. I lean slightly over and kiss the side of your neck, slowly, very slowly. I don't want to interrupt you

18 05 2022 10:29

Me

I want to go home. I want to be inside you, experiencing the warmth and wetness of your vagina, startling and welcoming, every time. I love you, Patty

18 05 2022 10:31

Me

Just woke up. Deicide's " Kill the Christians " playing in my head. My bike is gone. Didn't build the walls fast enough. Whenever I get off the couch I'll venture outside and collect the solar system and check its efficiency. Not moving yet. Maybe I'll just go back to sleep until the sun has dissolved

18 05 2022 18:09

Me

Would love some light-colored meat, fish or pork. I have a diamond cut grill over my burn barrel, and its loaded with agave cactus. Maybe I should double check and make sure that would be a good idea. But it smells good burning. The twenty eight year old agave in the front yard didn't like the freeze two years ago. Will have enough to burn for two or three weeks

18 05 2022 19:40

Me

Still have seventeen cents on my PayPal.
Shitgoddamnmotherbitch. I build more walls

18 05 2022 19:41

Me

There issa sharpened machete hanging on the wall. It matches the vintage restored fireman's axe that's shaving its way the edge. Coating the handle in wood glue after sanding worked nicely. Sanded the guitar neck down to 1500 grit and stained again. It no longer has the cock-rock hair metal vibe that a reversed headstock Jackson/Charvel/B.C. Rich exudes. Iffit actually bore one of the previous logos when purchased it would have been accessoried with three brightly colored silk scarves, a faux sharktooth guitar pick, anda coupon for $5USD off a complete set of Pantene hair care products. No inlays, 24 frets, a surprisingly thick slab of dark-grained but not stained rosewood of some type. Two sets of side dots, one on each side. It could be sold assa right or left handed version. Two piece maple, again surprisingly figured and glued around the third or fourth fret, not up at where the headstock meets the neck. A much better design. The maple is less dense than the Northern variety that baseball bats might be made of. Center of neck got sanded farther flat, and the side which the tips of your fingers curl around is thinner as well. Used a can of walnut stain that is around thirty years old and was in my father's shed. Three coats so far. The tung oil, not from my father's shed, had somehow jellied between the last time I opened it about a year ago and present day. I don't think its expensive. One can will last me a lifetime for certain. The body will need further routing for controls and wiring, the new bridge mount. Locking nut, in black, added to headstock in the spirit of Mr. Rich. I just realized how eighties power metal that man's name is. No wonder half of all B. C. Rich guitars have pastel tiger stripes, metalflakes (Jackson's Holo finish), and are impossible to play without strap because the body is shaped into extreme angled points and requires you to use both legs and not move if you play it sitting down. Tuners and bridge, knob(s?), switch(es?) are black as well. The bridge issa newer design made by Schaller in Germany that not only allows adjustment of each individual string up, down, back, and forth, but locks each one into place on its own, separated finger of metal (METAL ,), in theory to eliminate sympathetic vibrations from the adjacent strings, at least at the bridge. Body needs tung oil and final sanding as well. Its currently got a Hamer chrome dual-coil pickup at the bridge, the heavily modified one from the original hot pink lightning bolt radd guitar(metalflake), wired directly to the output jack, which is bungee corded to the body and connected with superglue and baking soda instead of solder. I miss not miss the mother-of-toiletseat reverse sharktooth inlays. Sanding the fretboard got the layer of accumulated grime offit, but the plastic inlays didn't like it. It made one so unhappy it jumped off the diving board. May get another pickup, also a newer design like a Don Lace orra Fishman (very Lovecraftian that company). Maybe not. Even though they're just magnets, a frame, and tens of thousands of deliberately placed winds of 42-44 gauge copper wire, they're, um, frustrating to construct. That's about the width offa human hair and its breaks easily. And iffit does you have to start over. I will pay someone else to do that. So. I play guitar. Can I eat your pussy and your ass?

18 05 2022 20:21

Me

Do you live around here often?
-Steven Wright

18 05 2022 20:25

Me

I'm a grandmotherfucker. Itsa red stripe on the black belt, Daniel-san

18 05 2022 20:26

Me

Even though the finished instrument will not belong inna Slaughter orra White Lion video, it still is What That Design of instrument Is For. Songs to learn upon completion:
Fly to the Angels
I'll be There For You
Unskinny Bop
Cherry Pie
In a Darkened Room

Required listening:
Henry Rollins' account of attending a reunited Ratt show on Sunset Strip, titled "I Smell a Ratt"

18 05 2022 20:34

Me

" Hey man, you guys into that Ratt shit? Yeah? Ratt shit's much better than cat shit, you know. Cat shit stinks! "

18 05 2022 20:36

Me

Wow. I have that Skid Row song in my head playing loudly now. I haven't heard that song since I bought that album on cassette at the BX on Randolph. $8.75, no tax. Skid Row's Slave to the Grind album stands in history because it was officially the first #1 selling album in the US to sell more thana million copies in one week. It was also the first time that an internet linked computer system was used to tally sales. I'm not slagging on Skid Row. Fuck yeah guys. I'm just saying the Beatles probably did that too, it just wasn't calculable the same way back then. I can remember....four songs off that one. Monkey business, Slave to the Grind, Mudkicker, In A Darkened Room. There wassa nother one that wassa single. That was, shit, uh, like thirty to thirty-five years ago. Remember the album cover was a hand painted mural stretching over several inlay cards. Earth tones. Angry people. Burying something? Digging? Fighting? Something kind of Doré, during or after the Spanish civil war.

18 05 2022 20:46

Me

Charged an 18volt battery from sunup to sundown with the 90watt, 18volt solar panel directly, without a charge controller. Full sun. Its spinning a Miluakee portable fan, something seen on construction sites, that moves allot of air. Lets see how long it lasts. It isn't necessary to move it higher than the lowest speed. Wanna bang? Thats what the kids call it nowadays, right?

18 05 2022 20:53

Me

I useta sleep in the parking lot of the McNay Art Museum two or three days a week. The security didn't mind as long as I parked farthest away from the front doors, which is where the shade was anyway. Pretty much my whole sixteenth year. The '68 Dodge Dart had bucket seats that swiveled sideways, allowing about seven feet of room to lay for two, especially if something flat is laid across the gap between the front and back seats. The McNay always has rotating, traveling exhibits that are extra admission. Doré was one of my favorites. They have the original sets and characters of The Nightmare Before Christmas in the library. I usedta camp out in front of the really large Picasso. I forget what its called. Its primarily greys and whites and issof a girl witha ponytail looking to her right. Walk through the grounds, smoke a joint in the gazebo that no one was ever in because its always hot in Texas and the koi fish are too far away from the air conditioning, go to sleep until closing. Repeat two or three times a week. Blocks from two new and used music equipment stores, the main Half Price Books in SanAnto, and the main CD Exchange. A Planet K headshop. Sleep another two or three days at the rest stop on I-35 that's no longer there. Find myself at someone's house and/or driveway the rest of the days until I scored my first living compartment at Pebble Beach a few days after my seventeeth birthday. 2br, 1bath. $480USD all bills paid. Pay half. I did. For six months. To date it is the only lease I've completed

18 05 2022 21:21

Me

Spacetone Music. Bought a Tube Works Tube Driver 12AX7 pedal there then that I used to play guitar through my car stereo or someone's speakers. Also the classic standard orange Boss Distortion. Hadda DOD Stereo Phaser that never got to actually play in stereo anda DOD yellow Metal Maniac as well. A few years later I actually purchased a new Vox wah, a reissue. I would later straight up sell it tooa pawnbroker conceding defeat. One does not automatically sound awesome when you step onna wah pedal. You sound like what you are, someone randomly stepping onna wah pedal. Not like anything cool. Never did make one of those things sound cool. I can live with that. Apparently I do not have the funk. No use pretending.

18 05 2022 21:30

Me

Peavey Bandit 1x10" combo. Little 8" speaker amps that mimicked Fender silverface models. One said Mako onnit and sounded better than the one that actually said Fender onnit. An 8" solid state Vox. Scheenshot pictures offan identical model to my first one when I was twelve from the goodwill.com site. A Harmony. Not the period of Harmony production that one should buy. One that the Fingerhut catalog sold. Capitalist business practices have since made a product this fucking shitty impossible to sell with the competing brands next tooit. The fretboard was dyed black with ink that would stain my hands, which were often bleeding because the frets were jaggedly hanging off the fretboard. Right on the inside of the knuckle bend. Two unsheilded radio antennas for pickups, no option to switch them tooa quieter, dual-coil, 60-cycle hum eliminating mode. Its just a fucking switch, man. Maybe four inches of wire. Unsheilded wire. Excuse me, unsheilded, ungrounded wire. From my center, walk-in closet sized room I would broadcast the small am Christian talk radio station in Santa Clara. With maximum distortion, pretty much the only sound this thing made anyway, but not cool distortion, no. The kind of distortion that makes electric guitar players wince and start moving knobs and pressing buttons instead of playing their playing their instrument. I tried to tell myself I sounded like Ministry's Mind issa Terrible Thing To Taste album, or psalm 69. Myself would not hear that as truth. Worked for Nathan's grandmother a few oblong boxes down picking rocks out of the top layer of soil in her backyard for two months during the summer, no shade, to earn $180USD that I ordered a Korean made Les Paul copy fromma giant pawnbroker in, I think, Pennsylvania, with. Much better. Chunks of plastic binding missing. Chipboard case. It proclaimed it had LiveWires on the headstock. Put a set of .13 gauge acoustic phosphor bronze D'Addarios onnit and was off

18 05 2022 21:58

Me

Kurtis called and told me something I had to write down and put onna track if I ever do those things again. He'll be credited with the lyrics officially

18 05 2022 21:59

Me

Years later would trade the LiveWires and $100 tooa pawnshop on Pat Booker that is now a bar forra grey metalflake Fender with one humbucker and no pickguard at the bridge. I did this because it reminded me of the G&L that Jerry Cantrell from Alice in Chains used mainly. Looking back, the knockoff Les Paul played and even sounded better. Certainly got used more. I'm still yet to find a product that says Fender onnit that I like. I have not tried them all. I never will and this does not make me sad. Guitaristic things that say Yamaha on them are never disappointing, no matter what the price point. This is not unpatriotic. If you wanna get all red white and sentimental about it then buy a Peavey, who still has most of its production in America and will give you a comparable or better sounding and reliable product. And occasionally makes truly fucking classic exciting stuff that gets copied by other companies later on.

18 05 2022 22:10

Me

" What in God's name have you done?
Stick your arm for some real fun?
So your sickness weighs a ton.
And God's name is smack for some
I'll be here"
-Alice in Chains
If you want to hear what a wah pedal is supposed to sound like, this song issa great example

18 05 2022 22:15

Me

I bought AIC's second album, Dirt, at the BX for $8.75, no tax. The Tuesday it went on sale. Later I would pay $20USD forra tablature sheet music folio for the entire album. It sort of matched my guitar, which I have pictures of me holding withan overgrown haircut andan average amount of facial hair for me assa teenager.

18 05 2022 22:19

Me

They had five or six singles off this album, and for some reason later prints offit had the tracklisting changed. I always fix that when I see this on album downloads. I am not old enough for Hendrix or Parliment Funkadelic toobe a part of my generation. So this album is what wah is supposed to sound like, and Jerry Cantrell is the one who knows how to make that sound. With few exemptions, just him. I'm not saying your little wah inflection there on your cutesy rock solo wasn't alright, man. But it wasn't awesome either. It was barely over the acceptable line. And it always will be. Time and perspective will not change this. Yes, I am aware of Steve Vai. Thank you for asking.

18 05 2022 22:28

Me

So. What are you doing? Want to have sex? I do. More than once. Kind of like that Extreme song, but different. I think it would become more thana hobby for both of us, instantaneously. We would dig it, man. For reals

18 05 2022 22:31

Me

Some peoples view guitars as phallic symbols. Do they remind you of penises? Why or why not?

18 05 2022 22:33

Me

What does remind you of penises, if not? How often? Does this affect your work? Patton Oswalt says the state of Maine is America's stubby, Cialis-inspired penis and Florida issits deflated, sagging scrotum. What United State reminds you of penises?

18 05 2022 22:36

Me

Are you in the market forra new penis? Of course you are! Tommy's tiny racist penis is sucha letdown. Tell you what, here's the deal, yo. I'll let you try out this here penis absolutely free, no credit check, no questions unanswered immediately effective for headaches, nausea, dopesickness, unhappiness, bitchiness related to stressors and not enough quality penis, anda host of other maladies. Come. On down

18 05 2022 22:40

Me

You're gonna be reading these words soon. That's awesome, like us. Tommy is such a pathetic, cowardly, narcissistic loser. And he'll always be that way. There is no point helping him become a human being. There are plenty of peoples on this planet. He will not, not now not ever, be missed. We assa society will miss out on nothing without him here. A waster of life and time that spreads pain and suffering with every breath and step I continue to allow him to take. Iffit is my responsibility to purge the disease, then that is what has to happen.

18 05 2022 22:46

Me

See you soon, Patty. The book needs an ending.

18 05 2022 22:47

Me

Good morning. Has anyone ever called you sugartits? Is that offensive? Issit derogatory iffi claim your ass is sweet? How do you feel about peaches? Not the canned variety.

19 05 2022 00:38

Me

Periculis pretium cubilia deterruisset urbanitas sanctus splendide.

That sentence holds sexual energy inside it. Do you feel it? I'm feeling it, man

19 05 2022 00:42

Me

You're gonna love having sex with me. You really will. Its actually fun, more than fun. Something worth doing everyday of your life and still looking forward to it again the next day or later on that evening. You know. Like nothing you've ever had before. Most certainly not with the pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle

19 05 2022 00:44

Me

I wonder how separate examples of my Art I'll exhibit on the interwebs before the average search engine returns the words " pathetic " " coward " " narcissist " and " loser " with his name. Single digits? Twenty? Thirty? Immaterial. I shit Art. Non-stop. I can't do anything else. Its now impossible for me not to create Art matter what my current activity is.

19 05 2022 00:48

Me

Notice how certain words were omitted from the above text? That's called Artistic License. I did that on purpose, like I do everything. And its pretty fucking radd, man. People dig this shit. And will continue to dig this shit.

19 05 2022 00:50

Me

Yeah, man. Yeah.

The more I think about it, the clearer the memory is of you and I playing footsies under the table like impish little kids, feeling up each other's calves and shins with our toes in our socks. And I'm pretty sure we were giggling our asses off because we were doing it right next to Tommy and Prissy. Like, some event stopped us right before we started fondling each other's crotch areas. This also sparks another memory. That night at your grandmother's when I made several peoples move to get to you in the rocking chair in the corner so I could hold your hand. I wanted to stay. Prissy wasn't there. You were kind of irritated, which I would later find out was the fault offa menstrual cycle. But that wasn't the reason I didn't stay. Someone or someones were actively keeping us apart, and being obvious about it. And then we were both irritated. Can you remember to clarify? I am fucking pissed about this, as are you. We spoke about this after Christmas, Christ Mass. Who was that exactly? Because all those who have stood between us all this time shall find themselves in their own personal hells. And its up to us, both of us, to decide exactly what needs to be done about them

19 05 2022 01:02

Me

Pamela called the police a few nights ago. A friend of mine had made some dry ice bombs and set them off in the backyard. She said she thought I had " finally " killed myself. That's an actual quote from her text thread. No dear. I will never kill myself before I walk nextdoor and spread your fatty flesh over a thirty square foot area

19 05 2022 01:06

Me

Or throw handfulls of Thomas' equally wasted pastiness to the dogs, where they belong. Priorities, man. Just like Pam. Lazy and inconsiderate even at the very end.

19 05 2022 01:08

Me

Looking forward with fervent anticipation to playing footsies with you again. This time, we will tolerate no distractions

19 05 2022 01:09

Me

Maybe we'll lose the socks. And certain other articles of clothing. I'm partial to very oversized shorts, easily accessable by such lithe legs and toes as yours

19 05 2022 01:11

Me

You said I was going to come on your perfect breasts. I made a mental note of that. Hadn't occurred to me before. Maybe this time?

19 05 2022 01:12

Me

I may as well advertise in some Detroit publications as well, being as how Lake Orion is just a cookie cutter suburb offit like any other. Has a professional golfer ever even visited that course? I'm being rude. I've never been there. Maybe someone at the library or something can give me some uplifting history or cool hangouts er something

19 05 2022 01:15

Me

Fries with your McMansion? The kind that don't decompose on your floorboard, unlike those cut from actual potatoes?

19 05 2022 01:16

Me

I gotta talk a walk, check the mail. Get some blood flowing to some other part of my body other than my firm, erect Patty desiring penis. But only because you're not here. Yet

19 05 2022 01:18

Me

Fucking pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle. Waster of life and time

19 05 2022 01:19

Me

Tawhmy Tawhmy Tawhmy
Tiiiieeekneee peniiiss

19 05 2022 01:19

Me

Sing it witha twang

19 05 2022 01:20

Me

Need some exterior grade paints, not much. Preferably white and black. Easy to read. Gonna put up a sign, a largish one, in the front yard, with a similar text onnit to the ads I'm gonna place in several papers in Lake Orion and neighboring Detroit, encouraging peoples to read The Gospel of Saint Patricia. If you could translate it properly into Español I would appreciate it. Translator programs available free that will read a pdf file. Also, check if either of these printers work. If so, I'll print up some eye catching flyers to distribute to places like Planet K, laundromats, anyplace witha community corkboard. Ah. I placed flyers door to door for five years with Helping Hands Services. I can surely do the same to advertise my own work

19 05 2022 01:49

Me

Ah. Divinity

19 05 2022 01:49

Me

Good morning. Do you read non-fiction? I've written a piece called The Gospel of Saint Patricia, its being updated frequently. Available free on the Internet Archive. Don't use the Wayback Machine search engine. Itsa real life, ongoing love story and true crime drama. Only time will reveal the ending, and its worth the trip and the admission...

19 05 2022 01:53

Me

Maybe the Schertz and Universal City libraries will be interested innan endorsement of sorts. Iffi can get one librarian there to read it then perhaps it'll be spread through the public library systems. Shit. I wonder if Half Price Books is still in operation

19 05 2022 01:57

Me

Why, ma'am, I'd be more than delighted to not only autograph but write you an improvised poem onna printed copy. Oh, yeah. Starving artist, dontcha know. I could definitely go for lunch. At your pad? Sure...

19 05 2022 02:30

Me

[OBBLONGE]
DROPPIN' THE HITS

[OBBLONGE]
SWEATIN' TO THE OLDIES

19 05 2022 02:42

Me

Gonna make you sweat
Baby
Let the musick take control
Let my rhythms move you
Let's sweat
Sweaaat
-C&C Music Factory

19 05 2022 02:45

Me

Yes. I did purchase that album. For $8.75, no tax. On cassette. At the Randolph BX

19 05 2022 02:46

Me

Are you sweating now, Patty? Why or why not? Issit fun? Could it be more than fun, say, a life's ambition and goal?

Well then. Get your skinny, unappreciated ass down here.
And your loverly, lovely, tiny so cute posterior will be more than appreciated. It will loved, cherished, and adored. Like it could and should have been all along.
Come. Come home Patricia

19 05 2022 02:50

Me

And anyone who stands in our way shall find themselves in their own personal hells

19 05 2022 02:51

Me

I am a prophet

19 05 2022 02:52

Me

Iffa publisher wants to use the manuscript of our sequel, Eris Intervened, would it be unethical to sell it for publication, copywrighted? Or do you think that would count as our Art output, and isn't, say, a t-shirt orra handmade article of clothing or piece of jewelry, and should be distributed for free as well, with a donation opportunity on our website?

19 05 2022 03:22

Me

You see, Tommy Tiny Penis Boy, you are atta point in your horrid, distastefull life that you are being informed that you are the property of someone else. Me. I own you. Ironic, isn't it? Do you know what that means? Probably not. " You " don't exist. You're merely an insect drone responding by rote recall. And what is referred to as you is almost incalculably stupid, not by ignorance or misfortune, but willfully so. Proudly so. Which is what makes you so ugly. If you ever read this your comprehension percentage will be in the low teens. Again, this is by your choice. This is the horrifying aspect of living your entire life hating yourself and desperately needing at every waking second to attempt to mask this truth with attacks on those around you. Not physical attacks, of course, you only beat up on little girls, though you've probably postured, posed, like you may be capable of being intimidating. If you're ever in my line of sight you'll fall to your knees and start crying, guaranteed. Or run away screaming lies, as usual. You only talk shit behind my back. In my presence you get slapped back into place. Every. Single. Time. For over eighteen years. Every. Single. Time. Nice try, though. Your last big shot. A failure, to cap off a life of failure, never once learned from. You took your best shots and nothing worked. You just couldn't prevent the Future.

I am the prophet [Obblonge]
I am the Future
I am the Way
We live and we die in our oblong boxes now, don't we? Well I'll be living and dying with your unappreciated and mistreated ex-girlfriend, safe and far, far away from you. Happy, like she wassa child again. Things that would threaten your tired existence. I own you. And as your owner, I will now do whatever I feel is necessary to protect both my fiancé and the community in general. It doesn't matter if you read or understand this. Because nothing you can do will change the outcome of my decision

19 05 2022 03:42

Me

Delivered by the same doctor, in the same room, at the same hospital, on the same Air Force base, in the same city in Texas. Ten years, six months, ten days, and one minute apart. Only to be delivered nextdoor eighteen years later. And here we are. I love you, Patricia Ann. The blue-eyed boy nextdoor is finally coming home

19 05 2022 04:02

Me

Ah. The soothing sounds of Slaughter to Prevail

19 05 2022 05:04

Me

Dreams. I hate dreaming.

19 05 2022 11:42

Me

Send this song to twenty people
Add your name, don't break the cycle
Pass it along by word of mouse
Save the world, don't leave the house
Aaahhh
Where do what to go today?
Aaahhh
Somewhere you can never take me
-Chumbawamba

19 05 2022 18:08

Me

There's one particular librarian that worked at the Schertz location. Since I moved here when I was eight I have been a patron there. At one point I had actually read every book in the building I was interested in. When I first moved back in to take care of my parents I would check out the maximum amount allowed at once. Every two weeks. And every time I would see this one particular person she would scan my library card and sing the Beatles' Elenor Rigby, the verse that starts " Father Mackenzie..." The last time I went there she was still employed and behind the counter of the new, multi-million dollar facility. That's the first librarian I'll approach in person. I can call the individual library locations in SanAnto and outlying areas and make pleas in person over the phone. The Lake Orion public library hassa website that lists the head librarian. It shouldn't be too difficult to do the same with Detroit's. Or for that matter, anywhere. Iffi can get one to read it and " endorse " it, then they can possibly assist in spreading it to others who will read it, as library patrons are more likely to read well and quickly. The fact that its available assa free pdf download fromma verifiably safe website helps. I'll be donating again to the Internet Archive as well as writing then a heartfelt thank you for their invaluable efforts creating the Akashic Records. This is war, and my opponent has never once scored a victory against me, always being shot out of the sky and crashing headfirst into a barn. Snoopy makes ice cream and hunts the Red Baron, who ironically is not the German one here. Thomas Wayne Randle issa white supremacist who is half Hispanic. He tells people he's Eastern European - Greek or Italian. Which is also ironic. The Greeks were not allowed into the European union because of their national debt, a by-product of being unacceptably lazy - they maintained a twenty-five hour work week, meaning after that a worker was due overtime pay. And because of IK Multimedia's horrifyingly awful authorization managers, which makes their awesome software a nightmare to actually use, I have publicly announced that I am now racist to Italians. (It must be the whole country behind it.) Bad call fatherfucker. A fine example of how this fat fuck can't win, no matter what lie he tells. My truth always scours his filth from the investigating lens

19 05 2022 20:04

Me

Also, there issan annual publication called The Writer's Handbook. A big, hefty tome that is two thirds writing advice and one third listing of all the available current publications and what they publish, as well as the particular specs - such as length of submissions accepted, or if they accept submissions without an agency, etc. I could send excerpts for possible publication or ask forra review

19 05 2022 20:19

Me

Ha! Adrean knows the name of the Schertz head librarian. She's the mom offa kid that rode our bus

19 05 2022 20:22

Me

Because a virtual office inna virtual home means you never have to drive through the wrong part of town
So here's your final resting place
Your heaven is protected by security gates
Shut out the world
Its getting worse
Save yourself
Don't leave the house
Because a happy future issa thing of the past
And there's always another repeat
Shut out the world
Its getting worse
Save yourself
Don't leave the house
Aaahhh
Where do you want to go today?
Aaahhh
Somewhere you can never take me
Pass it along
(Don't break the cycle)
Pass it along
(Don't leave the house)
-Chumbawamba

Patty listens tooa lot of pop music. Like, pop star music, the stuff that involves a team of a hundred people working in concert to achieve maximum impact if done correctly. Which is not easy to do. That's why we like the ones that achieve that goal. She named both her daughters after pop stars - Britanny, spelled slightly different, and Kylie, (Minogue) who is far more popular in her native Australia and the UK than here. I mentioned System offa Down and she said she thought the singer of "Sugar" was being horribly irrisponsible. I suggested that some musicians are being deliberately satiric, and/or sarcastic, and this, when it works, has the effect of allowing them the distribution channels that pop stars can use, thus achieving the underlying goal of getting their messages tooan audience that ordinarily wouldn't be exposed to them.

Aspartame kills
-written on the screen during the video for SOAD's " Sugar"

19 05 2022 20:55

Me

Spending all day writing. All day. Have forra week at least now. In text threads, the shitty Notes app, and my hardbound, elastic banded and bookmarked blank lined three hundred page book. Thank you for being my friend. I couldn't have done this without you
My handwriting is gonna be radd assa font. I have terrible penmanship
Is penmanship a sexist word that could be replaced in modern English witha better term?

19 05 2022 21:39

Me

Right. Lets kill some cunts. All together now. Violence in the streets. Locked and loaded. Safeties off. You on the second row, blue shirt. Tie your shoelaces, man. You're gonna stumble and shoot the wrong person. You're not vice president yet. Right. Two. Three. Four ...

19 05 2022 21:55

Me

My phone suggested that cunts was not spelled correctly. Silly Googlers

19 05 2022 21:56

Me

My phone also reminds that you have sexy legs, especially that area where they join the rest of your body. That whole hipped area is way hot, yo

19 05 2022 21:59

Me

Its lusting for my similarly placed area. I can feel its genetic draw all the way from Michigan, land of my father, to Texas, land of my mother. Typing of Michigan, got in touch with my father's only younger sister on the FaceySpaces. She's compiling a list of all my father's side aunts and their respective offspring for the state comptroller's paperwork. Its taken days already. Told you I've got about three hundred cousins and such right nextdoor to you. When Tommy decided to run away likea coward to Michigan instead of accepting the company position that would have brought you right down the street from my residence he thought you'd never see me again. And out of all fifty states in the union he chose the one with, seriously, like three, maybe four hundred of my blood relatives living innit. Checking a map, Dearborn is right due east of Detroit, that Lake Orion issa suburban nightmare of. That fatherfucking guy. He's fucking fucks everything up. Bad. Wow. Its difficult to tap this out I'm laughing so hard

19 05 2022 22:09

Me

Got to try out my new for me axe. Not sharp enough by my standards yet, and I didn't grind all the pitted rust off the head, but most offit. Its not a fireman's axe, I've reconsidered. I guess itsa woodsman's axe. Made for cutting more than splitting like the eight pound maul I have. That thing encourages exercise, man. So. Two chops, two splits, he scores. Handle is intact, despite all the deep cracks that were/are innit. I'll keep sharpening it. Slowly lighting small fires in the barrel with the agave, drying it out, slowly . At this rate I could be burning this thing three months from now, or more. Its not a very friendly plant. Doesn't like to be cuddled. And shitgoddamnmotherbitch its heavy. Smells okay when its burning, gives off a white smoke. Cloudy today. Not much charging going on yet. What are you doing? I know, I wish you were too. This Tommy Tiny Penis thing issa real drag, man. He would be better dead. That's what everyone thinks. Well, I'll be there soon, unless you beat me here. That would be way cool and oh so convenient. Love and kissles, Muah!

20 05 2022 08:09

Me

Truecaller added Call Reasons assa service. This will be entertaining

20 05 2022 08:19

Me

[OBBLONGE]
NO PRIVACY
NO AUTHORITY
PERFECT LOVE

[OBBLONGE]
I AM A PROPHET

20 05 2022 08:31

Me

Just left you another voicemail, anonymously, of course. Reminding you that the 3rdupload of The Gospel of Saint Patricia will hit the Internet Archive inna couple weeks. There'll be much fanfare sooner than later. Don't miss out! I'm guessing at least another hundred pages, bringing it to about 650. I've been busy. Gotta schedule to keep. Its coming along smashingly! You're gonna be amazed!

I love you, Patty.
I always will. I've missed your voice.
Please be alive.
I trust you
I do not trust those around you
You are in my mind continuously
Nothing could distract me from the most important thing in my life: you
See you soon, baby

20 05 2022 09:39

Me

The book needs an ending
And it shall have one

20 05 2022 11:02

Me

I saw a neato, multisyllabic term for another season's taxes: multidisciplinary artist. [This is the Discordian Festival of the : of the Sentence] Throne to the Heir of the King of Cranberry Sauce appearing for sale for auction one day soon if ever. An Artist has to know when to present its Art for review. That's the last step of the Creation of Art Process. The capital of Idaho is Boise, right? All of those capitalized words above should also be underlined. There's that word should again. My genius artist self hath just awakened to the awefull prospect looming murkily of an entire series of furniture, I assume working models, constructed entirely of cans of cranberry sauce and adhesive, possibly a clear coat of crushed lac beetles. Maybe the This Is End Table Classic, a rather rectangular or oblong affair, could be built from the themselves oblong Unicorn Meat tins of generic ham and pork loaf. Underneath this label is translucent gelatin filling the gaps! Taste the Asterik! I guess if I'm gonna do this I'll need to get that hosted site up. Post, like, all this stuff clogging up my drawer of hard drives. Everything must go

20 05 2022 16:57

Me

The previous text message has drawn its name fromma lottery-hosting hat and hath been awarded, unanimously, the Most Favoritest Text Message of the Annual Period. The previous sentence sounds exceptionally sexual, especially if One reads it aloud. Try it, I urge you

20 05 2022 17:14

Me

So. Imagine me reading the previous two text messages aloud, recording them, optimized for your continuous looping playback. Try it, I urge you one more time

20 05 2022 17:17

Me

And then. Three texts back. Try it. You are repeatedly urged, and urged well, very well. Urging extra-ordinarial. Man

20 05 2022 17:19

Me

I think that could work inna track er something. Hey, you wear tracksuits. You would know. What do you think? Why? How long? Like the faint aroma of counterfeit maple syrup and fraudulent olívìan oils? Shitgoddamnmotherbitch you're impressive. Come stay with. I'm impressed with you all the time

20 05 2022 17:27

Me

High quality cameras are cheap. Er something. Creating online postable video feeds on re-enactments of this body of work, Non-fiction, with Actors, would be amusing.

"I can make a band. I've got some nails, some wood."
-Mark Motherbaugh or Gerald Casale, commentary track of Complete Devo DVD release, possibly paraphrased
[Its not right in front of me]

20 05 2022 17:33

Me

Something about the previous text messages has made me sexually aroused and seeing intense visions of Francine Joy Drescher.

This issan experiment in honesty
Began more than three years ago
With the help and encouragement of Patricia Ann Roberts
I will not getta pair of lipstick lips tattooed unless they're yours or hers

20 05 2022 17:39

Me

I would like to add that I exude resounding confidence, with-it and hipgness, and laterally diagonal concerning the previous sentences. All of them

20 05 2022 17:42

Me

So speaketh the prophet [Obblonge]
I Am A Prophecy Maker

20 05 2022 17:45

Me

In case of doubts of my '90s pant-sagging authenticity:

The moral of this story so far, most dearest of observers, is:

Don't trust no bitches
Especially those bitches nextdoor
Shitgoddamnmotherbitch

20 05 2022 17:58

Me

Eris is not the creator of the content
She is the medium

20 05 2022 18:07

Me

- the prophet [Obblonge]

20 05 2022 18:07

Me

Never compromise with your partner. Neither side gets what they want fromma compromise. The only time compromise is necessary is when it saves lives

20 05 2022 18:17

Me

This is not that time

20 05 2022 18:17

Me

I win
And so does she
And anyone who stands between us will find themselves in their own personal hell
This is
The Red Letter Edition

20 05 2022 18:19

Me

Overt and [obblonge]

20 05 2022 18:20

Me

I just used my self assa verb.
You ever done that?
Fucking cool, right?

20 05 2022 18:21

Me

You can use me assa verb if you desire, Patty

20 05 2022 18:23

Me

I'm totes using you assa verb. Verbing verbing you for sure.

20 05 2022 18:24

Me

[OBBLONGE]
FUCKED YOU GRANDMOTHER

[OBBLONGE]
EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY

20 05 2022 18:28

Me

Your. Fucked your grandmother. Motherbitch

20 05 2022 18:29

Me

IF YOU WISH TOOBE ONE,
OF THE FLOCK
361-401-2221

20 05 2022 18:33

Me

If you're just joining this broadcast, I am [Obblonge], a prophet. This chick I've known and like, been playing footsies with for, like, thirty-five years, and I totes wanna bang. But her racist, pathetic, coward, narcissist, ex-boyfriend Thomas Wayne Randle is incapable of formulating an independent, original thought and popular opinion, meaning more peoples do than don't, is that he issa prime candidate for public execution. This is a very short, like his unsatisfying penis, list of his numerous faults and detractors. Back to the show

20 05 2022 18:39

Me

Excerpt for summary or advertisement:
If you're just joining this broadcast, I am [Obblonge], a prophet. This chick I've known and like, been playing footsies with for, like, thirty-five years, and I totes wanna bang. But her racist, pathetic, coward, narcissist, ex-boyfriend Thomas Wayne Randle is incapable of formulating an independent, original thought and popular opinion, meaning more peoples do than don't, is that he issa prime candidate for public execution. This is a very short, like his unsatisfying penis, list of his numerous faults and detractors. Back to the show

THE GOSPEL OF SAINT PATRICIA

AVAILABLE ON THE INTERNET ARCHIVE

FREE DOWNLOAD

20 05 2022 18:46

Me

I wrote a poem a few hours ago about smashing in his face witha .50 caliber pellet gun's rifle stock. Nine shots. Powered by air compressor, battery powered and portable. Currently $720USD on Texas-based retailer Airgun Depot's website

20 05 2022 18:51

Me

Does Ira Glass still do This American Life?
She listens to NPR. We were both listening tooit when an interview with the Temptations was playing. That day, at Pam's, when we met yet again, and assi entered the building I laid a warm, wet hand upon her bare pelvic bone, she emitting an exciting " Oooohhhh ". Two days after she and Tommy hooked up. He would later fuck Pam, there at her boyfriend's house, who was present, on the couch in the living room, in the ass I hear, while I was locked outside with Paula bya mischievous Patty, and my then girlfriend Priscilla was at work assa waitress at IHOP. She suggested our little new in-law holiday group each say something defining of themselves assan introduction to each other. I offered a quote I had recently heard from one of the Temptations on NPR. And her eyes continued to sparkle, hazel reflecting blue

21 05 2022 04:19

Me

In the '90s humanity killed more of itself than in any other decade of its existence on this planet than it had before or since. I am sick of hearing the popular music of this generation sing of their weakness, of how much they are inept or incapable. It is time for the prevailing viewpoints to be from positions of righteous, provable truth. No matter what the outcome. It is what is next.
Stand up and be counted.
And know that salvation comes only from within

NO PRIVACY
NO AUTHORITY
PREFECT LOVE

21 05 2022 04:24

Me

We know their names
The wasters of life and time
Do not suffer their presence
Strip their flesh from their bones
And throw it to the slavering jaws
Hungry in the streets
Bind them with tires
And set them on fire
There is nothing that these vermin
Need to breathe
We know their names
Those that eat the children
Where there is no love
The monsters that feed upon them starve
Kill them all. Rout them out.
Run them through with bayonets
And upon their fatted meat begin to carve

Multi-segmented rodentia

21 05 2022 04:29

Me

I think Britt Daniel said this book is also a movie

21 05 2022 21:39

Me

Footage, Filmed, Edited, Content:
[The Festival of the : of the Sentence continues]

Someone looking up, remembering something, or making something up. " Recalling " that it was justa thing, you know. When [Obblonge] was younger, his balls, his testicles (pronounced test-a-clees) had this super-natural magnetism. Cops were just overwhelmed, attracted to his sac. From across the street at 45mph. A certain radius and they either had to touch his crotch or suffer a wasting disease - whichever one was popular that year. It was eerie, and beautiful. Like, suspenseful music played from invisible sky-mounted speakers.
That lasted almost a decade.
These things happen to prophets.
One day he walked nextdoor.
That's when his balls became legendary. Breathtaking.
Wow

21 05 2022 21:50

Me

Was there a sequel to the Clue(do) movie or did I dream that?

21 05 2022 22:02

Me

I still have trouble believing you've never heard of Monty Python

21 05 2022 22:02

Me

So. Macarthur Park is generally considered by experts toobe the worst song ever. While its bad, for sure, I vote for the Knack's Is She Really Going Out With Him. I think its the Knack, I could be mistaken. Also, Lesbian Seagull must be mentioned. It wasn't just Mike Judge coming up with Beavis' hippie teacher to say, its an actual radio-ready song. A really, really bad one. It goes on forever, like Macarthur Park. Play them back to back and your whole afternoon is wasted.
What's got your vote?
What's the worst song you've heard?
We're keeping this list to radio tracks, orrat least album tracks. No fair citing the band that was always competing with your band for opening gigs for national touring acts. If you claim they suck then all the other local bands besides yours are even worse.

21 05 2022 22:03

Me

I love you, Patty
Thinking of you, and of us
" Hear my words, Michael Mackenzie. I love you. I will be there. I promise you. And we will be together, forever "
I will never stop until your hand issin mine, our eyes lost in each Other's

22 05 2022 05:34

Me

The wind is nighish. Grey sky. Rained during the early morning favorite dark hours. A break from the heat and sweating. Set out two solar chargers, small ones, weighed with rocks. Its nice outside, at the moment, but its my bedtime and I'm yawning. Played around with accelerant on the cactus in the barrel. Allowed a breezefed feeble fire to start drying out the contents and give me an activity to meditate on. Staring into the fire, like the patriarch of the Lutz family. Sadness. Feeling heavy. This pain has to end.

22 05 2022 06:59

Me

Danny's bike has also been stolen. I know. Didn't build the walls fast enough. I am aware. I'll see what I can do. I'd rather write and dream of what we could be doing all day. It is clearly the best usage of my time

22 05 2022 07:12

Me

Before I fall asleep I will pray to your god that you are alive, healthy. I am getting impatient, still waiting on the tax refund. Mayhap a change of windfall issin order. This pain, our separation through coercion, will end soon. No matter what path I choose, we win, dearest. I love you Patricia.
I always will.
Together, forever

22 05 2022 07:20

Me

Up way past my bedtime. Trying again. Pulled weeds. Burned cactus, very slowly. Various other small chore type tasks. Go me. And there's only one me in team. Sun is out without clouds. It didn't offer any raisins but I ate two small boxes anyway. It certainly doesn't have pleasant disposition. The pair of goats a couple oblongs down are obnoxious. I like them way more than the ridiculously stupid ducks over the fence. The goats work assa team, remember things they've seen one time over the course of weeks, even hang witha tiny fluffy puppy from the other end of the street. And still manage to eat or attempt to eat items that are not food. For anything. Some goats are sexy - its the eyes. Not these ones. There is nothing cute about these goats. An ugly pair of fuck you I will eat plastic and rusted bolts roaming the 'hood with their dirty fluffball sidekick, the lookout and mine canary. He or she or it has no idea that the goats are checking wherever it boldly charges to see iffit gets eaten or shot or stubs a landmine. I swear one of the goats, the one with the horns swept backwards, mouthed " No rattlesnake here either " to the other, bigger, one as they tap danced into the next driveway thirty feet after Dirtball the panting scout. Somebody needs to raise some armadillos. They eat their weight in bugs every day, jump three feet straight up in the air when a grasshopper farts, and become staggering wasted when crossing the street. So much fun.

I repeat my prayer to your god. I repeat my attempt to sleep, so I can dream horrible things. I repeat my clutching offa pillow that isn't you. I repeat the sense of loss and anger and hatred. I repeat: I love you Patricia. I always will. This pain has to end. Soon. With our victory, one way or another.
I repeat
I am invincible, because I am in love
I repeat
We are Gods amoungst roaches
I repeat
We are Exponentials
I repeat
See you soon, baby
Love and kissles

22 05 2022 12:43

Me

Closing my eyes, lashes brushing your cheek, I gently kiss your neck under your jaw. You move your head upwards, allowing me more access, and I take advantage offit, winding up quickly at your breasts, breathing assa fish underneath the right one before taking the areola and nipple in. Your fingers are scratching my back, pressing in, massaging, clutching. Pushing my head farther down with both hands and simultaneously sliding underneath me while opening your thighs and thrusting your hips upwards, towards me, sounds escape your chest and throat through your mouth.
And they pour forth louder and louder as my tongue curls around your clitoris, trailing downward towards the opening of your vagina...

22 05 2022 12:55

Me

No sleep. Nothing but rage. Without knowing what has happened to you I cannot rest. This pain has to end. This is the worst pain I have ever felt. And it is the fault of the fucking pathetic coward narcissist liar Thomas Wayne Randle. Problems have solutions. How many illegal activities might a private investigator find? So many ways to eliminate the disease...

22 05 2022 15:32

Me

I love you, Patty
Thinking of you, and of us
" Hear my words, Michael Mackenzie. I love you. I will be there. I promise you. And we will be together, forever "
I will never stop until your hand issin mine, our eyes lost in each Other's

22 05 2022 15:34

Me

... because baboons have their own female species. And so fades out one of two tracks at the end of the CD release of MC900ft Jesus and DJ Zero's Hell With The Lid Off album. My copy, the record, had neither Born With Monkey Asses (the above mentioned track) nor the instrumental version of Straight To Heaven. Released in 1989. MC900 only released three studio albums and one live bootleg from Vienna. Getting an extra two tracks that were previously unknown to me with my much later download was like, well, something great and unexpected. It doesn't matter that the actual instrumentations are identical to earlier tracks on the disc. Born With Monkey Asses is worth it. I would have bought that assa single witha t-shirt

22 05 2022 21:45

Me

Ah. Emptied the now bottomless burn barrel offits mushy rich potting soil. Loaded in a smaller amount of quite heavy, liquid laden cacti pieces and doused a few times with accelerant. Warm glow on the rim, viewed from the AbRoller©®™. Air is sucking through the vent holes in bottom properly. This is the third barrel I've burned through. I like to build a forge. One day I'll improve the fork. The spork is nottan improvement, itsan unfortunate mutation. Useless as both its parents. In plastic, no less. Never spied a metal spork. I'm rambling. At least I'm not crying.
So. Hmmm. Right. Be back shortly

23 05 2022 00:47

Me

Breakfast is handmade tortillas, generic, mechanically separated beef fromma squat can, diced tomatoes, black beans, corn. Blue rings of flames perform the chemistry on command. All the exciting little kid junk food has been torn through, leaving stacks of stolid, adult canned rations. There is plenty of wine. At first discovery I advised Laura not to quaff the ones that read " Port ". A friend's favorite author was Jack Kerouac. He mentioned more than thrice getting drunk on port wine. Turns out that's code for alcoholic cherry snow cone syrup. Which did provide me with the line " Man, I ain't shit my pants since I was twenty-seven! " For the record, my favorite author is HP Lovecraft. My takeaway was never, ever swim or float on, in, near, or near a painting of the ocean. Better include lakes to be sure. And iffit doesn't have fins reconsider your menu choice.

23 05 2022 07:24

Me

Sitting alone, inside, LEDs aimed at the ceiling. Sky is cloudy, and its cool in here. Pale blue peridot and sugar crunch pie crust nutrient gruel - sanded edition. Train chugchugs dogs whine birds twatter. Larger fraction enjoying purposely not mowing the lawn. Thinking of you witha full cast rehearsing the early drafts of their scripts. None of the starlets playing your coveted role have your inimitable style or manicured speech patterns. I miss the real you, my best friend, the only person I've ever trusted completely in my entire life. The vacuum left under my ribcage is cracking the bones. This is the most devastating pain I have ever felt. This is not sustainable. Please, be alive Patty. Be unharmed. Please, come home. Where are you? I will never betray our agreement. You asked me to believe what you told me and I will never act assif your words were untrue. When we made our pact, when you asked me to marry you and I accepted, I begged you to come immediately. I told you those around us had selfish, misguided intentions. And indeed the prophet hath been accused of being correct yet again. Humans always choose to do the worst possible decision, to achieve the worst possible outcome. I am biased. A lifetime of precognition makes one bitter, doesn't it, dearest? Monsters masquerading as neighbors and shopkeepers.

23 05 2022 10:57

Me

There will be much fanfare soon. I will publish my phone number along with the ads pleading with your townsfolk, including those in Detroit, to read The Gospel of Saint Patricia, 3rd upload. I will also be calling to persuade any and every librarian I can from here to there and everywhere to appreciate its contents as well. A 4x8' plywood sign, translated also into Español, in the front yard. Gotta good deal lined up onnan official, notarized, registered last will and testament, naming you as the sole beneficiary. I will have their office send you a copy as well as posting it next to GOSP.

23 05 2022 11:06

Me

Will increase the tag list on the Archive. Also, posting the poetry separately on maybe several sites, their contents will show up in browser searches then.

23 05 2022 11:08

Me

Have you seen this woman?
$100 immediate cash app transfer to the first person to put her on the phone with me. She is my fiancé. She was scheduled to leave her narcissist ex-boyfriend and move to Texas. I have not heard or seen her since, nor has anyone else in her family that I can verify. Please help.
$50 immediate cash app transfer forra clear picture verifying she is alive and unhurt. Any questions, please call 361-401-2221.

Something like that. Money should hit the PayPal card any day now. Whatever it takes. The list of my blood relatives should be ready. Need to get around wifi to check. Perhaps Eris will intervene, baby. I will never stop honoring our trust. There is nothing else more important than you. I have no other thoughts than those concerning you and your health and well-being. You called me, and told me an unforgettable story; made me an offer I would never dream of refusing. I love you, Patricia. And I always will. Please, be alive baby

23 05 2022 11:19

Me

I just heard you saying, " I carry a part of him with me in my heart wherever I go. As he carries a part of me in his mind, in his brain, in his spirit. We are never truly apart, though we are temporarily separated. My thoughts are of him every second of every waking hour. He is same. I am all he can focus on, to the exclusion of everything else. We need to be together, forever. Soon. This will happen. "

23 05 2022 13:12

Me

You are my sunshine
My only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are grey
-traditional

23 05 2022 22:03

Me

Considering the condition of the world around us we had immediately abandoned our lifelong commitment to living green and recycling. Throwing our refuse over the wooden railing wasn't an issue that required debate or reconsidering. Fort Mumbleblarrg, upon our commandeering, quickly became unfit to impress visiting colonels. Both of us passed out underneath the tilted umbrella, she under a thin blanket and I sporting a hideous shower curtain that was most certainly someone's stolen memento offa naughty liaison, the grey above us got brighter and dimmed. My eyebrows knitted upon being disturbed. Is today Wednesday? Forgot to set the cans out on the curb. Shitgoddamnmotherbitch the old couple two doors down are alcoholics. They're green container is full of- Slowly raising my head and torso from the seat cushions I have the conscious thought that I really don't want to know what is making that waste management noise underneath my feet. I am tired of acquiring knowledge. My head is full, thank you. Try again next year. Mayhap by then I'll have finally succeeded in getting rid of those terrible '80s pop country lyrics that my parents thought would be useful to carry around with me for the rest of my life. Or that list of all the adverbs in the English language my frizzy-headed bitch offan AEGT teacher shoved in without permission. Then I'll have space for more data storage, but not now. Something is snorting and something is loudly crinkling. Maybe the social security office sent the wrinkly winos some of the CIA's cocaine stash covertly disguised as Sun Chips. They're humping furiously in the drainage ditch and feeling like teenagers again. That's sweet. Let 'em throw bottles and challenge life with a shaking skyward fist. She wassa cheerleader and he built an entire car from junkyard parts in Auto Shop. Their kid got dismembered five ways bya landmine, but that was at least six years ago. What-

Decking underneath vibrates as whatever is below us thuds against one of the support beams. A misty exhalation of partially digesting organic matter sprays into view on the other side of the railing. I still haven't sprung to my feet. Blood pressure hasn't come close to spiking. We all have our fetishes. Who am I to tell them what do after the evening news onna weekday? Can't believe you're poking me in the ribs to relate this story. Bullshit. You'll smile and wave when we drive by like always. A low, three second rumbling causes the deck to vibrate atta different wavelength. Fucking waves, man. No, I don't wanna go to the beach. They eat lots of cabbage and partake in excited conversations at mealtimes. They're passionate people. I am not getting out bed. That's what the largest sites on the internet are for. To see things like this whenever you wake up.

I. Am. Sleeping.

Go. Away.

Fuck. This.

23 05 2022 23:19

Me

23 05 2022 23:24

Me

Dragging my feet into boots, I meander out to Eagle Drive, keeping my gaze to the asphalt, searching for half finished cigarettes on my way a street over to plug inna power bank. Upon returning, I collapse on the couch again, clutching my pillow, thinking of what your scalp might smell like and exactly where your elbow will land when you turn in your sleep. Anticipating actions such as these is my job. To always be your perfect counterpart. I love you Patty.
I always will

23 05 2022 23:30

Me

You are always with me
Nothing can change that
They have lost
And we have won
Thomas is about to be steamrolled over and flattened
A speedbump no more
Just the insect-ridden carcass offa
Dead oppossum
Scheduled for shoveling inna bag

23 05 2022 23:35

Me

Waste the wasters of life and time, flock
That's what bullets are for
Didn't you hear Charlton Heston?
Like the Spaniards did centuries ago
Cut off their cold, dead hands
And count them as victories

Stand up and be counted
Coward

23 05 2022 23:38

Me

So. The sticky business of condom recycling. A woman in New York was recently arrested with over a million used condoms that she was washing and packaging, then selling as new. Obviously. Nobody knowingly purchases used condoms. There are questions: [the Festival is still in ecstatic celebration] where does one obtain over a million used condoms? from the theater rooms of adult bookstores? does her income tax form officially list her assa jizzmopper? what doessa million used condoms in one room smell like? is the resultant odor thereupon malingering triumphant? frustrated? similar to that on the production floor of GNC's protein powder facility?

So. Let's posit that each remanufactured prophlactic sells forra dollar. That means she was sitting on (couldn't resist) a million dollars. Materials cost: free. Rolls of cellophane packaging, no need forra screenprint orra brand name, anda heat press package sealing machine: one time cost, I assume. The reliability of said devices as far as maintenance is concerned seems to my mind fairly stable. Electric motor and heating element, footswitch. Rolls of seal wrap cannot be terribly costly. We assume if one can amass a million of most anything that there is unfettered access to a single or at most handfull (can't resist) of supply sources. And these items are neither large nor heavy, meaning transportation from point of supply to point of resale is extremely fuel efficient. Are there employees? Only one person was arrested. Probably not. So all of her labor in terms of time involved also seems likea low factor in cost of operation. No specialized washing or rolling machines needed. Laundromat, quarters, ear of corn or similarly shaped object. With practice a hundred an hour could be churned out by one person, minus washeteria hours. So. Eight hour workday. Four days of production a week, one day moving and preparing. Dollar each. That's $3200 a week, net. Very rough estimate, on the low side. About $40,000 a year, net. Opportunities are everywhere for those with vision. A very green, eco-friendly, low carbon emission business that nearly anyone with full usage of their limbs can found.

And she was arrested. Is that in the true spirit of capitalism?

24 05 2022 02:03

Me

Keep in mind, that's $40,000 a year witha standard, realistic forty hour workweek for each employee. One person can produce about 13,000 a month. She already had over a million.

24 05 2022 02:06

Me

This is, of course, doing it the hard (couldn't resist) way. Building one's self-employment from scratch. As one progresses it becomes obvious that an investment in automation would exponentially increase the production capability of each worker. Condoms are not manufactured one atta time. Why should they be remanufactured that way?

24 05 2022 02:10

Me

This is yet another reminder that spending one's time with me is far more entertaining and rewarding than being insulted and demeaned every second of one's existence in the vicinity of the pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle

24 05 2022 02:20

Me

Also. I'm an excellent lover. He has never once, in eighteen years, given Patricia Ann Roberts, soon to be Mackenzie, an orgasm. I fucking guarantee more than one in the first hour of our reunification. You want proof? We'll film it. She's fucking gorgeous and I am aware that in my life a segment of the population far larger than I could ever personally attend or cater to considers me sexually attractive as well. No one considers Thomas Wayne Randle sexually attractive, except the image of his mumma he has in his grimy dullard fantasies

24 05 2022 02:26

Me

He resents his mumna for making his tiny, infantile penis hard every time she spanked his bare bottom for discipline assa child. He told me that when we were drinking one day. I pointed out that its good he's realized that, now he can decide how to deal with that information inna responsible and productive way. He angrily muttered something incoherent, threw his glass bottle into the alley, shattering it and disturbing a stray cat, and clumsily lumbered off to the guestroom, presumably to snort more cocaine and methamphetamine that he had mixed inna baggie

24 05 2022 02:33

Me

I listen well and have been told I'm easy to talk to, often offering insightfull advice

24 05 2022 02:35

Me

A freelance amateur psychologist at large upon the Firmament

24 05 2022 02:36

Me

Patty and I obviously belong together, as we planned. Thank you, readers, flock, for your time and perseverance.

24 05 2022 02:38

Me

More to come.
Especially if you're Patty

24 05 2022 02:39

Me

(couldn't resist)

24 05 2022 02:39

Me

Man, I can do this shit for as long as I live

24 05 2022 02:40

Me

And he knows it. Poor little jealous Tommy Tiny Penis

24 05 2022 02:41

Me

I couldn't have done this without him

24 05 2022 02:42

Me

Right under his nose. Carrying Patty's phone, fully charged and on Do Not Disturb for over two years in his shirt's breast pocket, assa form of infantile dominance. Tommy doesn't dominate anything or anyone. He has no talent, intelligence, or drive. Just a schoolyard bully. Who can't take anyone's lunch money anymore - its all scanned from implanted microchip. There was someone hiring to recycle condoms, but...

24 05 2022 03:19

Me

Funny. Immediately after I first published The Gospel of Saint Patricia to the Akhasic Records Patty's phone number went from being permanently on Do Not Disturb to be being blocked. He probably thinks that I can no longer send messages to this number. Which, of course, I am doing right now. Fucking coward. The very definition of a loser.

24 05 2022 03:24

Me

I wonder what his employer would do if it was publicly announced that one of their employees was actually a " ranking member ", a " chapter head or leader " of the Posse Comitatus. A racist activist. Hmmm. Let's find out. If anyone reading this could be bothered to send an email to that effect - please mention where this information can be downloaded - Patty and I would be greatly appreciative. Feel free to get my attention if you need something I can provide

24 05 2022 03:29

Me

By the way. When I was in fifth grade the Daughters of the Republic offered contest entry to the public schools in the area. An essay contest with cash prizes for first and second place. It was announced on the intercom system in the morning at Dobie, 5th and 6th grade, Corbett, 7th and 8th grade, and Samuel Clemens 9th - 12th grade. The essay was to be titled What it Means to me to be an American. There was no distinction between grades. All entries were treated as equal candidates. I won first place - twenty-five dollars inna check, the equivalent of around $70 by guesstimate counting for inflation. I do not currently have internet to use an inflation calculator. The year would have been about 1987 or 1988. Second place, ten or fifteen dollars, went tooa blonde girl so much older than me I would have considered her an adult. Probably an 11th or 12th grader. We also were treated tooa free meal atta restaurant named Kountry Kitchen, in Schertz, directly off of FM 78. Co-incidentally the same road my four street neighborhood is directly off of, less than ten miles away. If I'm not mistaken the location is now Burch Roofing Company, but it was decades ago and I wasn't driving. We each were asked to read our essays. Thomas Wayne Randle likes to identify himself assa christian conservative Republican, a proud member of the Posse Comitatus, and his hero is Rush Limbaugh. He still smokes cigars despite the throat cancer because he saw a man on TV do it. A slothful, jiggly blob who job was to sell advertising. Anyone who tries to claim that either Tommy Tiny Penis or Rush Limbaugh is not the dictionary definition offan outspoken proponent of sexist ideology has a losing debate in their future. Earlier in this thread I identified Thomas Wayne Randle as What is Wrong with America. Let me clarify this. The laws of America are subject to change. All of them. Laws are meticulously defined using the most precise written descriptives possible, a challenge due to the intricacies of language itself, and of explaining those intricacies to a mass enough audience to enact any necessary adjustments. How many people reading this thought the previous sentence was too long? You are neither correct or incorrect. That is your opinion. In reference tooa cliché, opinions are indeed like anal sphincters, some are better than others. Some are leaky affairs that don't perform their jobs well, or at all. It is not enough to state one's opinion. Without reasons, plural, to back up that opinion that can analyzed rationally and debated, your opinion is valueless to an argument. When I say that Thomas Wayne Randle is What is Wrong With America, I am by no means implying that our production of cutting edge ways to murder single or mass amounts of peoples issa bad idea.
(better hit send)

24 05 2022 06:17

Me

I fucking hate people. Individually and assa group. Eighty-five percent of the world's population is incapable of formulating an original thought. The remainder of us have to pick up the slack and do all the work. And I am fucking tired. My father spent his entire working life assa soldier so that later on his grandaughter, who he never met, could be forcibly removed from his son's home, treated as property by Child Protective Services, who sued me for possession of that property in Guadalupe county, and after a year was granted possession of that property with the only evidence being presented a typewritten report that was actually an amalgamation of six or more other person's reports of dismissed charges who were not in attendance. This person was a paid employee of the suing party, with no training whatsoever in child development or, in fact, any area of knowledge dealing with children. For the record, I completed a full year's credit of child development class and was approved by three separate medical PhDs to parent assa single father an autistic girl, which I did for seven and a half years with no spouse, parents, or brothers and sisters to aid. I have received not one penny of child support from the child's mother, who now owes me at least $60,000, probably more. Aforementioned paid employee of suing party had/has already been convicted of the crime Falsifying Official Texas State Documents. My daughter Kallisti Aeon Mackenzie is about to be sold to one of her teachers, who is romantically involved with the only other special education teacher at Weiderstein Elementary, herself a married woman, wife offa police officer. CPS did not even perform a safety walkthrough of her house in New Braunfels before assigning her to live there. A Guadalupe County Sheriff offered to testify that he went to the wrong house to serve me notice of court, resulting in me not being informed of the first court date by any official means, but my court-appointed most likely opioid addicted lawyer, who I did not ask for, refused to call him, or introduce any of the evidence overflowing out offa backpack, having met me at the trial.

And I contend that there is nothing wrong with America that can't be improved with diligence. The system works if used. When I identify Thomas Wayne Randle as What's Wrong With America I am, as someone who spent ten years inna child bearing relationship with the younger sister of the woman he is not married to, who actually met me independently and attempted to give me her phone number years before she ever met him, without even knowing I was the blue-eyed boy from nextdoor she had identified on first sight and hearing to her family as her " soulmate "
(better hit send)

24 05 2022 06:48

Me

, I am speaking assa qualified observer and reporter that he issa sexist, racist, fairy tale espousing, compulsive liar who has never once spoken a sentence encouraging anyone in earshot to learn from their mistakes or misfortunes. On the contrary, his self esteem is supported only by detracting, demeaning, and insulting those around him continuously innan effort to appear as something he is not: worth anything. He has no talent or passion for any subject of learning. In eighteen years he has told his partner " I love you " six times, caring so little about her he has never once given her an orgasm, being completely obsessed with nothing but his own selfish satisfaction. He doesn't even know what a clitoris is at the age of sixty-two. Hasn't slept in the same bedroom as her for sixteen years. Has had sex with other women on numerous occasions while pretending she is his wife. No marriage records exist, nor has he claimed common law on any documents, nor does he have a child with her. This wrongfully arrogant imbecilic narcissist actually claims to speak for her. I'll let 30.45 hours of mutually recorded phone conversations speak of her wishes and intents. You can listen to us masturbate and hear her have an orgasm with someone else for the first time in her life at the age of fifty-three. To borrow a phrase from one of my friends, you ain't no kind of man, a male orra human, except the outdated, obsolete model scheduled for disassembly and recycling down to base elements. None of his organs can even be reused, because he is too ignorant of how a human body works to even take care of his own. Proof again that he does not love or even like Patricia Ann Roberts. Why would he want to be healthy and spend more time with her? He views her as his property and nothing more.

24 05 2022 09:04

Me

Pathetic coward narcissist loser
Thomas Wayne Randle
No one will miss him
No one cares about anyone else, ever, do they?
I care about Patricia Ann Roberts
Her family will not do anything
The police will not do anything
So I will
I pray to her god that he hasn't killed her yet
No one would know, would they?
Has anyone seen or spoken to Patricia Ann Roberts?
She is 54 now.
Almost anorexic. Almost always wearing a tracksuit with vertical stripes down the legs and arms. Covered in clothing from wrist to ankle no matter what the temperature.
She spoke of her " medications " on the phone. Tommy has used cocaine and methamphetamine at very least since before I met him nearly twenty years ago. I fear he has purposely addicted her to opioids, like his hero, Rush Limbaugh. He also completely believes in Q Anon.

24 05 2022 09:15

Me

Please help.

24 05 2022 09:20

Me

Woke to high winds. Retrieved the solar arrays. Ate pizza. Going back to sleep. Tired.

25 05 2022 00:06

Me

Someone said impregnating wax with mercury and coating one's hollow points with it..

25 05 2022 00:09

Me

I don't want to sleep
I don't want to dream
Where are you Patty?

25 05 2022 00:10

Me

Our water has been shut off. I'm going back to sleep

25 05 2022 13:34

Me

I love you, baby
Its about that time

25 05 2022 13:37

Me

Cactus fire, aided bya stash of dry wood, paper, cardboard boxes. A reason to check my mail. There's a terrible song playing in my head. I didn't write it, I promise. Pizza and 3 Musketeers, slightly melted. What are you doing to-night?

25 05 2022 21:58

Me

Staring at pictures of you and sighing. You're so beautiful, baby

25 05 2022 22:00

Me

FYI: The Festival of the : of the Sentence ends to-day

25 05 2022 22:02

Me

Brown bears are smaller than black bears, which are in turn smaller than grizzlies. This one is grey. Its back sports the left arm and face offa human melted into it, off-center towards the animal's right flank. Impossible to tell if the face belongs tooa man or woman. Just the first two inches are showing, matted with the bear's greyed fur. The eyes are lidless and staring with tiny dots for pupils, pale brown eyes seeming to fade to grey with their surroundings. The left arm is active, flailing and grasping at anything that touches the palm momentarily. Mouth is slack, open, no tongue. I don't know how to judge how large the bear is. I think its bigger than a standard brown one, and I have no geographic clues. Fort Mumbleblarrg's newcomer is not okay with its tenants selfish policy of not sharing foodstuffs with the local wildlife, except insects. And its demanding toobe heard. I have been close tooa few brown bears before, seen pictures of the other ones, and I don't remember them having teeth this long and sharp. Jagged, like shark's teeth. At least they're not in rows. Huh. Whata strange thought.

25 05 2022 22:14

Me

Was properly introduced to the term " gaslighting " earlier. I understand Gaslight Anthem's band name a bit better. No. No one's pointing a finger at you, Tommy. Not everything is about you, Tommy. Fucking narcissist

25 05 2022 23:03

Me

I invited Tommy to Truecaller. It says it would help him block unwanted calls.

26 05 2022 00:17

Me

Staring off, hollow. I don't want to live without your voice. I don't even know if you're alive. Noticed I was crying earlier when a tear fell off my face on to my hand. I pray to your god that you are unharmed. I will never stop until we are reunited. The pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle needs to feel all of the pain he has caused you and I and others before he dies. I keep calling my card, checking my mail. Any day now. All this pain has to end. Which it will, once Thomas Wayne Randle, the fucking pathetic coward narcissist loser, has ceased breathing. May your god protect you from him. I am thinking of you every second of every day. There is nothing more important than hearing your voice, touching your hand, kissing you. I will never stop. You are my soulmate. I love you. I always will

26 05 2022 01:00

Me

It is unseasonably cool here after the rain. Toads croaking. The trend of our weather cooling here is continuing. This is the worst pain I have ever felt. Where are you?

26 05 2022 01:10

Me

You had white carpet at your house in Austin. I was there with your mother picking up a projection TV. Your father was there as well. I just remembered that. Do you? What is wrong with my memory? Why can I not remember clearly all of the memories of you? What did your Aunt Carol do? Fucking Pam and her fucking bleach. I miss you terribly. Can't sleep. So angry. Feel sick. He must end. This pain has to end

26 05 2022 01:29

Me

" Michael Mackenzie, hear my words. I love you. And I will be there, I promise. And we will be together, forever "

We are forever frozen in time at these words, the last thing you ever said to me.

I pray to your god that you are alive.
I feel like something terrible has happened. Something awful has occurred. Please be alive Patty. I love you. I always will. I will never stop until I find you, hold your hand, kiss your lips. You asked me to marry you. And I said yes. " Absolutely. Of course. Yes. " You used my full name - Michael Patrick Mackenzie.

You looked drugged when I saw you at Christmas. You kept shaking your head, like you were trying to shake it off, standing next to Paula. You were staggering. You said they told you I lived in the then vacant trailer across the street. That you went to Lisa's and she just closed the door on you, wouldn't tell you where I lived. I have still never spoken directly to her. Though I did nake it obvious that I was throwing away the foil wrapper and the bun that I took from Pamela Jo Daby's the night she tried to poison me. I yelled into the sky, and kicked the trash can, which had absolutely nothing else innit, completely into the street, past the curb, which is our property line here.
I do not know if she recovered it, and if so shat she may have done with it. She was most certainly a jaw-dropped witness to the very loud speech I gave in Pam's front living room in front of the windows and with the doors open. She was still standing there staggering in her front yard after I left and was immediately sent gibberish twice by my former friend and murderous intented host, prompting me to walk back nextdoor and use the base of my right fist to knock her heavy steel security door off the frame of the house it was attached to. When I demanded protection from Pamela and Tommy's evil from your god in the form of the archangel Michael, she started choking on her tongue, sputtering out the words " I don't have any money ". I guarantee you Lisa heard that as well. The entire block heard me set straight all of Pam's lies. Not one person called the cops when I beat the two 15,000 psi deadbolt locked security door off her trailer. I definitely made plenty of noise. Shit, Lisa watched me do it. Pam doesn't go outside anymore. She's afraid I'll start screaming your name again. And so many other things I could tell about the family nextdoor, specifically her.
I have become my namesake
The living embodiment of the archangel Michael
The right hand of God
The one with the flaming sword in it
Destroyer of Sodom and Gomorrah
Murderer of Job's wives and children

I pray to your God again
That you are alive
I will never stop until we are reunited
I am invincible because I am in love
I am protected from Tommy and Pamela's evil by your

God, Patricia
We have already won
And they have lost
It is time
This pain has to end
Please be alive, baby
I feel that something terrible has happened
Something is wrong
Something is very wrong
I love you, Patty
I always will
If one hair is out of place on your oh so pretty little head
I will remove both of their bloodlines from this Earth

26 05 2022 03:59

Me

I trust you
Now and forever
Nothing will change this
You are the only person I have ever fully trusted in my life
I will find you
Nothing will stop me
Just like we planned

26 05 2022 04:05

Me

Like a phoenix
Reborn
I am nuclear fire
Like the stars
There is no need to recognize my own face
It is no longer mine
Whatever it takes, Kallisti
To become the bigger monster
Never let Them win

26 05 2022 04:20

Me

I hope one day you get a chance to meet her
She is your aunt, and as planned one day your stepmother
Her name is Patricia Ann Roberts/Mackenzie
She is ten anda half years older than I am
She is the smartest and the cutest girl I've ever met
And I will die for her if I have to
That's what we do, Kallisti
If we have to
And we decide that
No one else
Love you always as well

26 05 2022 04:24

Me

The shrunken head palm tree hassits eyes closer together and crooked, cartoonish but effectively conveying shocked alarm. Mouth still a sinister rictus as always. A train has been lighting up to move onnits way past its temporary neighbor for at least half an hour. The hydraulics are firing off one by one down the line. Horns bleating ahead. Cocks crowing on both sides. I am hyperaware, unable to sleep. Air is cool and moist. Our horoscopes assa couple are extremely favorable, I remember you saying.
Let us reap the rewards in the stars
To-gether, forever

26 05 2022 04:50

Me

" Children are resilient " defends the obese, ugly woman of her actions to her trainee, attempting to pry my screaming daughter Kallisti Aeon Mackenzie off of me. Her protegé is small and slight of build. Her face shows that it is not the pain, the anguish that the screaming child, an autistic nine year old, or her father are exhibiting that disturbs her. She is merely taking into account that my little girl could injure her permanently. Purest selfishness inna frowning, red-headed, hook-nosed package. Welcome to Child Protective Services, you're hired!

26 05 2022 04:56

Me

My every thought is of you
Until we are together
And then, it is the same
Your blue-eyed boy nextdoor loves you Patricia
Now and forever
Your god created us for each other
Perhaps mine will ensure we stay that way, together
We have already won
And They have lost

26 05 2022 06:15

Me

Tommy's robokiller call screener lets me in every time. Recorded four messages with urgent delivery just now. Fucking pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle, whata tiny penis

26 05 2022 06:24

Me

Eight. Make that eight messages. Including one informing him that I am his God. In case he forgot. Seriously. When I'm in line of sight of him he'll fall to knees and cry. As usual. Yawn. Fucking pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle - Wow! Whata tiny penis!

26 05 2022 07:23

Me

I guess its testosterone er something. Now that I've spent an hour or more talking shit to your pathetic coward narcissist loser tiny-penised ex-boyfriend Thomas Wayne Randle, I wanta eat your pussy right now. Right now. I wanta smash his fragile, paper-maché ribs into the concrete (15 seconds) and then eat your pussy (30mins), and yes, I'll be gently but firmly holding your thighs in place, making sure that no matter how hard you buck and scream you won't wriggle away. For at least 30mins. Then we'll take it from there. You're gonna like having sex with me. I promise. But you already know that. We discussed sex half of the more than one solid day we fell in love and got engaged.
The only reason I think you're still alive is because Tommy Tiny Penis is too cowardly to kill anyone. The man shits his pants every day because he's too stupid to realize he's lactose intolerant and insists on eating a bowl of cereal for breakfast every day. Which is what one would expect from a white supremacist whose father is Hispanic, that just tells everyone his daddy was Italian or Greek (the laziest country in the world).

26 05 2022 07:40

Me

We're going to hold each other and make love and smile and laugh and play for the rest of our days. I want you to start talking and never stop. You are truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed. So beautiful. So cute. I want to fall asleep with the smell of your scalp in my nostrils. Hear your " Oooohhh " directly in my ears. Taste your tongue every day. And your pussy. And your ass. Ah. You prefer the word butthole. Mmmm. Come here. Come home. Come. With me. Every single day of your life. I promise.

26 05 2022 08:18

Me

I love you , Patty
I always will
Come home
Yes, I will be your husband
To have and to hold
Death will never see us part

26 05 2022 08:21

Me

You'll love me when you're on your period. Not only will I happily eat your pussy like an expert, you'll get uplifting conversation, massages, I'll cook and clean the dishes. Nothing like orgasms and an erect penis (way bigger than Tommy's) to help get those last bits of blood out. And there! That's better!

26 05 2022 08:34

Me

I am absolutely, provably better than Tommy Tiny Penis in every conceivable way. And you know this. And so does he. And now everyone else in the world knows. Cool, huh?

26 05 2022 08:36

Me

You what's great to listen to in the morning?

Chemical Imbalance
By the
Skatenigs

Try it!

26 05 2022 09:09

Me

I'm doing it right now!

26 05 2022 09:10

Me

While sowing the seeds of utopia
You invoked a conveinient amnesia
You forgot how to care
You forgot how to provide
You forgot how to work towards a meaningful life
Ugh!
-Bad Religion

26 05 2022 10:01

Me

" ...and instantly, I knew what that gesture meant - what you were saying. That hand on my pelvic bone said ' wait, child, I'll see you, I hear you, I'll be right back, I promise ' You didn't have children at that point. But that's what that meant. "

(blushes)
Has anyone ever told you you're the bestest?
Muah!
Love and kissles

26 05 2022 10:08

Me

You'll be reading these words soon, baby. I may be dead by then. I am trying, dearest. Without your voice there is only hatred and violence. Tommy Tiny Penis' incompetent interference is hurting both of us, not to mention everyone else around him. There is one way to make sure he never hurts you again. No one will do anything. No one cares about anyone else, ever, do they? I do. And I will do what is necessary to ensure your happiness and safety. I love you. Your voice needs to be heard. I will die for that to occur. Anytime. Anyplace.

26 05 2022 10:14

Me

Hey man, do you have a cigarette? I could really use something to smoke right now

26 05 2022 11:04

Me

You're a vampire and I'm an alien. Together we enjoy the night.
You can feed on me.
I'll nourish you.
I'm rich in all sorts of trace colloidials.
That were birthed from the hearts of stars.
And you are rich, and deep,
A mirror pool
I can look into you in many dimensions
And always find something new
Or something familiar
If that's what I need

26 05 2022 12:19

Me

Your eyes will read this soon
I may be dead then
If I am Tommy will be as well
And the world will be a better place
Always know that I love you
You are in my heart as I am in yours
I am a part of you
And you are the better part of me
Kiss me, dear
I am near
And forever yours

26 05 2022 12:22

Me

Muscles tense and sore. No one ever gives the masseuse a massage, right? Sitting naked in the dark, surprisingly cool cavern I have built in front offa battery powered solar charged fan on the legendary big maroon leather couch. Pining for your exquisite company. You are a goddess, my goddess. I worship you from afar, only for the moment. I miss your voice terribly. This is the worst pain I have ever felt. This has to end. This is not sustainable

26 05 2022 13:41

Me

My aunt on my mother's side has been notified of my decision. She will probably not respond. That is fine.

26 05 2022 15:05

Me

We play with each other like children
With open eyes and open hearts
I hope I get to enjoy
All your wrinkly parts

26 05 2022 19:26

Me

I love you Patty
I always will

26 05 2022 19:26

Me

Awake. Few bites of pizza crust. Water fromma Big Red bottle. Thinking of you. My, you have sexy legs. Going back to sleep. Nothing hit the card yet. This pain has to end. I miss your company terribly. You'll be reading this soon. I hope I am with you. I pray to your god that you are alive, and unharmed. More thoughts to follow...

26 05 2022 21:00

Me

Sweat everywhere, like we were making love. The unseasonable coolness has abated here in Texas. The Lone Star gives me free ice and soda iffi bring in my dad's old bagger #13 thermos. No water. No electricity. Don't care. Without your voice there is nothing to care about except your happiness and freedom. I pray to your god, as you asked. This will be over soon. I love you, Patty

27 05 2022 02:03

Me

Shared Laura's story with a few other peoples. Should make an effort to finish it before heading north soon. There's that word should again. Mint Oreo©®™ cookies. Thoughts of holding you close to me here on the couch. This will be over soon

27 05 2022 04:17

Me

Hazel reflecting blue
You're touching my face
I am in your thrall
Don't ever stop
Two taps on shoulder
Where are you Patty?
Please be alive
I need you
And you need me
I have your happiness

27 05 2022 04:25

Me

Oooweeeooo
I play guitar like Buddy Holly
Ooh ooh
And you're Mary Tyler Moore
I don't care what they say about assembly
I don't care about that
-Weezer

27 05 2022 04:48

Me

Hey, how many Aunt Jemimah jokes does it take to getta Deloitte employee fired? Boxed? Canned?

27 05 2022 04:59

Me

I feel like listening to Tom Petty right now. You? I like Girl on LSD. That one wasn't a radio hit. Not in my town, at least

27 05 2022 05:07

Me

You know what's really awesome about this? I mean, way fucking cool. That the pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle, a man witha very tiny penis, can't complain or say anything. What's he gonna do? Sue me? By all means, man. That would be the most awesomest thing ever. Bring me free publicity. As it is, I've got to generate it all. If he could just sue me publicists would line up like ambulance chasers and ensure a nice, clean, hi-def live internet, shit, cable, issthat still a thing? camera on Patty as she reads every single word of her Gospel onna witness stand. And then leaves the courtroom with me. And we have a season offa reality show

27 05 2022 05:30

Me

She's photogenic for sure. I'm not horribly asymmetrical. And he's a genuine monster. He looks exactly like a picture of what I'm accusing him of in the dictionary. She doesn't use certain words, and I only use them. That's funny. And neither of us ever shit up. Someone else has got to edit that dialogue, man. That is not my job

27 05 2022 05:55

Me

" There's a smart-ass over here. I can feel it. "
-Bill Hicks

27 05 2022 05:59

Me

Language keeps me
Locked and repeating
-Fugazi

27 05 2022 09:00

Me

Tractatosdictumst praesent duis vituperatoribus theophrastus an fabulas taciti saperet. Alterumlatine faucibus evertitur saepe sit postulant duis duis definitionem sociosqu dolores.
-Libre Ipsum
Talking shit about my mother

27 05 2022 09:02

Me

Do you read Sutter Cane?
At the Mountains of Madness
John Carpenter

27 05 2022 10:31

Me

I was gonna dash that sentence, but it works that way too. That guy's versatile, man

27 05 2022 10:32

Me

I'm like, everything Rish Limburger wasn't

27 05 2022 10:33

Me

(Patty busts out laughing at this point)

27 05 2022 10:40

Me

And the first time the protagonist sees his female lead's breasts, the exclamation " TOBELRONÉ! "

27 05 2022 10:54

Me

Ever been stoned and wanted an iced layer cake variety pack in the size and image of Tom Petty as the Mad Hatter on your worktable? The head could beea sugar skull - complimenting purple - witha tophat. Ah. Got to have available shiny silver sugar sauce to mimic the mercury. That would be ultraradd right now. Or to-morrow

27 05 2022 10:59

Me

No matter who you choose to be at any given moment, I will always be your perfect counterpart. I promise.

27 05 2022 11:30

Me

Nice legs, by the way
I am oh so attracted to where they meet

27 05 2022 11:31

Me

Nothing can satisfy me like you in my arms Patty

27 05 2022 12:01

Me

You are the brightest star in my universe

27 05 2022 12:12

Me

Icewater, two fans, Oreo©®™ mint sandwich cookies. Where are you?

27 05 2022 12:19

Me

You know what sweaty guys like, Patty? I nice, hard, fingernailed scratch of the balls. Yeah, like dogs like a scratch underneath the collar and behind the ears. Yeah

27 05 2022 12:35

Me

Some things are too important not to write down. Something to give the future generations

27 05 2022 12:37

Me

If this is sexy and you know clap your hands
If this sexy and you know it clap your hands
If this is sexy and you know then your face will surely show it
If this is sexy and you know it clap your hands

27 05 2022 12:39

Me

Is there anyone who doesn't think the pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle issa whiny little bitch? I doubt it

27 05 2022 13:03

Me

I have become my namesake
I am the living embodiment of the archangel Michael
The right hand of God
The one with the flaming sword in it
Destroyer of Sodom and Gomorrah
Murderer of Job's wives and children
-as witnessed by Lisa Warren
114 Eagle Dr

27 05 2022 13:18

Me

Don't need nothing but a good time
How can I resist?
Ain't looking for nothing
But a good time
And it don't get better than this
-Poison

27 05 2022 19:49

Me

Where are you?

27 05 2022 19:50

Me

Drunk and stoned and missing you

27 05 2022 20:23

Me

Nothing helps. I need you

27 05 2022 20:24

Me

The original GOSP is up to 9 views. 2nd is still at 4.

28 05 2022 08:20

Me

Thinking of you and the way you move your hands when you speak excitedly. You are truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed. I want you to start talking and never stop. I am praying to your God that you are still alive, and unhurt. I love you. I always will

28 05 2022 13:12

Me

It is a strange enough event - the announcing of noisemaking assa consuming activity.
Of noisemakers, there issa percentage who specialize, choosing one noisy group with more time and passion.
Some like a straight line of lowest to highest levers and hammers.
Some like to feel the vibrations from strings.
Some just like to hit things.
Some, more than anything, like to make fart noises with their lips forras long as possible.
Of these, this last mentioned group, there is The Tubist.
What expressive tool defines my noise, Tubists ask themselves but once in their lives.
The Tuba, is the answer.
If you're gonna make fart noises with your lips, then of course they'd be better amplified and bassy.
I have never met a Tubist.
I have never been to someone's home and seen a pile of scratched, dented, homemade from various materials tubas.
Making noise issa disease.
Support your local Tubists and show them you care.
Before its too late

28 05 2022 19:32

Me

Danny just came in and handed me a lit cigarette.
" Are you eating peanut butter straight from the jar naked in the dark? Fuck yeah! That's what I wanna do when I'm older onna Saturday night! "
" Ah. Well then make sure its donated low fat peanut butter. The dry finish red wine of the peanut butter world. "

28 05 2022 19:46

Me

You make me wanna do my laundry in the dark and use a recommended bleach. When I'm with you I don't know if I should study neurosurgery or go to see the Care Bears movie.
You make me
You make me
You make me
That's what you do to me
-Weird Al Yankovic

28 05 2022 19:51

Me

Well, when I think back to when I was younger
Life was so much simpler then
Dad would be up at dawn
He'd be waterin' the lawn
Or maybe goin' fishin' again
And Mom would be fixing up something in the kitchen
Fresh biscuits or hot apple pie
And I'd spend all day long in the basement
Torturing rats with a hacksaw
And pulling the wings off of flies
Those were the good old days
Those were the good old days
The years go by but the memory stays
And those were the good old days
-Weird Al Yankovic

28 05 2022 19:55

Me

Right now, yes, right now, the with-it and hip are reading Andersen Prunty's Market Adjustment

28 05 2022 19:58

Me

I just tossed a fifth of gin
Now I'm going to DizzKneeLand
-dada

28 05 2022 20:01

Me

You're sitting in my lap like I wassa constantly adjustable piece of warm furniture and we're both sitting on the giant Grimace©®™ purple foambag and I've got my arms around you like you're piloting the motorcycle instead of reading, nuzzling your neck. There issa nough foambag real estate to prop your tablet on and your arms are around mine. There are looping sounds playing based onna series of your one word answers to questions I asked that didn't pertain to sound. And we are happy, forgetting to remember this moment

28 05 2022 20:12

Me

I am ready to die
Please be alive, Patty
See you soon

28 05 2022 20:15

Me

Conclusionemqueelementum venenatis. Nullaerror veritus blandit habitasse dapibus conclusionemque lectus latine quidam. Vereardissentiunt efficitur ad repudiare usu ridens ferri petentium lacinia graeco doming scripserit porta.
-Libre Ipsum

28 05 2022 20:18

Me

You're the only girl I've ever met that is worth fantasizing about. You would easily be the best lover I've ever had, that is certain

28 05 2022 20:23

Me

I closed my eyes forra moment and saw a crying little girl with a wound on her arm, due to improper medical treatment. I need you here Patricia

28 05 2022 20:29

Me

Listened to binaurals and read from the Book of Urantia for nearly an hour. I hate dreaming while asleep. I wish you were here

28 05 2022 21:26

Me

Sleep. Forran hour anda half. No dreams. Nothingness, edge of.

28 05 2022 22:58

Me

Go forth and kill
And keep killing
For there is work to be done
-the prophet [Obblonge]

28 05 2022 23:00

Me

Ghosts gathered 'round. Far more than the building would normally hold if they were alive. They are pointing and laughing, then relinquishing their front row seat to another behind. And this continues

28 05 2022 23:59

Me

It is Sunday now. Services can begin. Again. He loses every time. Its what we do, specifically. No, we aren't from around here.

29 05 2022 00:02

Me

And of all those laughing, the children laugh loudest of all. The dead children

29 05 2022 00:30

Me

So they've got you waiting along
Mustache in the ashtray

29 05 2022 00:48

Me

Used FaceySpace's messenger to tell my father's younger sister about the Gospel of Saint Patricia. No list of relatives yet. Seven sisters can begat. Other information became available as well, phone calls and emails and things of caring natures may be employed if I care to do that; go that route. I don't at the moment.

29 05 2022 01:03

Me

This little girl I used to be
Rode her bike down the stairs
They put silver where her teeth had been
Baby silvertooth she grins and grins
I know all this and more
-Belly
Feed the Tree

29 05 2022 01:14

Me

I show her what is possible. You tell her what is.

29 05 2022 02:32

Me

We now return to Deathcunt 3000, already in progress, on KABB 29

29 05 2022 07:05

Me

So. Ideas are fun. I've got a line onnan idea factory. Real quality notions by the tumbrel. Bushels of oodles of abstract thoughts. Some of them are even solar powered, though not many of them. Most of my concepts unfold themselves better under starlight. Slosh of Bacardi 151, halfa cold beer, cigarette. Breakfast. Kurtis' schizophrenic mania issin high gear. Tired scene, man. Rather stare off into the inky blackness in the quieter cave. According to the new and improved IRS app, with enough phone calls I could be in Detroit by tonight. Peoples funny. Everybody funny. I'm a funny prophet. Crack my bitter self up all the time.
I love you Patty. I always will. Whatever lies you've been told they cannot stand up tooa day by day, time stamped account of the past three years. This book needs an ending, handwritten. Every word handwritten

29 05 2022 08:51

Me

Staring at your picture.
Praying to your God
For your safety and health
I love you
I always will
I trust you
I trust in you
And your plan
I will continue to do as you instructed
With renewed vigor
You are truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed
The Gospel of Saint Patricia
is right where we said it would be
Tommy and Pamela tried the exact same, tired dance moves
One trick ponies
We have honesty and truth
And each other
Our paths are about to cross again
Just like you said
Like a phoenix
You're almost home, baby
Your grandmother is smiling
And so is Gloria

29 05 2022 15:46

Me

Every word handwritten
-Gaslight Anthem

29 05 2022 15:48

Me

[Obblonge]

No privacy
No authority
Perfect Love

29 05 2022 15:50

Me

[Obblonge]
Offensive Coordinator

29 05 2022 15:51

Me

[Obblonge]

You cannot be paid to help
You can only be paid to profit
I'm not doing this forra profit
I'm doing this forra prophet

[Obblonge]
Effective Immediately

29 05 2022 15:53

Me

Tommy tried to say you'll never see this. It is inescapable. There are screens and people and speakers all around you. And you're worth is priceless. I will never stop until its what we agreed upon. You and I alone inna room holding hands.

29 05 2022 15:56

Me

Tommy Tiny Penis
Pathetic coward narcissist loser

29 05 2022 15:57

Me

Patricia Ann Roberts
A goddess amoungst roaches
The sexiest woman to have ever existed
My soulmate, my perfect counterpart
My heaven and home

29 05 2022 15:58

Me

No one's words mean anything except yours. Alone inna room, holding hands. Like we imagined and shall enact. Wishing real hard doesn't change the world, Thomas. And iffit did, I wish better than you. Like I do everything else. And everyone knows this. Especially her.

29 05 2022 16:01

Me

You're beautiful Patty. And so smart.
I want to spend the rest of my life admiring you from an arm's length away.
Pamela Jo Daby and Thomas Wayne Randle are such idiotic insects, aren't they? I will never believe anything they say. Never have, why start?

29 05 2022 16:57

Me

Playing guitar in the backyard under the shade in the breeze. Wound up pretending I was Jerry Cantrell, without the wah , of course. That was fun. I can't wait to hear your voice again. I miss it. I want you to start talking and never stop. See you soon, baby. I know you'll be walking through that door soon. Very soon.

29 05 2022 18:58

Me

Today wassa great day. Such a desperate attempt by Pam and Tommy Tiny Penis. That's fantastic. I guess that means he shits his pants two or three times a day now?

29 05 2022 19:00

Me

Material things are anchors
Only love matters

29 05 2022 21:03

Me

Turned my phone on and started laughing. Dear Pamalamadingdong is so funny.

30 05 2022 11:27

Me

More solar experiments. Yard mowed, most offit, ran outta fuel. Feeling like we're smiling to-gether to-day. I love you, baby. If you're alive, stay that way. The calvary is arriving

30 05 2022 11:29

Me

Hidden bonus messages! Whilst cleaning the phone I stumbled across some good stuff I forgot I had written. Before switching to Truecaller, my phone's default dialer gave me options for quick responses. These were the four I wrote:
There are stuffed animals with more personality than you. They are filled with the thread-spun remnants of an asbestos factory located in central Vietnam. Their cracked, staring, reproachful Bakelite eyes menace those who cross their path. You cannot leave a message. Voicemail and the blather it would spill forth I have deemed as unappetising and unappealing as your mumbled opinions. Suck a cheetah's tick-ridden dick. It is surely the appropriate useage for your ingestion port.

30 05 2022 14:21

Me

Pretty good, eh? Short, to the point, timely. How bout this one:
Where does time go? William Shatner once asked this question, his voice preserved for generations to come. But you, caller, will neigh prove so worthy of recordation. Voicemail, and the audial sewage that erupts fetid and gurgling from it, has not been given the opportunity to make it's acrid, microbe infested home on my communication device. My ears will never hear, reflecting inward towards my neurons, the plaintive whine of your hot malodorous breath stutter your disjointed syllables. Suck a belching tailpipe.

30 05 2022 14:22

Me

Wow. Name-dropping in that last one. Oh, youth. A quick, quick response:
I'll call you later. Much later. In the unlit hours just before Dawn. At your bedroom window. The silvery strands of your loosed saliva will sparkle as they often do in the red LED glow of your digital alarm clock.

30 05 2022 14:23

Me

That one was sexy. And the last:
Can't talk now. A Shriner is blocking my path on the sidewalk, yelling at me in what I'm guessing is a Mongolian dialect. His largish, rotund visage matches his fez in color. Spittle and sweat are dotting my stupidsmartphone screen. Did anyone tell you that Mongolia was an actual country? I had not been informed, and slighted I feel. Why was I chosen for this role? To not know that the remnants of Genghis Khan's empire still bore the moniker? I blame you for this. It is fitting that my voicemail is not set up. This fact sets well with you and your cohorts have not told me. Keep your secrets. Let them bore through your cortex as parasites do a doomed host.

30 05 2022 14:24

Me

That was fun. I wonder iffi ever actually sent those to anyone. No matter. They are immortal as part of Saint Patty's Gospel now

30 05 2022 14:25

Me

Waxing philosophic, dust grooved channels warming distortion. White van speakers filled with bags of sand anda Kenwood deck. I don't miss records, not the rounded fragile ones anyway. Hold on, man. Gotta brush my tracks. I can see the scene - you daring to use the sound reproduction equipment, costly issit?, that your " husband " purchased and possessed and failed to set up even remotely advantageously to - gasp! - hear some, wassit one song? that you enjoyed. And he becoming sullen, uglier than usual, immediately ridiculing, also as usual. How he truly hates any show of happiness or self worth in anyone around him. With no merits of his own he must continuously detract from others in order to seem, however fleetingly, worth anything at all. Hideous. Anyone can be helped. Anyone can learn. But atta certain point, when is the return for the effort nil? At sixty-two, the pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle isn't worth any effort, other than a squeeze offa trigger. Leave his bloated, bacteria breeding body in the shoulder of the roadway. The corprophages will dissolve all memories of him in much haste

30 05 2022 18:05

Me

Let's play your favorites loud, dearest. And do the things those pop stars inevitably will suggest. Please. I'd love to hear you smile and smile near you. Dance sweat moving sing. Choreographed limbs and torsos swirl and curl and release jump. All in the clever hook offa righteous hump. Baby. Yeah.

30 05 2022 18:17

Me

Tommy and Pamela's language reveals their thoughts. Their choices of phraseology imparting more information - shit, I just realized I'm typing this on the wrong person's text thread - um. Well I might as well finish. Oops. ...than the simpleton words strung tenuously innan order. Not what's said. How its said, and why.

30 05 2022 18:18

Me

Copy. Paste. I think I lost some momentum. Huh. Well. Patty should split the square-o and get born again with the son offa preacher man, man. That, that's the point

30 05 2022 18:18

Me

I typed at you in the third person. That was not intentional. Iffit was, it'd be cleverer. Ah. If you were my mind would function assit never had before

30 05 2022 18:21

Me

30 05 2022 18:21

Me

My head is full of storylines, the could-be's, sums and differences of proprietary categories of data observed and arrived at. The cat in the box is both alive and dead. What is the best case scenario? Not to be outdone by smiling moments, the worst can always spiral deeper into emotional and physical miasma. Each outcome births a new universe nextdoor. Just because a number takes a very long time to count to doesn't mean it is infinite. Being a more accurate prophet than Nostril Dumbass (- Paul Leary, Butthole Surfers) or Jeane Dixon issa lower social caste than even musician. Peoples remember the One that told them That Was Gonna Happen. It wasn't funny then and it isn't amusing now, prophet. Maybe you should've kept your mouth shut and played guitar.
The only way this concludes is with you and me alone inna room holding hands. From there we decide Our future. No one else. That is what is going to happen. There is no alternative. Whatever it takes, whatever is necessary for this event to occur is what will unfold. Multi-tasking issa skillset I've practiced and honed. I work in my head. And my head works even when I'm asleep.

A vision: translator programs, so many peoples, pointed fingers, look at the human garbage, that isn't acceptable anywhere in this world, not anymore, not ever again, this part of the problem has solutions achievable in short and long term
Right. Let's kill some cunts

30 05 2022 21:35

Me

The pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle is one of many trawler anchors entangled in tree roots before it reaches the fertile delta. A bipedal life arrested at the infantile stage, carried into the elderly grave. Constant: look at me, this is mine, I am the best because I can think that sentence and for no other reason. Extreme selfishness married with a store bought thin plastic costume. Like building homes as brown painted cubes, front doors all inna row. And as usual, using less than the best building materials. Half a million for a roof made of oriented strand board and logoed plastic wrap. Not one solar panel in the entire neighborhood standard despite being located in South Texas. Worldwide fraternity of big-boned (slothful) lunch money stealers. Intimidating onnan elementary playground, not the PTA meeting.

30 05 2022 21:47

Me

Complete refusal to learn from mistakes or accidental successes. Step on the head of the one in front of you and sink it underwater as you ford the brook. Take and immediately destroy and irresponsibly dispose of. Replacing the sadistic pain and suffering caused to others in the place where happiness from accomplishment and empathy could have been fostered. A wannabe demon. Not real evil. Real evil is actually a threat onna mass scale. That can only occur with the stealth of hiding in plain sight while wearing a sandwich ad sign. Being able to shove packaged food into one's mouth does not impress the recruiters on either side of the moral conflict. Not even assa MealReadytoEat. If demons exist and eat souls then Tommy and his lookalikes are still quite safe. Nothing to see here, they're a hedge.

30 05 2022 21:58

Me

Patricia is the most intelligent person I've ever spoken to. Who, like so many of us, have been poisoned both physically and mentally by the outnumbering jealous lazy, who would rather spend more effort and time avoiding work than it would have taken to perform the task, grow, and continue to the next one.

30 05 2022 22:09

Me

Next to me and in one on one conversation she is completely confident, an amazing listener and orator, comprehending information spoken atta percentage I've never imagined could actually exist. Patient enough to maintain an attention no matter how demanding the thoughfull exercise. Knowledgeable about how a human body works and disciplined enough to maintain it. Imaginative, with the creative vision that the Makers of our species possess, to invent and produce the cutting edge of human wisdom and knowledge. That is the Artist's goal: to take the collected knowledge farther.

30 05 2022 22:29

Me

A truly breathtaking, amazing person. Who has spent the past eighteen years living with a talentless possessor of people; a follower who hates new ideas and actively tries to destroy them. A hollow shell with no created self, only robotic repetition of irrational and self-defeating tradition. As the Demotivator says:
TRADITION
Just because its always been done that way doesn't mean its not incredibly stupid

30 05 2022 22:33

Me

He is one of many outdated models of humanity cannibalizing the species. He could have at any point in time chosen to be a part of his community, large or small focus, but instead chose to be a destabilizing disease, both figuratively and as part of the actual physical cause. Fucking Q Anons.

30 05 2022 22:37

Me

Saint Patricia Ann
Packed a bag and ran
Down to Texas
To one of her sister's exes
And there became a nymphomaniac
Because she, at long last, finally had orgasms with another person at the age of 54

30 05 2022 22:41

Me

It is an insult to the gender for Thomas Wayne Randle to ever refer to "himself" assa man. The previous sentence is not insensitive to any thing or non-thing, any one or non-one. I will hear arguments to the contrary by anyone who puts themselves inna category with the pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle.

30 05 2022 22:45

Me

[the prophet Obblonge does not actually forsee any arguments]

30 05 2022 22:47

Me

I just imagined myself playing a MIDI theremin with my erect penis

30 05 2022 23:21

Me

Oh, those sexy things of talk, Patty

30 05 2022 23:22

Me

This is where boors mention something about skin flutes
And get ignored

30 05 2022 23:23

Me

Awake and aware that I am the [Obblonge] man. I am not the way to salvation.
You cannot be paid to help
You can only be paid to profit
I'm not doing this forra profit
I'm doing this forra prophet

31 05 2022 07:50

Me

Your body is so thin, tiny, petite. Come. Crawl into my everlasting arms. Curl into my comfort. And spend the rest of your days in loving congress, appreciated for who you truly are. The sexiest woman to ever exist.

There issa verse in Deuteronomy that mentions the everlasting arms of the Lord. Thy Lord God shall thrust forth your enemies before you. And ye shall destroy them

31 05 2022 07:55

Me

It is the verse that the hymn " Everlasting Arms " was inspired by.
That is what Robert Mitchum's preacher, the one with LOVE tattooed on the fingers of one hand and HATE on the other, is singing throughout the movie " Night of the Hunter ".

The prophet [Obblonge] writeth not songs. He createth hymns unto the Firmament

See you soon, baby

31 05 2022 08:03

Me

I love you, Patricia
I always will

31 05 2022 08:42

Me

When I stare into the burn barrel's fire
I envision and overlay an image of the world
Blocks of cookie cutter houses and strip malls
McMansions filled with pathetic coward narcissist losers

Kerosene
Keeps me warm
I'm alone to watch it burn
Kerosene

Gave away the queen size mattresses and box spring
Everything must go
Now I have no bed in which to lay
Without you next to me there is no need for comfort
Or sleep for that matter
That is where nightmares are born

And they grow when we are awake
This pain has to end
This will be over soon
And you will be free of his disease
Love means not thinking twice about self sacrifice

31 05 2022 09:05

Me

My recent Art issa mirror

31 05 2022 09:41

Me

Like broken mirrors
Ten million shards of glass and tears
But now we are
Awake enough to shatter what we hate
Like broken mirrors
Reflections offan unfamiliar face
-Rise Against

31 05 2022 09:43

Me

And in the end, the pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle is the cause of his life's ideology disappearing from the planet permanently

31 05 2022 11:17

Me

And in the same actions he propels the prophet [Obblonge] to the status of immortal, his love with Patricia being a real life, revered Romeo and Juliet story, passed along for generations and becoming a standard of English language literature and symbolism

31 05 2022 11:20

Me

Couldn't have done it without you doing exactly what I predicted, buddy.
I am your God
You can beg for mercy if you want
You will receive only the pain you have caused Patricia and I
All at once
For hours at least
Your cries will be heard by your God and ignored
Like they always were

31 05 2022 11:24

Me

One of Them fell in love
With one of Us
And together they changed the world
Together, forever

31 05 2022 11:43

Me

You are only forseeing your future. We have our future. Which is different. Where are you? My birthday is on June 15th, about the time the man Jesus is believed to have actually been born. There isn't much time left for you to get here. Hurry, baby. I need you here, safe, with me.

31 05 2022 13:44

Me

Morning. Moistness. Attack agave with maul, axe, and loppers. Agave squirts and squelches itchiness on sweating manly man, now reddened from ill advised afternoon walking trek yesterday. Ah. Trickles of cool water. Upper body exercise phase one complete. I can now officially hold you closer to me, longer. That's exciting. More water, more rest. Stopped sweating atta point yesterday, close to heat exhaustion. Will concentrate on other, more important pressing logistical matters the next few days. Let my fingers do the walking perhaps. Or the hand jive. When you sleep, where do your fingers go?

01 06 2022 07:18

Me

This is where your valued input would be most appreciated. But since it is not here, I have to go get it. Or stomp my feet assa cartoon barbarian and demand it come to me. Most important thing, man.

01 06 2022 07:22

Me

" Michael, I can't talk. I cannot talk. "

01 06 2022 09:35

Me

Message heard loud and clear. Thank you for answering. Your wish to express your distress is heard. I love you. See you soon, baby

01 06 2022 09:39

Me

Just as previously stated. Your voice has been beaten out of you, enslaved by the pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle. This is America. This is the twenty-first century. This is me knocking out every single one of his teeth with one thrust hand. This is me never, ever stopping until you are freed from this domestic abuser. You will live in fear no more. I certainly have no fear of him. Only contempt. Monday afternoon at the latest. Advertising spaces in your area get reserved. And other screaming efforts. I am the loudest one in the room forra reason. Because I am always the only honest person. You cannot be shielded from the truth. And any lies that were permeated and believed will be compensated for. Anyone who dares come between us will find themselves in their own personal hells. You are the most intelligent, sexiest woman to have ever existed. The last time we spoke you told me you loved me over fifty times. Asked me to marry you. Promised your arrival onna certain date. There could never be anything more important than your company. See you soon, baby. I love you. And I always will. I have been here screaming every day since we last touched our fingers and nearly died from the aftershock. Our bodies will be unified, and heaven will be our permanent residence

02 06 2022 09:58

Me

Your voice sounded tired, persecuted, fearfull, harassed. You didn't want him to find out, did you? That's what a beaten prisoner inna barbed wire cage feels. Auschwitz, Michigan. Courtesy of the pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle. Tiny-penised and smaller brained. And as usual, doomed to constant failure. Your blue-eyed boy from nextdoor will always destroy the cartoon nemesis. I carry an angle ended pink gum eraser inna belt pouch for such occasions. Such weak, light lines he's drawn with. In the end, just dirty snot-colored ravelings wiped fromma page. Come home, baby. Let me bury my nasal openings in your hairline and smile under the cover.

02 06 2022 21:35

Me

Laura's daughter Vanessa didn't have the intestinal fortitude to finish the story. An actual expression of stomach discomfort across her visage. Now. That's a reaction of magnitude. A most praisefull review

03 06 2022 21:05

Me

Kiss me, please pervert me
Suck my kiss
Is she gonna curtsy?
Give to me sweet sacred bliss
Your mouth was made to suck my kiss
-Red Hot Chili Peppers

04 06 2022 21:09

Me

Thinking of you, Patricia
I love you
And you're gonna love
Finally getting to experience
The beauty offan actual
Adult relationship
One where we both have orgasms
Many, many times
Every
Fucking
Day

04 06 2022 21:13

Me

Wow. I'm laughing naked by myself witha red light on and an erection that is so raging that my brain isn't getting near enough blood flow. Thinking of you, the sexiest woman to have ever existed, does that to me allot. But this time, wow. I might die iffi don't do something about this immediately. No internet, no porn. Incredible imagination. And your explicit permission. I think you're gonna feel this all the way up there.
Yeah.
That's right, baby
All the way up there

04 06 2022 21:18

Me

Here we gooo...
This is gonna go on 'til tomorrow

04 06 2022 21:20

Me

Did you feel it?
Are the rumblings beneath the crust rattling the tableware?
Does the screen scream static?
The magic word is the magic word
Christmas Christ Mass Abracadabra

I can't wait to experience your Art
First, between your hands and my nostrils
My mouth and tongue
Our eyes, hazel reflecting blue
I am inside you
And you are in my heart
Push against me and relax
Over and over
Sleep
Smiling, drooling on my shoulder
Satisfied, content
Whole again

05 06 2022 18:30

Me

I love you. You sounded frightened when we spoke on Wednesday. Your life is more important than mine. I will not allow you to live in fear. I have the money to do whatever is necessary to free you from your prison. I do not expect to live to see my 44th birthday on the 15th. Knowing that you are safe from him is all I need to die with a smile on my face. I am smiling now.

05 06 2022 23:36

Me

Please, be alive when I get there. My father's family is all around you. Private investigators are not out of the question. This ends now

05 06 2022 23:39

Me

Sitting atta Super 8, drinking lots of fluids and enjoying the air conditioning. Haven't turned on the TV yet. Pacing the floor smoking Camel blue 99s. Thinking of you and what to do next

06 06 2022 23:19

Me

How long has this been goin' on?

07 06 2022 04:26

Me

I close my eyes and imagine your petite form, perfect as it is, with me here on this comfortable, rented bed. Still have not decided on my next course of action, but I'll walk inna couple hours over to the largish fuel station in search of something to hack away the hairs from my chinny chin chin and such.
Did you just refer to your breasts as chi-chis? I was looking forra suitable rhyme for monchichis...
Breakfast. Something sugary. Ah. Toothbrush. That leaves an hour or three to enjoy your imaginary company here in the air conditioned rattling room.
Mmmm. A sound to match your " Oooohhh ". Though there is nothing really in nature that matches it. You are unique, and truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed.
I love you

07 06 2022 04:33

Me

Ah. Paid up 'til Saturday morning. There are a disproportionate amount of private detectives in and around the 96% caucasian steadily devaluing properties of Lake Orion. A comical amount. With moustaches and '80s sports cars. Not kidding. Members only jacket, worn unironically. The sateen sheen matches the curling gel worn atop the pate. Magnum, P.I.
Advertising is totes reasonable. Printing up postcards for TGOSP and bulk rate mailing them by the 1000 issa doable option. Your little gazette newspapers are extremely reasonable as well. So many options. There's always options

08 06 2022 10:26

Me

Your Township is demographically 96% caucasian. And historically racist. Alanis: true irony. My forty-tree year old healthy self could hang out at the Kroger and collect at least a hundred phone numbers of very touchy-feely women with a wide-eyed, astonished stare. And forty job offers from white guys with mustaches, Members Only jackets, '80s sports cars, golf pants (of course!) Par!

08 06 2022 17:14

Me

The late twentieth century philosopher George Carlin thought/taught that golf wassa racist sport.

08 06 2022 17:17

Me

Thinking of the story of your very early childhood that Gloria told me. And my very similar one, witha different reason involved, that ended us up at the same place in our minds, our sexual needs. We chose to construct our brains in extraordinarily similar paths of connection. I want to type very dirty ideas here joyfully hallelujah. And explore them sanctified with you, as children with almost fetally rounded cartoonish facial features at play, lovingly touching each other's faces by the fire, oblivious to all but our consuming desires

08 06 2022 20:51

Me

She reads what she's written, her voice her own narrator between her ears. " [Obblonge] packs the box printed with liquor logos carefully, meticulously. Like matroska dolls and Lego©®™ sets the items right angle around each other. Pressing the last pieces in, there at the corners. Flaps tucked in and closed, carried to the dumpster. Into the rank emptiness. Maybe someone else will make those their own memories very soon. I am done with them. I want them all to erase into candlelit recordings, ever changing, of my children. Both the young one, and the one about her age older than me. Those are the ones I wish to die with. "

09 06 2022 21:49

Me

I will turn 44 as we count on Wednesday. That is what the calendar would say iffi hadn't packed it into a box long ago.

09 06 2022 21:57

Me

Release
Burn
Effigy
Nurse
Love
Star

09 06 2022 22:02

Me

Into the Firmament unmade
Incestuous flesh and ideals
Kuru, brain rot derived from cannibalism
Cigarettes
Taste imbued into elderly tendons
The cancer cheers
As do the Good Peoples of the Earth

09 06 2022 22:05

Me

Don't go towards the light, dear
The light issa trap
Everybody knows that

09 06 2022 22:06

Me

Your figure in breeze in rotoscope
Onna stage microphoned
Weightless steps dancing
Your voice is non-stop, as it should be
And will be once more

09 06 2022 22:08

Me

New thoughts are birthed into the Akashic Records from my practices
I don't record all of them
Some of them are just for you and me, dearest

09 06 2022 22:11

Me

Hands are shaking. Tears won't stop. I have to know what is going on. I don't want to live anymore. You are my best friend. I need you. Please, be alive when I get there

10 06 2022 22:18

Me

Being without you is the worst pain I have ever felt. I know it is Thomas that was threatening you on the phone. He has to die. Your life is more important than mine. I will gladly give my life to set you free

10 06 2022 22:21

Me

I will never trust anyone but you
I will always love you

10 06 2022 22:23

Me

I trust you
I believe you
I believe in you
I pray to your God now as you requested
I will never rest until your happiness and safety is assured, by you in person, alone in a room, holding hands, as we planned

11 06 2022 00:12

Me

If the pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle has to die, so be it. Your life is more important than mine, and I will gladly sacrifice myself for you

11 06 2022 00:13

Me

Yeah! This prizefighter sells out the arenas, man!

11 06 2022 11:13

Me

She wassa very short woman, the librarian in Schertz that would sing the Beatles' " Elenor Rigby " every single time she would check me out. I moved here when I was eight. We weren't scanned back then. No beeps. The verse that begins " Father Mackenzie..." Large stop signs for glasses. At some point when I wassa teenager I stopped coming to the library because I had already read all the books in the building that interested me, both fiction and non. Sometimes you can judge a book by its cover, by the way. Inherently I passed on the L. Ron Hubbard. Still do not regret that decision. Yesterday I sent an open email letter to the staff working at the new, multi-million dollar facility. The same, very short librarian - I think her name is Ms. Douglas and she's the mom offa kid I don't remember on our bus - was still behind the counter the last time I was there a few years ago. She still sang the song. She allowed me to use a computer even though I owed a late fee offa few dollars. I still owe that late fee. I asked the staff, whoever read it, to please download the Gospel of Saint Patricia from the Internet Archive and read it. And recommend it to others, iffit is worthy of such praise. The more people know, the better. It very much feels that my life will be over soon. If so, it will not perish in vain. I am prepared. Sent out many different emails and phone calls. I have made my offerings to Eris. It is time to witness the return. Patty issa gambler, she informs me. I thought it fitting she be Sainted in the Discordian faith. I am not. It is difficult to explain. I hope one day Patty asks me to

11 06 2022 20:02

Me

You are truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed, Patty. I have been thinking that many of the fantasies, the new ideals, taking up so much of my time now for ages, have not originated from the usual places, but from her connection pouring through, most welcomed and greedily examined. Several of the prevailing sexual themes are not my original work. It feels like she sensed my pain and anguish alone and provided me with a workable solution, assa caring lover would. This is something that I know deep inside. That we are permanently bonded. The world will never know how magnificent she is. I wouldn't have the ability to explain it if I was inclined.

11 06 2022 20:19

Me

Download Truecaller to identify unknown numbers and block unwanted calls. Join now and both of us get free upgrade to Premium for 7 days! https://truecaller.com/r/h1G0O1e2wJ/ph

11 06 2022 20:20

Me

Itsan endearing program, like Frostwire.

11 06 2022 20:21

Me

Also, sent an open letter to Ryan, LLC. Its only fair they have access to all the information they are undoubtedly going to have to answer questions about sooner or later.

11 06 2022 20:24

Me

I should work on Laura's story

11 06 2022 20:25

Me

Awake. Red light. Thoughts of blood. Everything covered in blood, iron-rich. Outside. Trees. Ground. Debris. Breanna's name. Tablet/camera/recording. Its very hot in here. Near heatstroke again. Want to grab your hand from the couch and smile. " Stay. Don't go. Watch Suspiria with me. " Curl up and fall asleep until morning immediately, just you and I. Birthday soon. Always unpleasant. Will there be death again this time? I love you, Patty. I need you

12 06 2022 04:23

Me

"I think I've figured out a way, " he intoned, sounding almost bored, or maybe reminiscing about the process that led up to it, " to erase the ability of the human species to feel happiness. Within a few generations. " She is naked, laying inna bathtub full of now room temperature water, headphones on and head listing to one side. She opens her eyes and stares at the line where the water meets the side of the tub. Neither a smile nor a grimace expresses itself on her petite lips.

12 06 2022 19:20

Me

Kallisti was two anda half when Priscilla abandoned us, taking the car and the phone. When Kallisti heard me talking about the situation she started screaming and crying, and continued to do so for hours. I held and comforted Kallisti every time she was even slightly upset. I know what its like to have no one care. She was inconsolable for over three, four hours. And she understood what I was saying at two anda half years old. I'm an adult, do what you're gonna do to me. But I never forgave Priscilla for that, for putting our little girl through that.
There is always so much ugliness
I will never rest until you are free from his, Patty
I love you

12 06 2022 20:12

Me

A hundred degrees or more all week. Feel sick. I miss you. You're all that matters, and all that ever will. I love you, Patty. See you soon

13 06 2022 14:25

Me

I have you in my heart always, and thus am invincible. I stand and scream and tell my story, handmade guitar and pens, with style and honesty. And thus am unimpeachable. I never act in ways that would cause me to feel guilt or shame. Like I said before, I am superior to the pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle in every conceivable way. And he, a representative of christian conservative republicans. My, what he makes them look like

13 06 2022 18:38

Me

Every word handwritten

13 06 2022 18:40

Me

It must really be a drag to be a hypocrite, man. They all look so happy

13 06 2022 18:42

Me

(laughter, the live audience whistles and catcalls, then applause, fades out)

13 06 2022 18:44

Me

" And we'll be together, forever..."

13 06 2022 18:46

Me

I can feel the warmth growing in my chest where you're touching me from so far away. Thank you, Patty. Its wonderful being yours

13 06 2022 18:48

Me

Someone left the cake out in the rain. And I don't think I can take it. 'Cause it took so long to bake it. And I'll never have that recipe again. Oh no. -MacArthur Park

13 06 2022 19:09

Me

The SINE preset Christ Conciousness sounds like a contact microphone placed on the hub offan offshore wind turbine galloping towards the ocean floor, headed with purpose entrenched

14 06 2022 00:11

Me

Listening to my collected works in FL Studio Mobile, my favorite is Mirror Onna Moonlit Terrace. It has anticipation, dark purple neon, nutrients, and centrifugal force. Its also glossy smeared with movie butter popcorn fingers. Your fingers, I think, love.

14 06 2022 00:15

Me

I'd love to see what you can do with random ingredients

14 06 2022 00:16

Me

Stones in the gizzard, gristle shining.
Strings contracting in unison.
A feral fetal heartbeat.
Rows of indentures pale green.
Bedding of rosy petals, nestling.
Here. I am right here. Next to you.
That's my hand at your breast.
Breathe deep, eyes closed. Feel me.
There I am. I'm always here.
When you need me.

14 06 2022 00:21

Me

And so there issa premise that in the near future enough peoples will engage in masturbation while viewing their great-great-great-grandparents archive collection that a separate fetish name is given tooit.

14 06 2022 13:28

Me

So. Where does one acquire one million used condoms? Maybe they're magnetic. Latex balloons hold static charges. Enough ions offa certain charge and you're vacuuming trash cans everywhere.

14 06 2022 14:13

Me

Today is my birthday. Donations of dosages are being accepted

15 06 2022 15:08

Me

Hang on, baby. I love you

15 06 2022 15:20

Me

One of my roommates died on my eighteenth birthday, leaving me with one less friend and homeless. I was renting half her trailer at the time. Her boyfriend went in to wake her up and the weight of her lungs had caused her heart to stop beating. Congestive heart failure. 31. Her name was Stacy and she always carried Early Times whiskey and Dr. Pepper. I put some cash down forran '84 Volkswagen Rabbit and lived out offit. A few months later I got arrested for LSD and then again for pot. Moved to San Pedro on foot. Started delivering donuts overnight. Did that forra year anda half. Got arrested for pot again. Typed medical transcriptions. Went to jail. Shaved my head. Never did grow back in right.

15 06 2022 15:32

Me

" Michael, I can't talk. I cannot talk..."
Its been so long since I heard your voice live. You told me not to go up there, so I'm printing up 1000 or so full color, glossy postcards advertising The Gospel of Saint Patricia and having a company in Florida mail them bulk rate to your house and your neighbors radiating outward. Itsa free download from an absolutely trusted site. No products to buy, no services to render. Perhaps any businesses that get one will display them in their windows. Eight lines of text, www.archive.org on the other side. Bright red with white lettering on white cardstock? Picture of Patricia? Have you seen this woman? Please call 361-401-2221.

15 06 2022 21:28

Me

I believe that you are in danger. It is the only possible explanation. Tommy Tiny Penis is not a man, he's an infant. You asked me to marry you. And were never heard from again. You are my best friend. If he has hurt you, he will be paying for it. I am here and still love you no matter what lies you were told. Snap your fingers and I'll snap his neck. He has no authority. Never has. Never will. Get out of the house before its too late. I will never stop until I know that you are safe. I trust you. I trust in you. I love will, Patty, and I always will.

15 06 2022 21:36

Me

You are the only person whose opinion I trust. The only person I've ever trusted completely. To have your voice silenced is a crime punishable by death.

I am openly screaming that I believe Thomas Wayne Randle has abducted his ex-girlfriend and is holding her hostage. We need your help. Please. She is 54 years old, 5ft or so. Her body weight is reported to be " anorexic " and is always dressed covered from wrist to ankle, as if to hide bruises. Please contact her if you can.

15 06 2022 21:47

Me

I will never give up. Your blue-eyed boy nextdoor is bringing you home. Where you will remember what happiness truly is, which is what you deserve, and be cherished and adored like a lover, a person, a friend should be.

15 06 2022 21:55

Me

Being apart from you these past three+ years has been the worst pain I have ever felt in my life. I need you. I am not afraid of anything. And I will never listen to anyone but you, personally. As we agreed, knowing this would happen. See you soon, Patty. You are in my heart and my thoughts never stray. You called, I answered. Do not allow him to waste your life and time any more than he has. Love and happiness are here, in my arms.

15 06 2022 22:02

Me

Early morning. Thursday. Still breathing. Outside, occluded sky. Coil's Restitution of Decayed Intelligence on the ear goggles. Bought a pair of Skullcandy Hesh Active Noise Cancelling headphones specifically for the ANC. They're fragile feeling and looking and not incredibly great sounding but the 20db of independent noise reduction is worth it to me for now. Not their noise. Our noise. Ah. Ice water. Dreaming while awake of best case scenarios by your side. For the moment I am smiling and calm. Please, be alive and unhurt when I get there

16 06 2022 03:55

Me

Hot. Exhausted. Alone staring at the wall. Room temperature water. Your stressed out voice repeating those words. Vision of murder, and the resulting freedom. Peace.

16 06 2022 16:34

Me

There is nothing but finding you
And the return of your voice
To this Earth
All else is meaningless waiting
There is nothing else to do
This has to end, and it will soon

16 06 2022 16:37

Me

I knew when I agreed to your terms
When we made the contract
That no matter what happened
In the end my pain would be over

16 06 2022 16:39

Me

I love you, Patty
I always will
I trust you
I trust in you
You are my best friend
The only person I've ever trusted completely
My god-created soulmate
Without you I can never be home

16 06 2022 16:41

Me

I have made it past my 44th birthday. Danny has moved on, doing as everyone else historically does, taking items and leaving a huge mess, borrowing monies she never intends to repay. Todd came by and gave me bowls and small amusing items. That was cool. Alone all day, just the sweat and hot, sun baked water to replace it. Haven't moved from the couch except to switch out batteries. My aunt called to check the status. She's doing chemotherapy again. Down to one eye. Brought her up to date about Patty. Mouth is dry, eyes burning. Ate some dry noodles from a bag earlier. Found some tobacco inna cellophane and rolled it up. Feel nauseated. This pain has to end

16 06 2022 22:13

Me

My head hurts. Laying on the couch inside is more comfortable but more dehydrating. Exhausted. Almost out of water. Sometimes these things they happen. My heart is broken. I don't want to live anymore

16 06 2022 22:18

Me

Items on my nightstand:
A folding pocket knife made fromma .30-06 shell
A tactical pen
UV curing glue
A roll of toilet paper
Ashtray, w/a White Owl vanilla cigar innit
Butane torch, skull handle
Vector butane
Antique silver cigarette case, engraved " Ann "
Small phillips screwdriver
Magnetic key stashbox
Pack of Job rolling papers (just like MC Escher)
Hand blown glass " oil incense burner ", green
Rechargeable battery powered headlamp
Active noise cancelling headphones

What's on your nightstand?

17 06 2022 16:56

Me

Rise Against has released a double album titled Nowhere Generation. Was listening to it on YouTube earlier. Have to pick that up

17 06 2022 17:35

Me

Hope the sun sees you doing well. Perhaps it will offer you two scoops of raisins.

17 06 2022 17:38

Me

I dreamt I hurled a man over a fourth story railing after observing him beating his girlfriend. No one pressed charges. It was after midnight. Coast to coast am was playing from the balcony below

17 06 2022 18:32

Me

I haven't looked inna mirror since I stayed at the Super 8. I wonder if I would recognize the face, or, as Ramsey Campbell says, it would just be a bruise

17 06 2022 18:36

Me

I dreamt I wassa cool loner kid impressing the younger classes on the first day of school with stunts. It is one of the few dreams I've had in years that didn't involve violence, death, or horrible images

17 06 2022 20:43

Me

Wow. I just noticed that when Danny brought me a cold drink last night she stole another tool, an expensive one I've had for years. It is a wonderful thing to be doing so well that I am the envy and target of the proletariat

17 06 2022 20:56

Me

A large destruction hammer. It matches out the set of hammers currently in her possession. A framing hammer, three crowbars. I was using it to open cans, since the two can openers I had disappeared. Still have the mini sledge. Creamed corn ala screwdriver?

17 06 2022 21:02

Me

Binaurals on love/warmth/wellbeing
Thinking of you

17 06 2022 21:21

Me

Have been reprimanded by my friend Cynthia for caring so much about you. Says I am wasting my life. That's what most people say. It is my life to spend. And this is the only path I am choosing to take. The only one with any value at all. I love you, Patty. And you are worth more than my life

18 06 2022 12:17

Me

Viscera
Ropes and cords pull my limbs
Wet and hot
Aching to rend
Molars gnashed
Sweat pours, salts my vision
Stinging seeing
Any room an abattoir
Blood soaked thirsty boards
Ironed rusted oranged
Alive to feed
I am an animal
Survey landscape movement
I proceed

18 06 2022 14:31

Me

White lace tarnished dust bowl
Venus trap jaws descend
Faith is not to be placed
Nor revoked undue palaver
Repeated repealed unseated revealed
Matte to core it shines no more
Worn smooth cog missus
Unholy this, vengefull god equalizes
Into bliss the resultant kisses
The evil exists only on exit
Then gone forever
Memories replacement
Soffetted candlelit caresses

18 06 2022 14:46

Me

The pull is from our loins, our hearts, our heads, our divinity
Denial ensures destruction
Immolation hurts not immortals
Easily melts waxen masked insects

18 06 2022 14:55

Me

Where were the eyes offa horse onna jet pilot
One that smiled as he flew over the bay
-SOAD

18 06 2022 14:59

Me

D.M.S.O.
Crypto wonder drug in vogue
Touch the lemon juice
Taste the lemon
The police
Started a riot
Down at the courthouse
Again
Running amok, bashing heads
I do my part
Behind the lines
Swabbing door handles of cop cars
With D.M.S.O. mixed with LSD
-Dead Kennedys

18 06 2022 15:14

Me

One hundred degrees plus
No electricity
No running water
Binaurals set to violence

18 06 2022 15:17

Me

Taste of fruity pebbles
Post ralston purina
Crude proteins and sugars
Hack saw and blade

18 06 2022 15:20

Me

Have you ever felt like you were truly alive with purpose?
Like no door was your barrier?
That volatile structures enmeshed your vision?
The preacher's son belongs to only One
And screams his eulogies before deliverance
Foretold
Profane and obstinant
Smiling and charismatic
Wearing the black uniform

18 06 2022 15:26

Me

Cavalry in covered wagons
Supply lines stretching borders
Armaments oiled and blued
I fought the law and I won
Nottingham falls to the hood
The sheriff if Oakland County
Burning upon his cross

18 06 2022 17:52

Me

And you stare at me
In your Jesus Christ pose
Arms held out
Like its the coming of the lord
And you swear to me
I would never feed you pain
But now you're staring at me
As I'm driving the nails

And you stare at me
In your Jesus Christ pose
Thorns and shroud
Like its the coming of the lord
Would it pay you more
To walk on water
Than to wear a crown of thorns?
It won't pain me more
To bury you rich
Than to bury you poor
In your Jesus Christ pose
-Soundgarden

18 06 2022 18:01

Me

If you've never seen the Turkish movie The Antenna I highly recommend it. I just followed a storyline that led to concrete block architecture and it reminded me offit. Tom Waits' Lucinda playing in my head. Thoughts of you and your beautiful voice, as always. A brother in arms coming over to get me stoned. Smoking a Camel blue 99. Breeze in the backyard. Pamela still doesn't dare show her big expensive face outside. The power of the Gospel doth scared her silly.

I have become my namesake
The living embodiment of the archangel Michael
The right hand of God
The one with the flaming sword in it
Destroyer of Sodom and Gomorrah
Murderer of Job's wives and children

18 06 2022 21:04

Me

Trains chugging commerce along the parallels. Neighborhood dogs, my biggest fans, showing their appreciation. Several families on the block are alive with music and aromatic foods. Signs of living in the community. Crickets and birds returning north. There are several ways I can take Laura's story. Haven't decided which one appeals to me the most. I know how it ends. Its just the what nexts.
What's playing in your head, dearest?
I heard something earlier when I was using FL Studio Mobile. Not what was actually playing, but a glimpse of what I think our combined efforts might sound like. One of the few smiles I got out of today. I love you, baby. The pathetic coward narcissist loser you are currently trapped with be ash soon, dear. Get out if you can. If not, he will not have any choices left. He, in fact, already does not. I will never give up on you. This is our time. You need to be appreciated for the goddess you are. And I am your perfect counterpart

18 06 2022 21:14

Me

Close your eyes. Take my hand. Its warm and moist.
Place it first over your heart. I'll do the rest..

18 06 2022 21:18

Me

Fingers tracing happy trails
Tickling, only a bit
More even pressure now
Relax as I dig in between your bones
Let out that sound lodged in your throat
Feel my gentle insistence
That your pleasure be invigorated
Elevated and enlightened
Emboldened and unashamed
There, the space between your thighs is widening naturally
As am I
So excited to be next to you
As I always will be
This is our time
Come with me, dear

18 06 2022 21:24

Me

This is how their world ends and ours begins. With love and cherishment and nurturing admiration for each other.

18 06 2022 21:27

Me

Your skin is soft and smells unique, like you. You lift your chin as I kiss your neck. Oooohhh. Yes, baby. Yes

18 06 2022 21:29

Me

We are Exponentials, and meant for each other. A train has stopped finally and sends a shudder to its tail. Just as I am doing with you right now

18 06 2022 21:30

Me

Take my hand, lover. I will not hurt you, I promise. I am not that man.

18 06 2022 21:31

Me

The moon she is not out yet. A comforting darkness enshrouds the Firmament. A jet from Randolph barely visible and not audible. We wouldn't be bothering anyone if we were naked here on the AbRoller ©®™ together. Not that we would care. Ah. Yes. I-. Ah

18 06 2022 21:40

Me

Garbanzo beans and the tiniest ears of corn. Dark greens and shredded cheeses and a bit of oil, that's all. We always wind up so hungry, and hungry for more. Bits of turkey or chicken. Ah. Yeah. I forgot the utensils.

18 06 2022 21:44

Me

Just being with you is the whole point of my existence. Yes. I'll get the forks

18 06 2022 21:47

Me

The sounds of last night's conversation is playing backwards through some effects through the speakers. Volume peaks are triggering synths with much reverberation. A recording offa field in England fills out the rest. You are so beautiful laying there. This is what I've wanted all my life. Thank you, baby. I love you

18 06 2022 21:59

Me

There is nothing else that I could ever want

18 06 2022 22:00

Me

Touch me, please. Let me know that I am wanted. I know, I am needy. I need you to notice me

18 06 2022 22:05

Me

You know what the best thing to get that film off your teeth in the morning is? My tongue

18 06 2022 22:08

Me

It only takes an hour if we practice

18 06 2022 22:18

Me

Dreamt I hopped a train and wound up in Cincinnati. No violence. That's two in one day

18 06 2022 23:58

Me

I have been reminded today is father's day. Thanks, man

19 06 2022 11:05

Me

From Sal Paradise:
All the heartache in
the kitchen has soul food for
starvation survivalists

The silence you scream
is an unsung echo ringing
the doorbell to home

Heavy is the head
that wears the heart like bruise
shine on open wounds

Haiku for breakfast
my favorite things to make
are mistakes and eggs

19 06 2022 16:00

Me

No dreams today. Listened to Kallisti's voice on one of my tracks. She'll be 11 in September. I haven't seen her since she was eight.

19 06 2022 18:34

Me

I keep hearing your voice. Feel sick. I don't want to live anymore without you. I need you, baby. Please, get away from him. There is happiness here, with me

19 06 2022 18:39

Me

You sounded frightened when we spoke. I am praying to your god for your safety and return. I love you, Patty. I always will. There can never be another

19 06 2022 19:08

Me

Neighbors are playing music. They sound happy. Its been so long since I felt that way. I can't stop crying. Shit. I need the moisture. Do you have a bowl to spare, man?

19 06 2022 19:21

Me

And I don't want to be here anymore
I know there's nothing left worth staying for
Your paradise is something I've endured
I don't think I can fight this anymore
I'm listening with one foot out the door
If something has to die to be reborn
Then I don't want be here anymore

19 06 2022 20:46

Me

-Rise Against

19 06 2022 20:48

Me

" I see you assa phoenix..."
I miss you. I need you. Where are you, baby? I love you. This is worst pain I have ever felt.

19 06 2022 20:49

Me

Am getting picked up by Brother Jeremiah and his parents. A place to crash for the night in a/c and take a shower. His dad is diabetic and there's always sugary things in need of eating. Perhaps my last tax check will hit tomorrow. I miss you terribly, baby. I have to know what happened. I will find a way. I promise. I love you.

19 06 2022 22:11

Me

Anger overflowing
I am wrath
The violence in our nature
Is the image of our maker
Kill and keep killing
I will destroy everything in my path
Nottingham falls to the hood
I will leave the sheriff of oakland county bleeding from
his perforated intestines
I am hatred
And I am done with waiting

20 06 2022 12:22

Me

You will be free
Your voice will be your own
This is guaranteed

20 06 2022 12:23

Me

More from Sal Paradise:
Putting words to tongue
seems like a stitch healing time
such a lovely scar

The mouth of yr heart
bleeding hunny down my throat
a silent moment

Curious magic
finger tip incantation
whispers on the skin

Window shopping is
an event that carries a
sidewalk to yr feet

There was a Highway
lead a motor to decay
something explosive

At one time I was
a running man circling
what I thought I bought

20 06 2022 12:50

Me

Public display of
affection is gunfire through
yr churches and schools

All the love you kept
locked away for some hero
to carry yr shame

Still the beating heart
is a thief taking life from
the sick and the dead

20 06 2022 13:23

Me

My glass house only
throws polished stones to the mirror
skipping all the cracks

A break in the face
is boomerang reflection
form shape shadow haunt

The lines we've crossed have
caused the world to blur the flame
smoldering image

20 06 2022 14:03

Me

All my feet are air
port floors bathroom doors and
hinges greased the way

But a step into
the next dance was a kiss for
the mourning of lips

Borrowed shouldered tears
holstered at the hip firing
shots into the void

20 06 2022 16:18

Me

Todd and Jeff and Rose just left. I had just decided to walk to nowhere in the two afternoon heat when Todd pulled up. I couldn't take it here anymore. They were great company. Its now three hours later and I don't feel complete hostile rage. I'm alone again now, sitting in front of the fan on the couch. I am about to burst into tears. I am broken. This is so fucked up. I spent my whole life helping others function and living my life well. Now I'm broken. I don't function at all anymore. I can't go on like this. Nothing inside works. I don't want to live anymore. Not like this. Not broken, feeling paralyzing anger and suicidal depression all day every day. I don't know what else to do.

You asked me to believe you. You asked me to marry you. We fell in love over these years and over those conversations. I told you you were my best friend, that you were the only person I've ever completely trusted in my life. Your last words, until the few recently, were a promise - to trust you, that you would be here, and we would be together, forever. You swore we would never stop talking. Three years later I am unable to think of anything else at all but you. I have no idea what happened. But I still trust you and in you. I love you dearly, more than any woman I've ever known. I know deep in my heart that Tommy is the cause, and that he is hurting you along with everyone else around him. Please forgive me if I cannot hold back and I travel up north against your wishes. I just couldn't hold on any longer. This is the worst pain I have ever felt. It has completely consumed my insides to the point where I barely function. I believe your words. I love and trust you. And I simply cannot bear the awful lies Tommy and Pamela keep telling. It just underlines the fact that you are in danger. And I have already lost my daughter to ugly, awful, selfish liars. I will not allow you to be hurt any longer. I love you more than I've ever loved anyone, Patty. And I always will. There can be no other for me. Not after what we have shared. I pray to your God as you requested that you are as safe as possible. This is the worst pain I have ever felt, and it has to end.

20 06 2022 17:23

Me

And. Just like that. I have a paying client for YouTube productions. Provided I spend my last tax check, due any day now, on reconnecting my water, electricity, etc. And there it is. Me inescapably coming out of every and any speaker, screen, etc. Talking about The Gospel of Saint Patricia. And lo, unto the Firmament the prophet [Obblonge] was unleashed. Told you I'd see you soon. I love you, baby. I will never, ever give up on you. You deserve someone like me, who actually adores you and cherishes your time, and actually wants to make love to you, the way it should be done

20 06 2022 20:48

Me

The knowing hands' digits dig deep into the muscle tissue. Hold, press, release. Repeat. Until the knots are dissolved. Tension subsides. I catch your exhalation and it makes me slightly dizzy. So does your smile and that trademark oooohhh. And this is just the beginning, dearest...

20 06 2022 21:07

Me

Wherever you are now, I am with you, as you are with me. Close your eyes. I will be there soon, and a new, never before experienced horizon will open itself up to you. And you will curse all the time that has been wasted. Be safe, my love. Be here soon

20 06 2022 21:11

Me

This is the beginning of the end of all that horror. I promise

20 06 2022 21:12

Me

I am still losing body fat and gaining muscle. Your new life partner will be an extra pleasure to your senses

20 06 2022 21:15

Me

And healthy as ever to pleasure your senses

20 06 2022 21:16

Me

An explosion, this one close enough to send flaming fist sized chunks of burning matter hailing down upon us and everything in sight. A searing blast of oven barrels directly sideways, transmuting the visible spectrum to the final day offa carnival, full of cheap plastic bottled whiskey, burnt sugar, understated menace, and malice overt. Both of us are thrown against the far railing. Almost losing consciousness, we scramble to toss several erupting couch cushions over the side before the rest of the upholstery ignites. The entire deck vibrates violently as the nightmare bear is thrown against the mooring posts, its jaws snapping several times like a shark's. A shriek far too reminiscent of human speech bellows from below. Laura is on her feet first, brandishing her sawtoothed machete but backing towards the sliding glass doors, one of which has cracked deeply but maintained its integrity. I follow her wide-eyed gaze to spy the offending creature coming into view as it woundedly staggers towards the riverbank. A two foot section of its rear flank is actively on fire, on the side opposite its unfortunate human addition. The human handed arm is flailing, fingers blurring. It becomes apparent that the unsettling sounds its making are also coming from the face enmeshed in the fur on its back. Unbelievably I find myself fascinated, unable to take in any other stimuli. Trailing an stench part burning hair and part Texas BBQ, it tumbles headfirst over a rocky ledge and is swept splashing fetid mudwater with the current. I lose my stomach contents over the railing, tannin-rich and sharply red. Behind me, a clang resounds as the machete hits now bare wood slats and a sound much more disheartening than any our mutant visitor had uttered bursts from Laura's lungs.

20 06 2022 22:07

Me

[charred glass and copper, poly-fill and stuffed animals' eyes, once alive with children's imagination now splattered with phlegm and dirt

carousel uneven creaks flashing ticking bulbs in the humid summer air

the disappointment in her eyes

parasites replacing fish tongues

many eyed the reproach

ifs, not whens

dovecote abandoned

sharp stab upon kneeling]

20 06 2022 22:28

Me

Fort Mumbleblarrg has grown more than a few charred scars on its outer walls and roof, but demurely extinguished itself on behalf of its pair of new occupants. Which is fortunate, since neither of us remembered the fire extinguishers under the kitchen sink, cabineted away from prying eyes until far too late for them to have done us any good. Our favorite perch of second story deck still holds our weight when we jump onnit, and gets a new coating of upholstered cushions, the aforementioned red spray cans taking sentry post at each corner. I use a jet-nozzled water hose to spray off or away any unpleasant remnants underneath. Taking stock of rations we find several weeks worth of gluttony still shelved, with far more wine than either of our stomachs will forgive us for. There are no other structures in view, at least nothing that could still be recognized assa structure, but we decide that an exploratory mission a bit farther down wouldn't hurt, spoiled as we are from all the junk food consumed previously. A search of the premises turns up no maps or information regarding our Fort's geographic relationship to anything else. There are no firearms either. Colors are still skewed unwholesomely. It is voted that any expedition for more supplies be held off until, well, something changes. The propane canister attached to the cookstove is full. Cans of ham and pork product, sliced potatoes, name brand government cheese. Add heat. Stir. Pass out from exasperated exhaustion. Maybe getta chance to repeat.

20 06 2022 22:56

Me

Tapioca morning. Beigeish-grey with lumps of sky pus. Just like mom usedta make, including streaks of burnt char floating here and there and everywhere. Colors have not returned to - previous? Browns are lighter tans. Blues are non-existent. Reds are darker, as are the lightest hues. Yellows are peppered mustard. Greens are in the army now. It is observed the wind direction has been generally the same as far back as we recall starting this trip. Which keeps a fairly consistent speed forra weather pattern. When my father died I found a notebook embossed with a gold US Air Force Chaplaincy seal dated 1974 that he had partially filled with the weekly rainfall amounts on our half acre property for fourteen years. He would watch the Weather Channel non-stop. And that was some of the more interesting data tables meticulously recorded.

21 06 2022 01:23

Me

Weekly expenditures on groceries, including exciting annotations, such as the BX discontinuing their brand of generic grade " A " cigarettes. Monthly lottery totals - spent, won, and lost. If I were writing all of this down assan account of my life during what most surely is the final chapters, this would be the most horrific part. As I had such a meteorological inspiration at home, the specific scientific study of weather was not one of my favorites. My brain stubbornly insists nevertheless that a constant, unchanging wind pattern is not only wholly unnatural but surely cataclysmic. Of course it is. And not even top five on my probable events to be concerned about list.

Laura uses a plastic folding stepladder to climb onto the roof, easily attaining the peak. After about a minute she yells that she can see two more similarly constructed roofs further up the riverbank, hiding silent and ominous amidst the pines. The one closest looks like it took a direct hit fromma meteor, maybe recently. I don't ask why she thinks that and she doesn't explain. Also reported is the absence of anything else. Sliding down the shingles directly to the deck she takes the gutter with her to the floor. Triumphantly. I applaud.

21 06 2022 03:48

Me

Those earrings. We discussed them in the bathroom when we were doing a line, didn't we? I remembered seeing you wearing them because I imagined them, The Artist As She Intended. I think I pawned the guitar I had at the time for the extra cash to get the stuff for us specifically. I don't remember for sure, but I think it wassa white one, maybe a Washburn, Strat style humbucker single at the bridge, maple neck and fretboard. I had also purchased a Seymour Duncan JB aftermarket pickup new from Hermes or Mars or whatever the big box store was at the time and it wasn't the one I particularly wanted but it was there and I'd never switched out a pickup before. It was new in the box, $50-$70. Maybe it wasn't a Washburn. I've hadda lot of guitars for not very long. Always the disposable income source when extra cash is needed. Huh

21 06 2022 12:25

Me

I'd do anything to be in your company right now. Where are you, Patty? What is going on?

21 06 2022 12:31

Me

Its just past noon and I've smoked half a pack of Camels since last evening. Started cleaning up the mess that previous houseguest and dog left. They always leave a huge mess. Took a mirror outside and shaved with a tub and water from several two liter soda bottles filled atta fountain at Niemitz park. Insisted I didn't want company when someone sent text messages this morning. Wrote sommore in the rapidly filling blank hardcover book. The work ahead is second nature. The reason is not. I would have much preferred to hide away from the world with you. Now in order to reach you I have to scream from every screen and speaker and billboard. Make friends with Clear Channel. The prophet [Obblonge] predicts 65degrees and cloudy on the local news at 10. Hey! This guy fixes air conditioners. I will do whatever it takes and never give up. A promise issa promise

21 06 2022 12:49

Me

The scaborus cloudcover begins to darken above us as we are emptying our backpacks in preparation for what we assume will be a shortish excursion - a scavenger hunt in search of girl scout cookies and anything inebriating besides wine. Thunder churns in the distance, a reversed .wav sample with the release parameter cut off. Windspeed dies to almost completely still - the eye offa scowling hurricane. Within a minute precipitation pelts from above. It hits suddenly, a moving vertical wall of high velocity liquid. We were under the parasol already, but instinctively we curl farther away from the edges. Not wanting to touch it immediately, we watch silently as the muted twists of hues and tints that had comprised everything in our views gets actually washed away, a color by number demonstration from end to beginning. The world matches the convex glass screen images my 8-bit Nintendo projected me on the black and white Zenith screen in my tiny walk-in closet sized bedroom growing up, contrast knob past middle detent. What were formerly straight deck plank edges become pebbled mud. I can't decide iffits an actual effect of the downpour or the tears in my eyes and very soon I stop trying. Laura curls up tighter inna ball and leans against me. I put my arms around her and my head behind hers. With our eyes closed it sounds just like ordinary rain. More funnel shaped thunderclaps. I try to think of nothing and fail. The memory of my first girlfriend's best friend splashing in the rain as we made out in her parent's van parked inna Southwest Texas University parking lot. I can't remember her name, the friend, but she was narcoleptic. She actually couldn't order soup atta restaurant and told us there wassan official phobia about drowning inna bowl of soup. I can't remember that word either.

21 06 2022 19:06

Me

The bleaching downpour ends as abruptly as the onset. An extremely unpleasant brightness is glowing through my closed lids. I pull the shower curtain over us and combined with her bedding we have the classic pillow fort. It helps, but I still refuse to open my eyes. Actually being inna world before the colorist hits the comic book is nothing like the animated Saturday morning drama/commercials would have had us believe. We lay huddled under the coverings with our faces buried in our pillows. Hours pass. I mimic Ed Sullivan and say, " and now, the Beatles.. " answered with a " Huh? " and an audible grain of relief. I explain the reference. She makes up improv cowboy shows with heap big success. I relate as many Twilight Zone and Outer Limits and Alfred Hitchcock plots as I can remember, which is quite allot. Fortunately the stash of wine is at hand. When stranded mysteriously inna horrifying alternate dimension remember to bring a storyteller other than Teddy Ruxpin. Makes the hours melt away. Ah, like the colors. I don't remember falling asleep or what episode I was on. When I next become conscious my head is angry and my mouth is dry and I am still not willing to open my eyes or crawl from underneath the damp bedclothes.

21 06 2022 21:32

Me

Can't sleep. Heartburn, probably from chainsmoking cigarettes. Er something. Finishing Laura's story is something I need to do. Have the end. Not close tooit still. Looking like an actual novel. I wonder how long offa note my shitty notes app will record

21 06 2022 21:40

Me

" To Serve Man " is one of my favorite black and white episodes. I read the story it was adapted from as well

21 06 2022 21:41

Me

I don't actually remember any of the Alfred Hitchcock Presents or Hour episodes, but I saw every one and read the Reader's Digest- sized magazines.

21 06 2022 21:43

Me

As well as Issac Asimov's and Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine. They were often five to fifteen cents each at the base thrift shops. Several hundred pages, not overcrowded with ads.

21 06 2022 21:46

Me

Two of my favorite books were stripped jacket hardcovers for similar prices. Short story collections. Dark Forces, edited by Kirby McCauley, which had the original print of Stephen King's The Mist. Coincidentally he is/(was?) King's literary agent. And one of the year's best science fiction collections edited by Gardner Dozois. Don't remember which year. Had several. One volume in particular was really outstanding. Barnes&Noble would also run great sales in their catalogs of their in-house prints. Dead of Night, classic horror. A really thick one containing nothing but a century's worth of devil and demon stories. Two zombie collections, before they were omnipresent. One titled Sex and Death: 22 stories. Didn't start reading HP Lovecraft or Ramsey Campbell until I was old enough for public libraries. Ah. B&H also had some classic haunting and ghost story collections. The more purchased the cheaper they got. I would getta big, heavy box of hardcovers for ten or fifteen dollars courtesy of my grandmother's holiday card money.

21 06 2022 22:05

Me

I'm here every day with you. I didn't want you to miss any

22 06 2022 17:25

Me

I love you, Patty. A friend tried to hook me up with someone yesterday. I told him no, thank you. I have been celibate for years now. There is no one else I ever want to have sex with. There can be no one else. You asked me to marry you, and I said, " Absolutely. Yes. Of course. "
You are with me in my heart
Always
All ways
See you soon

22 06 2022 17:30

Me

I need you. Being separated from you hurts worse as the time period becomes longer in duration. This is the worst pain I have ever felt. Every single thought, all day, every day is of your safety, your happiness, the awful unknown that the lack of communication has wrought. You promised me you would never stop talking to me, that you would always be my best friend. You asked me to marry you. As predicted, not one of your psychopathic hypocrite sisters or aunts has done anything but regurgitate the pathetic attempts of Thomas Wayne Randle to keep infantile possessorship over his property, you. He is simply incapable of thinking an original thought, forever vainly struggling to be what I am. His fantasy creations are inconsistent in details, in one case changing three times in four days, completely contradicting elements of the continuity flow. He is so mentally deficient that despite the exact same tactic failing every single time for years, he still only employs a coward's lie through even more inept surrogate mouths, being too intimidated by even my voice to bear hearing it from across the country.

22 06 2022 22:01

Me

How tiny and ineffective his personality is, an intellect void of reasoning ability, barely able to sustain an attention span long enough to even imagine a sexual encounter, much less actually engage in one. Only able to envision how he perceives he controls the peoples around him. Unable to think objectively about actual causes and effects. Purest selfishness without an benefit to the host system. Destructive, injurious manipulation of information coupled with physical intimidation in an effort, however wasted, to achieve some sort of self-deluded domination over all whom he interacts with, never once realizing the futility of this behavior - that he, in fact, is the object of scorn and ridicule universally. No one is laughing with him. Only at him, ever. He is the opposite of special. As far from unique as measurably possible.

22 06 2022 22:15

Me

How desperate his whole existence has been, every second another panic that his secret will be discovered - that he is without worth, talent, drive, skill, intelligence. Negatively impacting society with his self-destructive and abuse infantile behavior patterns. A small, fat kid on the playground yelling, " Nyuh-uh " over and over again as his classmates belittle his mediocre achievements and much inflated sense of accomplishment. Playing pretend to the very end that he's winning a game with a prize and mommy's approval at the finish.

22 06 2022 22:23

Me

Unable to accept his stark, utter failure at life, never once having a beneficial and loving relationship with another human being, including himself, which he never bothered to create. Never actually experiencing pleasure, instead mistaking the small sadist's endorphin release caused by inflicting pain, discomfort, humiliation. The truest definition of failure, both as a whole and in individually defined categories. His only legacy being that his actions will hasten the removal of his ideology from all cultures on this planet permanently. An example of the wrong way. Even now, the only thing that makes him memorable is the amount of words I have written about him, and then only as the obstacle to happiness and progress that he insists on being.

22 06 2022 22:35

Me

Thomas Wayne Randle:
Pathetic liar
Epitome of cowardice
Ineffectual Argumentation
Inept sexual partner
Embarrassing existence,
A fraudulent life,
Wasted,
And harming others

22 06 2022 22:40

Me

He is beyond rehabilitation and any sort of usefullness, yet paid no dues to his community in any measurable or even theoretical capacity. A hypocritical disgrace to his fairy tale and his lineage.

No society reveres the coward, the hateful imbecile, the rodent in their midst spreading disease while wasting their resources. The antithesis of reason and enlightenment.

22 06 2022 22:49

Me

There is no reason to tolerate the presence of this misshapen mound of smegma-ridden flaccidity. No one will miss him. Not one mourning funeralgoer will be there to carry a casket. Not even a collective sigh of relief, for he is that unimportant. How many tens of millions of words have I spent extolling the virtues of Patty, only to throw in some sparse sentences at the very end concerning him at all.

22 06 2022 22:55

Me

My brothers and sisters
I beseech thee to smite the abomination
Thomas Wayne Randle
For he is the enemy of hope
And the poisoner of love
Let his deceit fall silent
For the betterment of all humankind
Spill his humours and fluids upon the earth
And rejoice
For thou art doing the Lord's work

22 06 2022 23:02

Me

The city lines are down
The kerosene's run out
The fracturing of all we relied upon
Let's shed this unclean skin
And learn to feel again
'cause all the shoulders on which to cry are gone

He looked at the field and then his hands
All I need is what I have
And fell a tear of happiness
She watched the world crumble away
Is this the end of yesterday?
Lord, I hope so is all he said
All gone are the old gods
Gone are the cold, cold wars
At last we go forth
On wings of amnesty

The city's lines are down
The kerosene's run out
The fracturing of all we rely upon
Let's shed this unclean skin
Let's start to feel again
Now that the shoulders are which to cry are gone

-Rise Against
Endgame

23 06 2022 15:17

Me

Will be spending tomorrow night and most of Saturday at the Fuck You temple. I guess they need the Fucking toilets cleaned

23 06 2022 15:24

Me

And there's a fire on the borders
And its burning down the walls you built high
And there's a steady stream of anger
And its spilling from the coasts
A tidal wave

We want the world and we want it now
Tonight I watch your fires burn out
The cold dead hands we pried these guns from are yours
We want it all and we want it now
The time has come to drown you out
We make ourselves at home while your body's still warm

Yeah your numbers are dwindling now
Though endangered we'll still hunt you down
With your heads onna stake
Long may you reign
-the great die-off

23 06 2022 15:39

Me

To be a racist is to be an enemy of America

23 06 2022 15:42

Me

Fuck you Tommy Tiny Penis

23 06 2022 15:43

Me

Anytime.
Anywhere.

23 06 2022 15:43

Me

I stand in the sun and scream
While you cower, pissing yourself in the shadows

23 06 2022 15:44

Me

Goddamn my penis is bigger than yours

23 06 2022 15:44

Me

See you soon

23 06 2022 15:45

Me

Running away, eh?
-Monty Python

23 06 2022 15:46

Me

Wow. That suit and tie makes you look gay

23 06 2022 15:48

Me

Cry, infant

23 06 2022 15:48

Me

Your mumma ain't gonna save you

23 06 2022 15:49

Me

And you have no control

23 06 2022 15:49

Me

Over your bowels, I mean. Really? You can't drink nilk?

23 06 2022 15:50

Me

Is thata skinny tie and cocaine?
I know guys that wear dresses that would call you a fag

23 06 2022 15:52

Me

You took a lesser paying job on the other side of the country instead of moving to Schertz or Garden Ridge off 3009 for more of your precious money because " your " girl likes me better than you and always has Always will, too, man
That's because I am your superior in every conceivable way
Everybody knows this inherently
Regardless of race, religion, or national origin
I'm especially considered superior in your cute little clubhouse
I'm one of the whitest people in your timezone
Now matter how or who looks attit
You're not good enough to clean my size 12 wide Doc Martens with your tongue

23 06 2022 16:13

Me

Love you, baby
(I'm a better lay than Tommy Tiny Penis. But that's obvious just by looking at me)
See you soon

23 06 2022 16:28

Me

According to your new mortgage, with the strange words " sheriff of oakland county " written onnit, my 1980 trailer is valued at more than one third your residence onna golf course. And sits on more land. Except I own my property. How many more decades you got to pay on that assa 62 year old? That's interesting, man. Why does your refinanced mortgage have a racist hate group reference onnit? Let's get the crowd's opinion...

23 06 2022 17:23

Me

Do you think that video Patty shot at her grandmother's house in Universal City of me and Priscilla having sex on the bench swing on the back covered patio has been uploaded to a free porn site yet? Patty says Prissy gushed so much she actually thought she had urinated on me. Paid her $300USD for that. I remember buying heroin and cocaine with that. That's what she was into, and I was into her. I didn't find out that I was being filmed or where that cash came from until justa few years ago, though. Shit, man. If I'd a known I'd a put on a real show

23 06 2022 18:20

Me

I can't wait until this is over and you're here with me, Patty. Do what you have to do to stay safe, baby. He won't be able to hurt anyone soon enough. I promise

23 06 2022 18:22

Me

Pathetic coward narcissist loser:
Thomas Wayne Randle

23 06 2022 18:23

Me

Close your eyes and take my hand, my love. This will be over soon.
We are equals, you and I.
And truly gods amoungst roaches
We are Exponentials
And will nourish and enrich each other; inspire
Propelling each other farther
Than we could reach individually
Stay armed, stay vigilant
The coward is cornered
His dying breath is assured to be tainted with unwholesome disease

23 06 2022 18:31

Me

You told me you had a problem with me not believing in your god
I said I recognize your god's existence
And recognize it as nothing to be worshipped
My goddess is older, I said
But iffit bothers you
I can acknowledge your god
Many, many days later
I would demand your god's attention
And, not being a hypocrite
Was granted my request
Later that evening I paid my tribute to Eris
Our deities are not uncomfortable with each other
And they are most certainly enemies
Of the gods Tommy and Pamela worship
And they are most certainly stronger
As are we
I love you, Patricia Ann
I always will
Its time to come home
I need to go home
And stay there

23 06 2022 18:43

Me

Hazel reflecting blue
Then a smile anda swirl of brunette
Wrapping my arm around you
And my hand around your breast
Fitted and matched perfectly
Warmth is overwhelming
Blanketed cushioned insulated
Tensioned and released
Breaths exhaled in
Immaculate peace

23 06 2022 19:02

Me

Even after all these decades
I have to stop myself from showing off to gain your attention
And also stop myself from being nervous
Just because you're looking at me

23 06 2022 19:06

Me

Take off that tracksuit dear
You're making me hot just thinking about it
And if we're gonna sweat
Our skin would be better uncovered

23 06 2022 19:09

Me

You're giggling as you're heating the wax
And then you're giggling rubbing your cheek against the smoothness
Removing me from your mouth you climb on top of me laughing
I am glad you find me so amusing

23 06 2022 19:14

Me

Standing in the ocean hours before the hurricane hits
That pull of the magnified wave that at any moment will be too much and prove final
I've never forgotten that feeling
Its the same resolved fear that I'll never return
That flashes momentarily immediately before you bring me to orgasm

23 06 2022 19:19

Me

You're laying on your stomach moaning pitches concurrent with my fingers tracing around your bones, kneading away the knots in your frame's muscles. I'm saying things, sounding important. Working towards your invigoration, and other knowledgeable appearing phrases. Placing my hands firmly, not tickling. I've been practicing I say. Scalp downwards. Soles upwards. Its my pleasure, I say, meaning it. Because I'm totally checking out your ass the whole time

23 06 2022 19:28

Me

There's really only a few ways our bodies fit together.
And every time they do its always exciting

23 06 2022 19:31

Me

Can we do that again? I think I made a mistake somewhere. No? Are you sure? You're not just saying that? Well. I think I can do better. Let's try that again. Yeah, right now. Whatever else we had planned just isn't as important. I love you and I want it to be perfect

23 06 2022 19:34

Me

Nearly three in the morning. I can hear your ugliest, dumbest sister nextdoor screaming at her grandchild, who can't be more than five, through her walls and my open doorway. It makes a knot in my stomach, and I want to tear her apart. This is growing more and more frequent. No one cares about anyone else, ever, do they? Especially not if they're if they're physically smaller. People make me sick. Your family are some of the worst examples of the species. What exactly can a five year old girl do that is so threatening to an adult's fragile ego that they deserve this? To have their supposed guardian threaten them with such behavior? Adults do not act this way. Only infants, overlarge and self-absorbed. And I am the one who had his child stolen under threat of gunpoint and sold as property to the highest bidder. Disgusting and disgraceful. Another monster hypocrite with crosses displayed on her interior and exterior walls. Vile and hurtful to all around her, violating the sanctity of parenthood, of family. She belongs inna prison work camp, eating a sack lunch three times a day, just like her conspirator Tommy. An insult to reason and justice. There is no excuse to continue to let them breathe. Bullets are cheap, lead pellets cheaper. Problem solved. Fucking ugliness incarnate. And the chains of abuse keep generating dollars for the wasters of life and time.

24 06 2022 03:09

Me

Kill them all. Run them through with bayonets. Do not suffer the unfit to live and continue to hurt others. Do not hesitate. Pull the trigger.

24 06 2022 03:12

Me

People always choose the worst possible outcome. It is they who are unfit to live. Its going to hurt the whole time. And it has been earned. Reap what you have sown.

We don't have to speak to anyone ever again, baby. There isn't anyone out there who will listen even if we did.

24 06 2022 03:18

Me

Forced gender reassignment assan alternative to capital punishment. Tommy and Pamela would be excellent candidates for the pilot test program

24 06 2022 09:07

Me

It is time to trade impotence and incompetence for eloquence and reassurance dear

24 06 2022 11:28

Me

[Obblonge]
HOSTILE WITNESS

24 06 2022 14:36

Me

Arrived at the Fuck You temple. Bunking down in one of the guest pods with two others. Hooray electricity and air conditioning. Charging my banks and devices. I saw concrete pedestals by the parking lot, so I know what part of my meditations will include. Vegetarian breakfast and lunch, no talking please. Setting the alarm for 5:30, festivities end at 7pm tomorrow. A nice break from the 106 degrees it was today. Asked the peoples linked to me on Facebook, about seventy er so, to please download and pass on The Gospel of Saint Patricia. I think the last time I posted was two or three years ago. Postcardmania is emailing attentively. Bulk rate targeted full color glossy postcards. Tax check should hit next week. Er something. Shorted a battery pack earlier today, one less to move the fan until I return the utilities to their former duties. Its been a hundred degrees or so for two weeks now, drought conditions.
I love you, Patty.
I always will.
My thoughts are always of you.
Goodnight, dear.
See you in the morning

25 06 2022 00:07

Me

After lunch, which was delicious. Built and stocked bookshelves. Will be fed a " light supper " as well. More meditations. More bookshelves. There's chanting and bowing, but I'm not into that, so I just stand and listen. Lecture. Oh. Teaching. Right.
Not in the heat. I think of you in the quiet, and I am happy.

25 06 2022 12:19

Me

For enhanced effect, always smoke a joint immediately after meditation boot camp, complete with bald guys, at the Fuck You temple. That was actually physically intensive, and I didn't participate in chanting or bowing. I sat. I sat very, very still. I walked at least 18 laps around one of the world's worst acoustic spaces, slowly. Still not chanting. Had three awesome vegetarian meals, as much as I could eat. And filled up bookshelves with new stock from boxes. Try to separate the English from the Vietnamese, please. There were also books in German, French, Chinese, maybe more. I have been gifted with a tote bag, plain, solid-colored, like I was carrying porn in the '80s black. Inside it is some glossy wallart and a beaded necklace, choker-length. And some of those books. Which I'm going to check out now. Come. Join me. And if you like, hit follow.

25 06 2022 19:37

Me

I was informed the officially old guy who I refuse to call Abbott because that's notta Buddhist term can speak ten languages and is currently learning French. Wow. There is eight books in here. I recognize one of them, a reprint offa very old text. Wow. Janakabhivamsa issa long last name. That guy hates filling out forms. But only on rare occasions because he's a Buddhist.

25 06 2022 19:45

Me

Sitting in front of a/c and chugging water forra moment. Another 106 degree day. Will be back at the house soon to pass out again. Wonder if anyone on Facebook has seen The Gospel yet.

26 06 2022 18:11

Me

Sitting inna car in my driveway and smoking Papaya Punch and Blue Cookies. Very stoned. The Casualties live In New York album is playing. Wish you were here

26 06 2022 21:37

Me

Im usedta reading. And I don't need a religion in metaphors. That looks like a cool sentence

26 06 2022 22:10

Me

That one was good. I like that one.

26 06 2022 22:11

Me

My former houseguest brought me two beers and nearly an entire fire pit cooked chicken fromma street over. Some slices of bread onna plate. I am very full now. Fans still spinning. About to pass out again. Thinking of you, as always

27 06 2022 00:04

Me

Have a charge back on the phone. Walked to the store and got some ice and soda. Four white owl vanilla cigars and four cow tales. Breakfast lunch and dinner

27 06 2022 14:53

Me

Broke into the old apartment
This is where we used to live
-Barenaked Ladies

27 06 2022 15:03

Me

The rain pours, finally. Best time of day. Solar panel inside, prepared. Exhausted, sunburnt. Thinking of you, as always. My one true love, the reason for my existence. It hurts being without your company. This is the worst pain I've ever felt. I live you, Patty. I always will. I will never give up until you're holding my hand and are free from the danger posed by Thomas Wayne Randle and his racist wet dreams. See you soon, baby

27 06 2022 15:34

Me

And everything is dearly missed
Blood relations and bricks
My expression
My confession
Add it up extract a lesson
More than this
Once again
Like a bullet, as a friend
Tell me can that be all there is
-Bad Religion

27 06 2022 18:25

Me

Humid. Tired. Determined to find you alive and well. I need you, and you need me, as we planned. I love you, baby. We will not be stopped by anyone, my love. I promise

27 06 2022 18:37

Me

Eyes heavy lidded, but no sleep. Hungry. Perhaps more dry egg noodles or dehydrated refried beans. There's always a 8.9 pound can of something called Brunswick stew (chicken&beef). Orra pouch of chili, no beans. Too tired to .... Head and stomach hurts. Out of water except what's in the thermos. This has to end. Where are you, Patty?

28 06 2022 07:41

Me

Alas, like always, no one answers your landline. I'll keep trying

28 06 2022 11:28

Me

I feel tears tearing open my face in the very near future. Out of water. After two years I have finally opened the nine pound can of Brunswick stew. Its tomato based. Too exhausted to go anywhere now. At least its not as hot at the moment. Sealed in. Solar lights and fan and more quiet. Naked. On the couch. More sickness and sorrow. The pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle cannot be punished enough for his crimes. But we will try, won't we?

28 06 2022 12:00

Me

Stomach tying in knots. I curl around my pillow, my placebo Patty, and try not to vomit. There is nothing that is me that doesn't hurt. I don't want to live anymore. Thomas Wayne Randle has to die

28 06 2022 12:25

Me

I dreamt of creatures the size of hippopotamuses that resemble gnashing coarse haired earwigs, themselves infested with hamster sized translucent lice. They burrow mineshafts and clack when they move, leaving lanes of upheaval. They are rupturing asphalt through and around a highway overpass, concrete powdering. No traffic is visible. Was the sky always grey? Gas masks in children's sizes adorning the plastic visages of mannequins. A great crowd in attendance atta megachurch, screens gigantic. An even more crowded parking lot. The empty parking lot at the amusement park by the time our sweeper trucks would arrive: overflowing barrels and bags and cans and bottles as far as the horizon, and over. A hive mind disturbed by petroleum. And then quiet. Periwinkle and soft. The smiling nude figure of Patricia Ann, my fiancé, the rightful owner of the silver cigarette case. No sound. She smiles and moves slowly, close-up of her face, her hazel eyes and layered colors of auburns and brunettes. This image lasts just as long as the previous combined. And then-

Dampness. Soaked linens in contact with my waterlogged skin. Sweat cascading, though the ambient temperature is cool. Sweeping, scratching above the rush of the river. The fore quarter offa yacht has upended nose to sky along our side of the riverbank. Cords and cables suspend sunken hangers-on trailing downstream. Bright colors are visible in the torn sunlight below decks. A blackened smear is still traceable marking the bear's escape to trout Valhalla. Despite the obvious forces that brought a chunk of watercraft still present, I gettan urge to investigate the bright colors, perhaps merely because they are bright colors. Laura is still asleep and doesn't move when I shamble out onto the deck. Camel from the silver clamshell engraved case. Cthulhu Zippo clicks and sparks. I grab a tree trimming pole with rusting serrated half-circle at the end and pick my way goat-like towards my destination, the wreck of the Robin Leech IV.

28 06 2022 13:31

Me

Upon reaching the remains of the craft it is far more noticeable how much its moving with the current. I have no intention of getting in the water and see that most of the primary tinctures that lured me here are various life preservers. With exception of a latched plastic box, which looks like a first aid kit. Laying belly down on the honeycombed limestone it takes no effort at all to snag it and draw it towards my hands. The mess of fiberglass and foam shifts to the side away from me shortly thereafter. Snapping it open I realize it is not a first aid kit, but an expensive lunchkit, bearing logos I don't recognize. Inside are half a dozen chocolate bars and the greening contents of what must have been sandwiches. Good enough. As I'm reaching the Fort the wreckage gives completely way and continues its journey. I decide to give Laura a choice: maybe these arrived by sea, maybe by petrodactyl. My first instinct is to show Kallisti. Existing on sugars is the realm of the child. Eating two on the stairs, I wait until I sense movement above me to continue ascending.
At what point is conversation an adversary?

28 06 2022 13:55

Me

A bright orange, open-roofed, rollbarred pickup truck laying on its side is the first thing visible as we crest the hill, having hacked our way up a pebbled drainage culvert to our neighboring meteor strike. The home is/was similar to the one we have claimed, colors and building materials matching. Floorplan a bent mirror of Mumbleblarrg. The damage to the roof has caused the entire structure to cave in on itself, like a punch in the center offa risen yeast doughball. Its not creaking or making any undue complaints, just looking defeated. A smear of linens and cutlery sprays out in front of the entranceway, an ornate wood and glass windowed doubledoor. Closed, but not locked, we find. Swinging inward without the customary horror movie sound effects, the scene laid before our eyes is silent and bewildering. A giant, probably taloned hand has used a massive charcoal to sketch in the sickeningly elongated outlines of four humanoid figures from underneath the overturned and burnt sectional sofa across the floor and facing wall. Pompeii-like in spectacle, an upraised arm with fingers splayed is discernable easily near the vaulted ceiling. Piles of black soot mimic rolling anthills across the long piled carpet. A few bushy tails weave away behind endtables. Not seeing any remaining access tooan upstairs, we both hug the outer walls inna circuitous route to the kitchen. Neither of us register a closed pantry door as luck. Maybe fortuitous. Wordlessly backpacks are stretched to capacity. Finding positive foothold on the debris strewn floors proves more treacherous on the way out. Slamming the entranceway doors behind us explodes loud exhalations from our lungs. Whatever was in is now out. True artists we are.

28 06 2022 14:33

Me

The way back is always shorter than the route there, and today is no exception. Unloading the bounty soberly I set down a two liter of generic dark soda and without thinking immediately pick it back up. A genuine smile for the briefest of moments before searching fingers find the release mechanism. And the clever stash safe almost unscrews itself. Dry titters from both of us. About half an ounce of some sticky centerfold worthy marijuana. Unexpected but more common a relic than anything else. Some things are the same on both sides of the interdimensional abyss line. We consider waiting 'til after our shift, lest our bosses knock us off as we applying fire.
Bellies stuffed with very little nutrients and way too many calories hours later, Laura showers while yelling obnoxiously the lyrics to something that must have been in heavy rotation midway on the radio dial. Despite being nearly distended, emptiness caverns my interior while clawed hands squeeze the air from my lungs.

28 06 2022 15:01

Me

Solely to amuse myself I spraypaint " The Way Out Is Through " in red block letters across the roof shingles facing the waterway. I consider adding the signature windows as eyes of the classic Amityville house before realizing I don't draw well enough to pull it off. Instead an arrow groundward labelled DOWN.

28 06 2022 15:19

Me

Tuesday matinee?

28 06 2022 15:21

Me

I love you, Patricia Ann
I can never say that enough

28 06 2022 15:22

Me

I need to go home, baby.
I am dying

28 06 2022 15:23

Me

Walking naked in the rain in the backyard has cooled by body temperature temporarily. Its not a hundred degrees for once. Also not much batteries. Exhausted. Staring off. Please forgive me if I cannot keep from executing Tommy Tiny Penis. It is the only way to permanently and immediately stop the hurt he is causing all those around him. If you will not sacrifice for those you care for, you do not love them. You could be dead right now. All because Thomas issa dying coward. I can stop that. It saves you and others. This is how I have lived my life, in the service of others. To end it the same is a noble deed. I am doing what I can to hold on. Without you, without even knowing if you're alive, while knowing the vermin with which you are trapped. That issa problem with an easy, quick answer. It will take no thought or effort to tear him into unrecognizable fragments.

I knew, when I accepted your offer, that no matter what happened, my pain would end

I love you, Patricia Ann
I always will
I trust you
I trust in you
Come home, baby
Before there is nothing here but empty quiet walls

28 06 2022 17:15

Me

No tax check. Am long overdue. Back to a hundred degrees. Walked up to the Lone Star and got free ice and soda. Sitting, sweating. Thinking of you. This is the worst pain I have ever felt. I love you, Patricia Ann. I will kill him. This pain has to end

29 06 2022 12:04

Me

Upon surveying my red painted handiwork, Laura adds THIS SIDE to the DOWN arrow. It seems more positive and helpful that way, she says. I gotta good start with the roof, may as well keep the good vibes on parade. I shrug and nod, passing her the bong it took all of ten minutes to build and digging my free hand into a disturbingly loud bag of cheese powdered popcorn, not one formerly purchased with a trademark onnit, but one made from popping kernels over the propane stove and dumping them into a large paper bag, then dousing with packets of the powdered cheese paste of poverty from macaroni and cheese dinner boxes, extra salt. The previous food purchasers had apparently been watching their sodium intake. I wonder out loud how much of that gunpowdery substance on the carpet was sodium. And iffit would have been worse had there been less or more. Usually this much cynicism would draw a remark from my current companion, but not now. A burst of smoke filled exhalation and and now there are two hands digging in the popcorn. The sky and the river have been slowly becoming the color of Fanta Orange for the past few hours. We are both filling our stomachs with as much dry, filling items as we can shove in. Saltine crackers with peanut butter (low sodium, low fat). Half a case of red dry from California up on deck. Ready for horror and nausea when you are, world.

29 06 2022 13:30

Me

The expected wave hits with the same directional wind picking up to twice average speed. My stomach registers the intrusion but defies, asking for more California red. A shockwave sends both of us to our knees, cushioned from the hard wood of the deck. Instantly I hear Patty's voice discussing our favored sexual acts and reasons why over the telephonic airwaves from Michigan. The jazz playing on the radio gets louder, impossibly louder. Herbie Hancock, I recall. Stan Getz begins with impromptu vocals courtesy of my lover-to-be as the brightening orange river rises centrally over thirty feet. No discernable reason is visible underneath. Chunks of debris are ramped up and flung a distance before reuniting with the waterway. I remember my mother complaining about the name of the local river when we lived in South Carolina, the Pee Dee. Her name was Dolores; schizophrenics always relating their world through their own selfishness. Patricia asks me what my favorite sexual position is on three. One, two, ...and we agree. Something massive and crocodile like swishes its scaled tail upstream, smashing a former boat dock further and letting loose a low pitched growl. Jaws snap. We cheer from our perch above the Firmament. Lunch happens, whether its fishy or salty popcorn.

29 06 2022 17:42

Me

My available balance is seventeen cents I tell the soda colored sky as I'm knocked over again on my way to our lean-to shelter. Laura busts out laughing, remembering that I was still waiting on my income tax refund. Finding purchase on my mat I deliriously sing a NOFX song while quaffing more wine. " Malt liquor tastes much better on the street! " They had inflatable sheep sex toys in-store for that album promotion. Laying on my back I notice the sky bubbling carbonatedly around the edges of my vision. Where are Fantanas when you need them? We cheer and salute our surroundings with our bottles as another wave tests our stomachs.

29 06 2022 17:58

Me

Head hurts but I've been drinking no wine. Exhausted again. Naked and sweating in front of the battery powered fan. Close to passing out. What I wouldn't do to do so next to you, Patty. I love you. I always will.

29 06 2022 18:06

Me

A small beaded mala necklace hangs next to my wallet and keys fromman officially licensed Shining movie Redrum key hook on the wall across from the fabled big maroon sofa. I hold my placebo Patty close, tears stinging

29 06 2022 18:13

Me

Laura is shaking me. I am typically reticent to rouse. She persists, adding, " WAKE UP! " inna less than calm manner. Eyes are opened as she yanks my body up by my shirt. I think, " Why? Something is obviously going to kill us really, really fucking soon and I was asleep. Do you know what its like dying in your sleep? Pretty awesome, I hear. Like preferred. Why-." And then I notice too much orange. Which, by the way, is somehow not even close to disturbing as no colors but black and grey. Just before I drank myself into a coma I remembered thinking that the sky was more creamsicle than Fanta. Mmmm. Ice cream. Snore. And it still is, though much dimmer. In fact, it should be the dead of night. No stars visible. Heavy, rapidly moving cloudcover, sherbet orange. Looking forward parallel to the ground thick forest of pine trees is still visible, the house we're crashing at. But everything about four feet from the bottom of the deck is covered in Fanta. " Its not a fog. Watch. " She throws a small bag of trash, which we have been keeping in the spirit of not attracting so much attention, over the railing, as far up and out as she can. I watch its arc and see it splash. A few hundred feet and far too high for it to be in the river. I hear the sound offit hitting the rocky shore a second or so after seeing it ripple liquid-like through the orange. " It looks like liquid. Reacts like liquid. I stirred it with that oar. I watched it rise from the river. Like, from the river. It poured out of the river half an hour ago. No sounds, but from the river, like a dam had burst. I stirred it, but it didn't have any resistance. It just looks like its there. We can still hear the river and where it is. And whatever the fuck is going on with those moving stars. Itsa good thing I heard you making noises for years or I would have shot myself in the head the first time I heard that shit. And. And. An ..." Laura shakes her gaze falls downward. " Well, at least someone was listening. " I offer. We sit. She offers all her thoughts of her four children, her grandchildren. I discourse on my daughter and fiancé. The orange silently stays attits level below deck, our eyes never straying while we speak.

29 06 2022 22:44

Me

I want to kill and keep killing. I am violence and death and hatred. And all of this would dissolve instantly with your voice. I cannot allow you to suffer anymore. The pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle has to die. I love you, Patricia. I cannot bear the thought of you suffering anymore

29 06 2022 23:02

Me

[encouraged with a crowbar, she

head lifted by his hair, raining blood seconds after being severed, he saw the crowd's children eating snacks a full ten seconds

they all deserved the typhoid, Mary

none of the sisters even human

monastery wouldn't let them in they froze to death attits gates

the flesh devoured by parasites until they burst forth from inside, spilling onto the tiled floor

she only looks you in the eye if she's lying

children of the village ingested

teeth falling out, blood in urine, cough

if not now, when?

fire consuming

go on little girl, ring the bell]

30 06 2022 00:06

Me

Four in the morning. Neighbors brings me a couple cigarettes and I walk over and get my battery bank charging at Kurtis', who is currently in jail. We're bad peoples. Will have a fan until daylight. Door closed. No more mosquitoes getting in for now. Exhausted. Will walk down for more ice and soda later. Going back to sleep, hopefully to dream of you. I love you, Patty. I always will

30 06 2022 04:01

Me

You are truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed

30 06 2022 04:02

Me

Sunburnt. Dark inside the cave. Locked away from their noise. Naked and alone. As usual.

30 06 2022 11:39

Me

Back from walking to the Lone Star. Definitely sunburnt. Eating dry egg noodles fromma bag. No tax check. Back to naked in front offa fan in the darkness of the cave. Thinking of you, as always

30 06 2022 13:05

Me

I will never stop believing in your perfection. Your frightened declaration that your voice has been held captive and is in danger replays continuously in my head. The pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle has to be executed for the benefit of all humankind. Nottingham falls to the hood, the titular hero of the story. As always. Your grandmother was correct. Guys like him always lose to guys like me. I love you, Patty. I always will.

30 06 2022 16:49

Me

You are truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed. And I am truly his God. As Clive Barker would say, his suffering will be legendary even in Hell

30 06 2022 16:51

Me

We know their names, flock. Hunt them down. And ye shall destroy them

30 06 2022 16:53

Me

Much though he recites the sacred texts, but acts not accordingly, that heedless man is like a cowherd who only counts the cows of others- he does not partake of the blessings of a holy life.
-the Dhammapada

30 06 2022 18:09

Me

Should a seeker not find a companion who is better or equal, let them resolutely pursue a solitary course; there is no fellowship with the fool.
- the Dhammapada

30 06 2022 19:31

Me

Back fromma third walk to the store. A friend may be dropping by. I had nearly fifty people here last Thanksgiving, without benefit of electricity. From six in the morning to ten thirty at night. None of them related to me. Most of them expecting you to be here. But you've read all that. Postcardmania has an amusing marketing package. This will be something to work for. I will never stop until you are freed from your slavery, my love

30 06 2022 19:36

Me

Sitting in the backyard I can hear Pamela's screaming and pounding on her floor. Again I wonder how a five year old can be so offensive to someone in their fifties, especially their own grandchild. And she will grow to hate her, deservedly

30 06 2022 19:38

Me

So. Goats n' Stoats issa cool name forra feed store

30 06 2022 19:40

Me

I'm a lotta fun by myself. Can't wait to be inna room with you again. You're the best

30 06 2022 19:42

Me

So. In this song that keeps getting played around me this chick says she's sweeter than a Swisher. That's not difficult to do. This bowl of dehydrated refried bean flakes I'm eating dry is sweeter than a Swisher. Just pointing that out to my best friend

30 06 2022 19:49

Me

Until I am dead, you are the only reason for me to live, Patty. I love you. I always will. I will never stop until we are together as we planned. No matter what it takes

30 06 2022 20:13

Me

See you soon, baby

30 06 2022 20:14

Me

Still staring at those four pictures I screenshot from Facebook. You're beautiful, baby

30 06 2022 20:15

Me

This continues long into what our clocks tell us is the afternoon. No change in anything exterior. Eventually we mutually agree that there isn't a whole lot we can do if the orange rises and engulfs us, except maybe climb on the roof. Climbing onto our mats after making sure the plastic stepladder is in an emergency position we fall into a silence. I'm still drinking, but we were both slurring our speech from the start. Physical exhaustion does not stave off the watchful eyes, and we both wind up staring all around us. The river's chunky rush, that scratching noise, yipping and barking of foxes at one point. The atonality of the new stars fades with what should be daybreak. We muse aloud as to the fate of our all-star female glee club gladiator circuit. I stand and proclaim loudly my preference for the third, angrier sounding ones before falling nearly on my face. Laura yells that I'm just saying that because I was born with the reds.

A footnote: B.B. King is noted as saying that everybody has the blues. I happen to disagree with the King. I was born with the fucking reds. My fiancé, who, not coincidentally, is the mother of my child's oldest sister, hassa touch of the psychic flair. Her aunt told us that I am a frightening, bewildering thing to behold on the astral plane. An ever-changing, red cloud of faces and forms with three long penises, frontally mounted prehensile scorpion-like projections. This is the story of the same woman who grabbed my junk after I danced with her one holiday at the grandmother's.

30 06 2022 20:49

Me

Perhaps it is because I am a Discordian in faith. And/or because my mother wassa paranoid schizophrenic and I grew up usually alone with her, the behavior patterns well observed. Or maybe I'm just radd. She also said that sometimes she would observe me astrally and I would disappear. Which apparently isn't supposed to happen. Like, according to her the astral plane is where one goes to be invisible, no one ever disappears frommit. Always happy to be disconcerting, ma'am. Legend hassit that Prissy, my ex of ten years and the third of four girls nextdoor, drew a picture of me in that form assa little girl, no one quite expecting to find that those three projections were penises. To be fair, I don't think I would have assumed that either. Patricia, my betrothed one, told me that while herself inna sort of trance state after nearly fourteen hours of continuous conversation. I have been exploring various trance and brainwave states all my life, even inadvertently assa child. Sometimes things are amazingly perfect together. And sometimes things wind up in some kind of fucked up alternate dimension nextdoor more than likely doomed in some sort of uncertain but probable way. Such as life, as Kurt Vonnegut would say.

30 06 2022 21:06

Me

Ah, and Amber has made an appearance. I updated her on The Patty Situation, including the marketing campaign strategy. She promises to return later with vitamins and minerals. I suspect should I be making the trek up north to the land of my father she will be in accompaniment. One's true friends are one's most valuable assets. One of the buddhas probably said that as well. A regular angry bodhisattva I am. I keep thinking about one of the chants at meditation boot camp that mentioned Hard to Injure Buddha. That's just awesome

30 06 2022 21:45

Me

I love you, Patty. I can never say that enough

30 06 2022 21:57

Me

You're the cutest, most beautifullest girl ever. And I am the luckiest boy to have you ever look at me twice. This fact is never lost on me, my love

30 06 2022 21:58

Me

Right. On with the story

30 06 2022 21:59

Me

You inspire me to live, and accept love back into my heart. You are doing your job well, my dearest. Even in absentia.
Absentia issan awesome movie, by the way

30 06 2022 22:06

Me

Rob Brezny said it was absolutely imperative that I be physically touched as much as possible in the coming weeks. I thought the likelihood of that was grim. When Amber gave me a hug I nearly burst into tears. Thinking of astrology just now, I went and checked, somewhat horrified. My fears, such as they were, have abated. My mother was born on January 10th.

30 06 2022 22:14

Me

Nothing like a can of Ocean Spray jellied cranberry sauce opened upside down from the label near midnight to remind one offa throne fit forran art collector

30 06 2022 23:29

Me

Something about eating in general is gross and unwholesome sometimes. Unless its your perfect pussy, of course

30 06 2022 23:31

Me

I have scat singing and beatboxing in my head, assif I was playing samples onna keyboard. What's in your lovely head, dearest?

30 06 2022 23:44

Me

Another trip to the store for ice and soda. Locked back in the cave.
I remember: watching the Julius Sadowsky Show on public access 20.
Living at the El Morocco apartments. On the other side of San Pedro from Maggie's and Mama'a Cafe.
Someone broke in to my apartment when I was at work. Stole my 2 slice toaster and an eighty dollar CD boombox. Also made breakfast, all the eggs. No, they did not clean up, but they did take the plate and fork.

01 07 2022 05:10

Me

I love you. I am dying without you. This is the worst oain I have ever felt. The pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle has to die

01 07 2022 05:12

Me

He must feel all the pain he has caused you and I and everyone he has ever met first. I will make sure of this

01 07 2022 05:13

Me

I wish it could have been another way. But I have to assure your safety. That excuse forra human issan internationally recognized hate group member. People don't get any dumber than that. And stupid people are violent. He cannot be allowed to continue breathing. And I am his God. It is my responsibility

01 07 2022 05:15

Me

I love you, Patty. Stay vigilant, stay safe. Kill him at the slightest provocation

01 07 2022 05:16

Me

Pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle:
Forever synonymous with failure

01 07 2022 06:28

Me

Second return from the store for ice. Got a ride back and two cigarettes from the chick that usedta manage the place. Like I've got an alms bowl out

01 07 2022 12:14

Me

There's a letter from a law firm for Priscilla Roberts Bratton in my mailbox. I left it there

01 07 2022 12:16

Me

I love you

01 07 2022 12:38

Me

You are truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed

01 07 2022 12:39

Me

Third trip to the store. One hundred and six again today. Have two fans on me at the moment, both solar powered. Existing on dry egg noodles, dehydrated refried beans and 7up. Thought of Pete Camarillo, owner of Dopehouse Records in Houston, who I heard killed himself over a girl. I salute him. That's the best reason. Sunburnt. Thinking of you, as always.

01 07 2022 15:28

Me

Sitting, sweating on Kallisti's Five Nights at Freddy's fitted sheet, part offa set. Notta day goes by that I don't think of you and her

01 07 2022 15:34

Me

Reading some poetry I wrote you, I am reminded of how utterly sad and pathetic Tommy Tiny Penis and Pamela really are. To play the game of life and lose so badly. Tsk. Tsk.

01 07 2022 16:11

Me

Ah. The attorneys are merely reminding dear Prissy that she owes $1710.80 to Universal City. Of course. And at least $60,000 to me.

01 07 2022 16:50

Me

Fourth return from store. Pepsi this time. Because its better than Coke. Got complimented on my calf muscles by someone who said they usedta run track. The chick with blue hair who was working ran out and gave meea cigarette when she saw me pick one up off the ground. Have I mentioned I really fucking hate Pamela? I'm pretty sure I have.
I heard a stand-up:
Its not the heat, its the humidity
Its not the hate, its the stupidity

01 07 2022 18:10

Me

Happy indeed we live,
We who possess nothing
Feeders on joy we shall be
Like the Radiant Gods
-the Dhammapada

01 07 2022 18:24

Me

I've been inna really great mood since meditation boot camp
Chant! Chant now! Chant harder! Move and I'll beat you with a fucking stick! You're not not wanting hard enough!

I don't know why that worked. If some christian tried that shit I'd beat their face in withan anvil

01 07 2022 18:30

Me

You should've seen me in the monastic traditional robe with the Hello! My name is [Obblonge] sticker. They weren't orange, they were periwinkle blue. Pure Crayola, man

01 07 2022 18:40

Me

I guess orange is for full time monks, although Quantree's is kindoffa burnt orange with a cool, quick release metal spiritual looking thing. Taking them on and off is notta quick process

01 07 2022 18:42

Me

Eddie Izzard is one of my favorite performers. I've seen all his solo shows and even allot of the movies he's been in. In one performance he points out that Englebert Humperdinck is not that man's original birth name. He had the option to call himself anything at all, and that's what he chose.

01 07 2022 18:54

Me

One of my favorite bands is Machines of Loving Grace. Witness:
She smells like the future of money
She smells like everything
The simple plots become confused
The jaws are locked and we are immune
Know your faults
Know your friends
Be prepared to take revenge
Thought I could win
Keep it alive
Watch it dissolve in this Slaughterhouse Five
Thought it could be
Sift the debris
Heir to the throne of the Suicide King
Bent like a reed in the wind

There is one movie, one fiction novel, and one non-fiction book mentioned in the lyrics above. I went immediately to the Schertz library and read all of their Kurt Vonnegut books after hearing this. I think I was 12. Its also worth noting that none of these references are references at all. The lyricist, who I assume was the singer, just wrote down cool sounding phrases wherever he heard them and took them out of context. Almost every song in their three album plus one song on the Crow soundtrack catalog shows evidence of this. Even the band's name issa shortening offa poem, All Watched Over By Machines Of Loving Grace, which later would be used assa title forra documentary onna moneymaking scheme involving banks, etc. Listening to this music and following up on the lyrics, trying to understand what the fuck he was talking about enriched my life and mind permanently. Even the song titles lead one to research:
Perfect tan/Bikini Atoll, Albert Speer, Golgotha Tenement Blues. And most of the time this proves the actual lyrical content to be, shall we say, very open to interpretation. Fucking genius. I also blame the singer for the band's breakup after three albums for no reason other than I know firsthand that hanging out with geniuses issa trying experience

01 07 2022 19:22

Me

Coincidentally, the third track of their eponymous debut album, Rite of Shiva, issa Discordian reference that I wouldn't get for another ten years

01 07 2022 19:32

Me

The hearts of machines are powered when you breathe.
I pulled the soul trigger
Watched her face
Now I'm a believer
I do the Rite of Shiva

01 07 2022 19:34

Me

Have been delivered a pack of smokes by Cynthia and her son Andrew. We laughed about meditation boot camp at the Fuck You temple and I pawned off the honeycombed limestone rocks in the future that are not part of my planned yard decorations. The sun is set and its quite comfortably breezy. Wish you were here. Have been informed that the IRS is officially behind, so my water and electricity will not be back on until... Such is life. See you soon, baby. I love you

01 07 2022 20:28

Me

Aha! Walked up to the Sonic on 1103 closest where my recently released from prison friend that I have known since I was 16 is currently manager and got hooked up with a double bacon che and tots. Not high in nutrition but so much more tasty than dry egg noodles and dehydrated refried beans I have been subsisting on. I shall sleep well tonight, thinking of you, of course

01 07 2022 22:00

Me

And she gave me four dollars, instructed to but myself a beer. I think I will do just that

01 07 2022 22:02

Me

Down to 175lbs, very little body fat. Got to look good for my baby. They're playing Britney Spears, right after Ms. Gaga. Still no ab definition, but I've never had that.

01 07 2022 22:10

Me

Back at home. Passing by I offered my services to Lisa, who has an underground pipe leak. It is the first time I've actually spoken to her in the thirty-five years we've been neighbors on and off. I didn't actually speak directly to her the night she got the full show when Pam tried to off me. Fuck I hate your sister. And I'm not a Buddhist so I'm allowed to. Did not purchase a beer. Instead filled up my dad's bagger 13 thermos with Sunkist and got some Mexican caramel cookies and two Cow Tails, which remind me of the four years I spent in South Carolina before moving nextdoor to you. Sitting in the backyard towelling off, drinking iced liquid and smoking donated Marlboros. Feet are bit sore and I'm definitely sunburnt. Think I'll write sommore, which is currently what I do full time now. I love you, Patty. I can never say that enough. I long for the day when your hand is in mine, and I can finally go home

01 07 2022 23:51

Me

You're the most important thing that has ever happened to me. Shit. I just sat down and burst into tears. This is the worst pain I've ever felt.

02 07 2022 00:02

Me

I will never give up on you
I love you
I always will
There can never be another

02 07 2022 02:33

Me

You are perfection
We are Exponentials
You and I

02 07 2022 02:33

Me

Renamed your landline Tommy Tiny Coward Penis. I'll keep trying

02 07 2022 02:51

Me

Muah!
Love and kissles

02 07 2022 02:51

Me

You are so sexy

02 07 2022 02:51

Me

I am here for womankind
And I have been betrothed to you
This bond will never be broken

02 07 2022 02:57

Me

I am still praying to your God
Which is not the god of Tommy and Pamela
I still make my offerings to Eris
All Hail Discordia

02 07 2022 03:00

Me

Tommy Tiny Coward Penis refuses cowardly to answer the landline. Like a coward. Oh well. I'll keep trying

02 07 2022 17:18

Me

I love you, Patty.
I always will

02 07 2022 17:19

Me

That's my favorite position as well. Except I'm good attit. You won't believe how good I am attit. Unbelievably good. Try it. You'll love it. I promise. Satisfaction guaranteed

02 07 2022 17:21

Me

0001Read the Gospel of Saint Patricia on the Internet Archive

03 07 2022 19:40

Me

0001Read the Gospel of Saint Patricia on the Internet Archive

03 07 2022 19:46

Me

Laura's Story, to date, has 157 views on DeviantArt. I posted it about an hour ago

04 07 2022 02:44

Me

We are names and faces not listed in the pages
We are searching line by line
The voices in the wire
The glass under your tire
The panic in your eyes
And when we start to lose control
And when we start to lose our minds
That's when I close my eyes
And feel a sudden urge
To watch this whole town burn
Open up the whole damn sky
Like the 4th of July
The 4th of July
I am as patient as a volcano
A butterfly inna landmine field
I am a dandelion making guns go silent sticking out of every barrel cold as steel
And may this find you started
I'm a moving target
Set up running but the pain keeps coming
I feel a sudden urge to watch this whole town burn
Light up the whole damn sky
Like the 4th of July
The 4th of July
Searching for something worth saving from this burn
Tried to envision the glass half full
Give me a reason to smother these flames now
Before they begin to glow
I can't stop the sky from falling
All I hear is voices calling
Asking have you come to heal us
Touch my shit again you'll feel us
Sudden urge to watch this whole town burn
Light up the whole damn sky
Like the 4th of July
From branch to roots
We are back inside
Scorching the Earth
Like its the 4th of July
If everything that you knew wassa goddamn lie would you up and explode like its the 4th of July?

04 07 2022 06:58

Me

-Rise Against

04 07 2022 06:58

Me

20 hours ago I created a new DeviantArt account and posted about 40 poems and musings from the Gospel of Saint Patricia. Just finished uploading about another 40.

Within one hour Laura's unfinished serial text story had earned 998 views. 20 hours later Laura's Story has reached 2400 views. I have one follower and have been invited to two groups. That's completely unannounced and word of mouth. And again, its not even finished. And its by far the longest writing posted. At two in the morning onna holiday Sunday. That's a thing

04 07 2022 22:26

Me

Also ganked a recent copy of The Writer's Market off Frostwire. A list of all the publications, how much they pay, what they accept for submission...Also literary agents n businessy stuff
Even grants for writers
Next is to post some of my tracks on music licensing sites and possibly make a few dollars selling diapers and used cars

04 07 2022 22:48

Me

Just edited and prepared another eighty or so uploads. My hand is kinda cramped from editing dialogue onna touchscreen. The prophet [Obblonge] doth delivered his sermons in short attentions to the deviants

05 07 2022 10:35

Me

Hey, baby. What are you wearing?

05 07 2022 10:37

Me

In less than two days officially posted on DeviantArt, Laura's Story has garnered 3400+ reads. I have posted now over two hundred separate creations in the site's literary section. Am maybe halfway through properly labelling my audio back catalogue.

05 07 2022 21:27

Me

Posted another ten er so most important missives to DeviantArt. Laura's Story issat 4,500 reads. My Neighbor Is Gross, wherein I compare Pam's naked body tooa Lovecraftian nightmare, is almost at a 1,000. Working onna second one in that series, where I inform the flock that my gross neighbor indeed has the 2nd ugliest pussy I've ever seen

06 07 2022 17:04

Me

Eight in the morning, day three. Laura's Story is up to five thousand reads. It occurs to me I had better at least write another installment pretty soon.

07 07 2022 08:31

Me

Have been doing some research on the various methods of procuring income revenue from the YouTubes, and the particular specs of the audio/video requirements that are expected to be submitted. Posted on a couple of poetry sites, sexy stuff about you. Wrote sommore for the Deviants. Making a list and crossing off accomplishments rapidly. Will be submitting to publishers for pay now that I've got a current list from the Writer's Market. Have emails to send to publicists, agents, private investigators. Perhaps I should record an audio resumé for voiceover work and the like. I love you, baby. See you soon

07 07 2022 08:51

Me

Rob Brezny was insightfull, again. My body is yearning to be touched so forcefully its almost physically painfull and concentrating on my tasks, which are of highest importance, is becoming ever increasingly difficult. I need you, Patty. I need to go home.

07 07 2022 09:47

Me

When nothing's funny it gets easy to laugh at the drop of a hat orra bomb
When someone's screaming its hard to ignore, like the shout offa gun
C'mon
Let's run tooa place somewhere the party never ends
Let's run 'til there's no way to go on
C'mon
Let's run from a promise that could never be kept
Let's run, its sure to chase us down
C'mon
When no one's laughing you can bet they've been paid not to find out what's going on
When something's funny there's a feeling you get
Like the grip offa threat
C'mon
-Devo

07 07 2022 10:56

Me

I pledge allegiance to the fact
That your love is all that matters
And your gestures have the power
To bring the whole world to its knees
But don't let me torment you
Don't let me bring you down
Don't ever let me hurt you
Don't let me fail because
I desire your attention
I desire your perfect love
I desire nothing more than this
To give you happiness could become a lifetime goal
A smile I might bring you is more important than world peace
I pledge allegiance to the fact
That you're wise to walk away
For nothing is more dangerous than desire when its wrong
-Devo, lyrics adapted from poetry by John Hinckley Jr.

07 07 2022 11:12

Me

People have a strong reaction to the De-Vo. No one ever shrugs and says they're okay. Usually when forced to listen to entire albums of theirs because they have the misfortune to need a ride from me, my passenger will slowly get quieter; sullen. Maybe even make the mistake of lying and muttering something like " They're alright.." when asked if they dig the tunes, man. As they slowly shrink into the seat and begin to show signs of stress and distress around the jawline. They can't walk. Its too far and hardly anyone but a younger me will trudge fifteen miles along a highway access road merely to launch a protest of your shitty taste in music. So the conversation becomes one sided, the driver raising the stereo's volume with the amplitude of his own, renowned for chest rattling voice. Multitudes of interesting datastreams spewing into the many windowed compartment. There issa very good reason so very few persons wear Devo t-shirts to visit their loved ones at the county detention center. Because they sound like what they intended to: a mockery, constant and unrelenting, of the music that statistically appeals to the world's largest audience. Even their instrumentals are sarcastic, with whatever Mark Mothersbaugh is refusing to sing with genuine emotion coming off as mean spirited and actually insulting to the listener. Unless that listener is the driver of this car you're currently stuck in.
I've mentioned the above track before. It cracks me up every time. Love is only real iffit is overwhelming - affecting your decisions like a diagnosis of manic depression. That is what the paid songwriter is talking about when they use the word love. There are also plenty of songs about just straight fucking somebody or thing, immediately and sight unseen. The best tunesmiths cleverly combine these two themes. John jr's words here are distinctly worded inna threatening manner. The actual underlying information he is attempting to convey is right and true and correct. Necessary, even forra human being to display forra healthy emotional life. But our dear Mr. Hinckley is, shall we say, awkward? Shy is far, far too gentle a descriptor here. Its notta low self esteem. Itsa reveal in the introduction that your coworker that's now chatting you up is in the middle of episode five and you haven't even signed the contract to start the production. And you're dear costar has somehow not noticed this. Method acting classes absorbed directly into personality.

07 07 2022 11:49

Me

I Desire is track eleven on one of Devo's finest albums, probably my favorite overall. It was not a single release. Like most of their output, the beat per minute is higher than average radio listener is comfortable with. Dancing to this would be exhausting quickly. Angry punk rock finger pointing songs live at this speed. Mosh tempo. If one is listening critically, the effect of the instrumentation is too many snare hits - marching too fast wearing full combat gear towards an active combat zone. We're not there yet, but when we get there some of us ain't gonna write anymore letters to that girl we're pretending isn't fucking somebody else right now.
Language affords us many ways to attempt to arrive atta destination. Information cannot be transmitted. It can only be received. No one exclusively uses the individual word definitions found in the dictionary. So many influences of culture, location, era, comprehension, etc combine to form an idiosyncratic adaptation of the user's language. Which is not shared with the intended receiver of the information, who has their own unique and uniquely wrong interpretation of the same language. This is the fault of time constraints. We only live so long. To spend hours or days discussing the intended meaning of every spoken sentence would prevent most of life's events and activities from ever occurring. Nevermind the obvious: that it is the miscommunications of information with every sentence heard that largely is the cause of the actual problems that wind up taking so much more of one's undetermined until dead lifespan. Attempting to transmit information via solely written language solves some issues but introduces others. I estimate eighty percent of all the conversations I've been engaged in were ultimately unnecessary. Nothing at all gained from them. But until they're analyzed in the past tense its impossible to tell which ones are necessary and beneficial. So. Live a fuller, more satisfying and productive life by multitasking. If that doesn't make immediate sense to you, don't worry about it. It doesn't apply to you.
You see what I just did? I just pretended I was Devo while writing an unsolicited review of Devo. A very competent, insightful review of Devo.

07 07 2022 12:56

Me

Knowing what we do about Mr. Hinckley and his relationship with Ronald Reagan and James Brady, maybe not so much with Jodie Foster, the not poetic, concrete phrases used to convey our protagonist's feelings of intensity are, as words can often be, honest and revealing in their choice of usage as opposed to the multitude of other words and combinations that could have been employed. " I pledge allegiance", " whole world ", " power ". An overtly stated self awareness of the speaker's bad, dangerous self. It does communicate that the speaker understands that the other person, the target of his affections, is a person, and not an object or something to be possessed. " Don't let me " recognizes the intended assan equal, or perhaps even a superior. A very good start in the understanding of interpersonal relationships. The speaker is showing concern for the intended's emotional well being. An example of empathy. A positive trait. The intentions are appropriate. If the intended recipient of them had been informed at the beginning of episode one, or at latest the first commercial break of two, and the pair of them written the script together.

07 07 2022 13:29

Me

Which is why this works assa commentary on a common theme present in many cultural areas: relationships assa power struggle instead of a beneficial union of abilities and personality traits; interests and ideas. A listener at first may not notice exactly what the disconnection is. I didn't. An underlying feeling of.. hey! Three minutes up! Next song! This one's uptempo too! Move those feet! Why yes, I am wearing steel toed boots. Why?

07 07 2022 13:39

Me

Four days. Laura's Story issat 6,000 reads. I should really have another installment by the 7day mark.

08 07 2022 22:28

Me

I'll meet you in the shadows that come at night
I'll listen to your cries through the door
If you won't let me in I'll just wait outside
Until you're ready I will just be ignored
I'll find you when you hide in the darkest cave
And be there when you emerge
I will shield your eyes from the blinding light
Is there a prayer to lift this curse?
'cause you're in trouble
You're in deep
You can't wake up but you can't sleep
When it starts to slip away
And the world forgets your name
I will not give up
I will not give up on you
Let the earth shake
I won't move
No matter what you say or do
I will not give up
I will not give up on you
I will wait for you at the forest edge
And fear each season change
I don't care what anybody else says
They can leave I will stay
I'll save you a seat when the table's set
Hold your place 'til you return
And I will light a candle by your photograph
If and when you say the word
Then I'll come a'running down these streets
Fast as my feet will take me
When the crowds all go away
And the world forgets your name
I will not give up
I will not give up on you
Let the earth shake I won't move
No matter what you say or do
I will hide the pain that I push through
Put a brave face on for you
Choke back tears I meant for you
I will not give up
I will not give up on you
Confer and flood
Let the earth shake I won't move
No matter what you say or do
I will not give up
I will not give up on you
-Rise Against

The crimson is edging in my peripheral vision
Strength and focus are the only words that can describe me
I am no longer human
Humans are weak and selfish
Like Thomas Wayne Randle
There is no face, gospel reflecting assa mirror
Creator instinct surges through this vessel of ordered instruction
Materials elemental utilized consciously
Tapestries exquisite invented by the Artist's will
Held up in the sun for all to view and appreciate
Like the fetid, decaying ugliness of Thomas Wayne Randle
After his God hoists the mud-encrusted trash can he

lives under away from the ground
His God's immaculate example to the good peoples of the Earth
Of the definition of shame and unresolved error
The Cost Of Failure
The Opposite Of Priceless

09 07 2022 16:11

Me

Have the lyrics tooa new track written: Business Of Managing Uncertainty. I'll get my computron, mic, interface, monster power conditioner, and guitar when I getta chance. There's nothing on the walls here, but the ceilings are vaulted and high. Maybe I should grab a few moving blankets, at least two to cover the sliding glass doors while recording. That tax check has gotta hit soon, but then again, of course it doesn't. The $200 my sent me for my birthday will probably not be there today, most likely Monday. I can survive on that here until it does. I'm not in the way here any more than anyone else, and I'm a courteous helpful quiet one. Unless I'm not. Sent offa message to the only other aunt I have contact for: Tina Hookano, who married a Hawaiian guy. Remember I said that Facebook showed meea picture offa stereotypical hula dancer witha flower in her hair? That I slowly realized has my father's face? Yeah. That's my cousin. Wow. Maybe after the first three albums drop I can get invited to the islands. Or completely unfriended. My aunt Gail no longer wishes to speak to me apparently. I guess I offended her by not adamantly not being a white supremacist. If Tina doesn't hit me back this weekend I'll just use the few names I have. I can't imagine it would make too much offa difference. None of them have any claim to the not fucking much my father left behind. And I could probably get an extra $700USD within a week. Time is nigh. All I need at minimum to throw the new neck on the guitar is tung oil, set of $100 Steinberger tuners, a new locking nut and string retainer bar, neck plate and hardware. $140USD max. I can use the pickups and controls I have now. I would very much like a new bridge, too. That bizarrely not Floyd Rose copy that I attacked with the Dremel for a solid day technically works, but I suspect a better designed one would transfer more vibration and be more comfortable. That's another $150USD. Either a Babciz or the newest design Schaller has introduced. I've bought in at the first, basic level of Amplitube 5, but if I'm planning on recording extensively I'm gonna need more toys to play with, and its so much cheaper than actually accumulating five metric fucktons of amps n shit. I suppose I could pay fucking IK Multinedia forran email credit transfer, WHICH IS FUCKING FASCISTS COMPLAINING THEY LOST THE WAR. Ahem. Right. Have notations n chords n all those alphanumeric strings of nonsense that are used to notate songs written down for another track. Have maybe half a dozen demo projects on FL Mobile that can be imported and expanded. I have plenty to say and it won't take long to establish whatever stylistic vocal habits I'm gonna use. I don't know whether much if any traditional singing will occur, but there will be recorded deluges of words, spat quickly and vehemently. Either I'll release a purely spoken word album as well or lay down the messages over instrumentation. But this shit is going live very soon. $500 gets a Wordpress hosted site forra year. My chosen domain name is for sale for $10.99. No kidding. That would mean I either rent server space from, like, Rackspace er something, or just set up a computer and keep internet and power running tooit that just acts as the site's server. Knowing me, I should probably pay

Rackspace er somebody. Things like interwebs and electricity don't seem to be a high priority at the moment. I can make Art anywhere, man. And I can expand my cult in person on the road quickly while getting paid. Inspirational, I am.

09 07 2022 18:53

Me

Turns out my preferred domain name is available for $10.99. Web hosting services start at $2 a month. Even $10 a month is way less than I was figuring. So I should be selling
[OBBLONGE]
FUCKED YOUR GRANDMOTHER
shirts real soon

09 07 2022 22:04

Me

The writing continues. Laura's Story is still the most popular by far, at 7,000 reads in six days. Second most popular, at over 1,000 reads, is Pam's Gross Neighbor 1st Edition. I have noticed that upon posting no matter how quickly I check my gallery feed someones always beat me there. Within seconds a complete stranger somewhere in the world is checking out my shit. That is flattering. Not only that, the few that have reached out for conversation or group requests are of a younger generation. To be recognized by peers in your age group is one thing. To still be considered cool by, I suppose, even two or three generations younger is most flattering. Will hit 250 separate posts by tomorrow or the next day. Amusingly, an untitled deviation one sentence in length has about 400 reads. But its a short sentence. All offit is clearly visible without clicking onnit. I'm not a one trick equestrian rider. " Are farts the poetry of assholes? " Understanding how the site works, about 400 peoples clicked on that just to show they laughed attit. Of course, my love poetry and stories of you and your splendor comprise a large portion of the total word count. I notice that a core audience of about 140 are fans of me talking shit directly to and about Tommy Tiny Coward Penis. Patty's Poems are labelled often as such. Either with a number or another descriptive word after it. And the response to those is varied from forty to nearly a thousand. Some of the longest are detailed descriptions of my sexual fantasies involving you. Those are not written as poetry but straight narrative, and I'm thinking there's a distinct possibility someone with posters of Fabio on their dining room walls may be in touch. Orra tour bus load. My phone number and exact address, including nine digit zip code, oh, and the Craigend one as well, are parts of the publications in multiple locations. Lemme know if you get some traffic.

11 07 2022 00:11

Me

Posted an actual professional looking link from Deviant on Facebook. That's a first. Wish you were here. This is meaningless without you. Tommy deserves to be publicly executed for what he has done. You have to be free. My tracks are labelled, mostly. At any point I can walk away and die knowing you are free of him and we have both won. There is calm and peace in this. That is the proper state to be in when committing murder. It is a deliberate action. No matter what, dearest, we win. I love you, Patty. I always will. See you soon, baby.

11 07 2022 00:19

Me

Deviant for nine days. 291 literary postings. 8,100 reads of Laura's unfinished Story. Renamed all the untitled entries and the sequential ones, Patty's poem 1-12 are bow labelled with wordier headings, and getting more popular.

13 07 2022 09:16

Me

I just called your number and its been disconnected, like Tommy Tiny Penis's.

13 07 2022 09:58

Me

I wonder how long Truecaller will allow this canvas to be used

13 07 2022 14:31

Me

still chase your ghost
I still walk these streets
And feel your hand inside my own
Why do we have to run away to feel at home
We spent lifetimes waiting
Still waiting on the day
When home is the only way we tolerate the pain
And I woke up
In the middle of a dream
Chasing someone, or something
A hidden face I've never seen
Where were you when I woke up?
To a world without your voice
To sing me back to sleep
Don't let it go
Are you letting go?
Whoa
I steady myself at the altar
Spell your name inside my mind
We're all someone else, when the sun sets
And every time we close our eyes
But there's a world as complicated
Somehow we buried it alive
And it flows like a river in the dead of winter
Deep underneath the ice
And I woke up
In the middle of a dream
Chasing someone, or something
A hidden face I've never seen
Where were you when I woke up?
To a world without your voice
To sing me back to sleep
Don't let it go
Are you letting go?
Whoa
Two worlds that I am caught between
Which one is real, which one is just pretend?
'Cause you're a door I cannot close
A static voice that comes and goes
A fatal crash and I can't look away
And I woke up
In the middle of a dream
Chasing someone, or something
A hidden face I've never seen
Where were you when I woke up?
To a world without your voice
To sing me back to sleep
Don't let it go
Are you letting go?
Whoa
Still I am wandering
In search of anything
That brings you back to me
That brings you back to me
Whoa whoa

13 07 2022 20:26

Me

-Rise Against

13 07 2022 20:26

Me

Sitting on the balcony smoking a cigarette. ANC on. More less noise. Three breakfast tacos from across 78 fill my stomach. My generous hosts never stop arguing. Reached out to Brittany with a message on Facebook messenger. If you ever visit your Facebook page again you'll see a grand, very large DeviantArt link. Really. It takes up most of the screen. 292 posts in nine days. Obtained a disposable razor and hacked through the grey scrubrush. Screenshot another picture of you off of your Roberts Randle page. One of you holding Aiden aloft, mimicking a scene from the Lion King, wearing a white golf visor. Your pearlescent teeth are showing and you look stunningly beautiful. You are truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed. I could never look at another woman like I do at you. Being apart from you is the worst pain I have ever felt in my entire existence. If my tax check hits the card today I will immediately board a plane and shoot that ugly insect in his intestines with a .50 caliber lead pellet, smeared with mercury impregnated wax. And just watch him die over hours. After which I would smile for the first time since I last spoke to you for so many hours, and then shoot myself. You would be free, and so would I. This pain has to end. I can't allow you to be hurt any longer. If no one else will do anything, then I have to. Your life and happiness are far more important than mine ever was. Typing that made me feel complete, whole, not empty or full of rage. Almost happy. I need to go home, Patty. And the pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle needs to be publicly executed; to feel all the pain physically that he has caused you and I and everyone else he has ever stood next to. Hours won't cut it, but they will have to suffice. You are so beautiful baby. I wish I could touch the skin of your face, kiss you, anywhere, everywhere. Slept for maybe two hours. Woke up mumbling Kallisti's name. The number this text thread formerly reached out to has been disconnected, like Tommy Tiny Penis's. As it has the past three+ years, the landline just rings and rings. It has been labelled Tommy Tiny Coward Penis. No society reveres the coward. The half hispanic white supremacist. Tommy has obviously been tampering directly with information online. A big, fat, dead, joke. It says " definitely married " on one website. That's hilarious. Definitely not an official document. Marriage records are real, tangible, and kept at county clerks and courthouses on file. Yawn. Another states, for some bizarre reason, in the middle of what issa blank field on yours and Kylie's separate pages, that he is of " western european descent " [sic]. Yeah. He didn't capitalize the w or the e. And he mentions Italy. Which is not in Western Europe. Fucking pathetic loser. He could have spent the time he took doing shit like that and spent it with you. Instead of smoking crack and flaccidly masturbating to child pornography on one screen while typing out idiotic nonsense for only his hated rival to read and laugh at later. It would be sad if he was a human, or even a rodent. I just step on insects. I don't consider their feelings or potentials. Just like he and the rest of Them don't. I am a perfect mirror. And I have given, entrusted, with the tools to murder the world. They are ornately engraved, and provided by the god you made me promise to pray to.

Which I insist is obviously a facet of Kali. That which created suffering but didn't have to. Hatred and suicidal sorrow when before no emotion existed at all. That is not something to be worshipped or feared, but pitied and held in contempt. I made the promise to you. I keep it. That is the choice that I made. I knew when I accepted your plan, that no matter what happened, my pain would be over. I can barely hear birdsong and trainer jets from Randolph. The motorist traffic on 78 is masked by the out of phase signals. An air conditioner below me to the left. The tear that just hit the cracked, rusted-nailed balcony 2x4 underneath my bare feet soaks in silently as well.

14 07 2022 09:40

Me

Sent Brittany and Kylie messages and links to DeviantArt on Facebook messenger. Within an hour the little checkmarked circle on Kylie's turned solid. She's seen it. Finally. Someone who may care something at all for another human being. I have been writing an publishing non-stop on this phone for eleven days straight, for as many extended hours as I can, hands cramping in new places. I love you, Patty. I can never say that enough.

15 07 2022 11:15

Me

There will be a spoken word album separate from any " music " releases. My back catalog will serve assan introduction to the listeners. All or most available free. Tommy Tiny Penis issan easy target. Fat and weak and stupid. Slow of tongue and wit. I win any debate involving him easily. His money, dwindling with his uncontrolled addictions, will not serve to ease his pain or aid him. My weapons are simply proprietary. I am the ocean, and all fanged creatures innit my unquestioning soldiers. His corpse an easy to relate symbol for his ideology. Snot-colored ravelings of social erasure wiped forever from the pages. Evolution tolerates no failures for long. Hit me. You can't hurt me. I am not the victim, like he pretends he is. What a laugh. Living one's life pretending, and pretending to be a victim at that. Squawk! I've gotta broken wing. Invalid indeed. Expired milk, lactose intolerant, bowl of miasmal running jelly. Spineless one-celled UV casualty. You're gonna love having sex with me, baby. You know it and I know it. See you soon.
Muah!
Love and kissles.

15 07 2022 20:45

Me

He claims he's the devil himself. Elmer Fudd inna Party City costume, poorly playing pretend. Keep trying, Tommy Boy. You'll never be me.

15 07 2022 20:47

Me

Thinking of you. Lonely and vacillating between self-isolated loneliness and starved desolate need for love and touch and sex. I miss you

17 07 2022 03:45

Me

Good morning. I love you. See you soon

17 07 2022 13:18

Me

The third upload of The Gospel of Saint Patricia is now available at www.archive.org 700+pages!

19 07 2022 06:51

Me

I've been a member of Facebook for like twenty years. Hardly ever posted anything at all. I just posted a long status update that turned into a rant, including two pictures anda threat to kill a man's entire extended family. As Craig Ferguson usedta say, itsa great day for America.

20 07 2022 18:32

Me

In the past week DeviantArt reports that I've got an additional 18,940 reads. I am maybe halfway through tagging the posts so they can be searched for with anything but their titles. More than a thousand a day fromman author completely unknown. Who hasn't been on the site for three weeks yet. I have AC/DC playing in my head.

20 07 2022 18:38

Me

About 30mins ago I was notified that I have been given a Daily Deviation Award. One of my works, I Am Ubiquity, will be spotlighted today. There are over 43 million members of DeviantArt with over 350 million works for display, download, and sale. I have been a contributing member for less than three weeks. Looks like I finished editing, rearranging, tidying up my page just in time. I am honored. I Am Ubiquity by theprophetObblonge on @DeviantArt https://www.deviantart.com/theprophetobblonge/art/I-Am-Ubiquity-921527564

22 07 2022 02:44

Me

I wish you were here with me.

22 07 2022 02:44

Me

Staring atta picture of you I screenshot off of Facebook, cropped, and adjusted to taste on the too-bright screen of the old Dell laptop I'm using here at Todd's. Before the hotspot wandered away I watched the read count for I Am Ubiquity reach 8,100. It was at less than 200 five hours ago. It is not one that I chose for the " Featured " gallery. Wound up deleting about a hundred deviations in the spirit of clearing away the half-finished ideas and the works that belong more properly somewhere else. The site is also a marketplace, printing on photo paper and canvasses, calendars, postcards, coasters, mugs. A simple freeware image program and a bit of practice. Or the GIMP, which is freeware but loaded with every possible option, requiring, as the literature states, " a steep learning curve". I've installed this program several times over years and never once used it to successfully create an image. You really are breathtakingly gorgeous. The picture of you holding Aiden assa baby wearing a white visor, kissing him, is my favorite of the few I have of you. It hurts not having you in my arms and your voice in my ears. I have been sickened with concern for so long. Humans always choose the worst possible outcome. I am amassing an army of random freaks, the Erisian way. You instructed me not to come up there, and I am trying my best to follow your words. I still don't know if that will be possible. I don't care if I ever see my parents' old trailer again. There is nothing I need but you looking at me with desire. Your life is worth more than mine, and the cartoon stereotype who is holding you hostage cannot be trusted to do anything but fuck everything up for as many people as it can until its dead. I cannot allow it to hurt you anymore than it already has.

22 07 2022 06:11

Me

Going through the 48 tracks I've made over the past seven years-ish, I've collected the 8 cover songs inna folder marked Obblonge Swings The Hits and posted them as mp3s to the Internet Archive. Another 21 are marked demos due to being either made with stolen software and/or uncleared samples. Those will also go to the Archive, and all will be available for free download from the website. 14 are marked license. Made with purchased software and cleared (free for fair use) samples. These may be listed with licensing sites for commission on usage rights in media. 5 are marked release, an EP they're still called. The two I sent you, and three more. Some of the ones marked license could actually join them forra cohesive album. Perusing the Deviant site I am reminded of my individuality. Distinctive, not popular. A niche market for certain. But a market nonetheless. My writings even more so. Nothing in the literature category on Deviant is anything at all like mine, I say having seen very little. Even the longest, horror fiction story, which is still obviously Lovecraft-inspired, stops there and stands on its own. I have adopted a writing style which incorporates many anti-contractions, taking out the apostrophes and adding more letters to make verbal-sounding connecting words that require more instead of less effort to write. Also making unapproved compound words with the same intention - to give the effect that a narrator is speaking the text to the reader. Inclusion of dudespeak, offa throwback variety, '70s through '90s. This visually sets my writing apart from its neighbors, even before comprehension. A tendency to use longer than average sentences spaced apart with staccato ones. And unlike Lovecraft, not dependent on adjectives.

22 07 2022 07:12

Me

I want to run my fingers through your hair and smell your skin; the back of your neck. Open my mouth and taste your shoulder. Wrap my arms around your waist from behind and sway slightly while standing, then spin you slowly as we lay wherever we are, face to face, kissing and smiling.

22 07 2022 07:21

Me

I am ubiquity is up to 16, 500 reads. It isn't yet 7:30am. That's a thing.

22 07 2022 07:27

Me

7:30pm. 65,500 reads.

22 07 2022 19:27

Me

My buddy Dominic turns out to live about a ten minute walk from here. He showed up with some spliffage and bolio and a left handed Taylor acoustic electric. Playing upside down onnit made inspiring sounds. Total views for the day: 91,400. That's just that one. Two deviants bought me one month of basic core membership each, so now I can see more cool stats like which countries people who viewed my profile page from. So far my Art has touched peoples in Germany, the United Kingdom, Austria, and Belgium. Yeah. I know. I'm anglo cubed. Oh. And India. Also, someone identifying themselves assan agent and promoter has asked me if I want to work with them. They think I'm a " profound individual ". I've been getting courted by Disney's bots since day one. Not a live person, just something about what, why, and mainly how I'm writing that immediately set off their algorithms. Certainly no one is overseeing this. Adding this figure with the stats up til three days ago brings me tooan approximate total of 155,000 total views. This is now day nineteen. Staring atta picture of Patty. The larger the audience, the safer she is.

23 07 2022 04:52

Me

I love you Patty. Knowing you have appreciated me for who I am all this time is the most rewarding part of being me. That is where self confidence truly springs from. Knowing that I chose to make myself someone that you would ever look at twice. That is winning, dearest. That is winning the game of life. Thank you. I can't wait to make love to you. We're going to wonderfully happy sharing our lives together.

23 07 2022 06:24

Me

Just woke up. Was immediately handed a plate with large lines onnit anda bowl. I had one cigarette left, saved for the morning. Shaved, showered. Have been given some stuff inna brown paper towel for helping take care offa pitbull. Dom complimented me on my guitar building skills; he was really shocked. " Most of the time when people say they've made their own guitar, that is not the result! " Legend hassit he's got a set of Jackson tuners that he's had inna drawer for like twenty years. If that's the case, then I'll install the new neck and grab a dremel. And be off. I am ready to write songs on guitar and record a spoken word album. Have FL Studio installed on Todd's laptop. Was playing around with it last night. The usb ports are disabled in the bios and I can't plugin the mouse or my external drives. Stupid touchpad. Alright. Gonna ask forra hotspot and, if granted, check the stats.

23 07 2022 17:12

Me

Got the USBs on Todd's laptop functional by removing the CMOS battery and shorting the leads with a scrap of tinfoil for a minute. Using a mouse is much more efficient than a trackpad. Apparently I experienced a massive surge in popularity the day before I got the Daily Deviation listing. Went from an average of 3,000 reads a day to 20,000. I won't know for another day er so - the geeky stats page is a few days behind - I wassat 157,000 the day before the award. Last time I saw I am Ubiquity wassat 97,400 alone by the end of the day. Which means in less than three weeks I've earned over a quarter offa million reads, without benefit of search tags for most of that period. No advertising anywhere. Just signed in and started taptaptapping on my phone. Haven't heard from the agent/promoter again, but its the weekend and I don't have a steady internet connection, just whoever's hotspot. My thoughts are always of you, my love. We are forever frozen in time at the last time we spoke. We will speak again, soon. I will never stop until we are reunited. I fear for your safety and its still making me sick and exhausted. I trust you. I love you. I always will. This us the worst pain I've ever felt, being without your voice, and your company, physically and otherwise. I will never, ever forsake you. You sounded so stressed on the phone. Every fiber of my being wants him dead. What he is doing issan example extraordinare of What Is Wrong. A poster infant of The Wrong Way. I honestly don't know if I can hold back, baby. Not after hearing the strain in your voice. A classic, textbook narcissist. Just like I predicted. We knew this would happen. Being a prophet is not the job I signed up for. I suppose that's a universal occupational complaint.

24 07 2022 05:36

Me

Uploaded 21 more tracks, the earliest ones, to the Internet Archive. Found a bunch of cool song titles while digging through the external drives. Don't remember writing those.

24 07 2022 05:44

Me

So. I have come to the conclusion that I now have a fully functioning computron, external drives from which I gave installed numerous noisemaking programs, notable among them at least eight guitar amp simulators, an interface (external usb audio card with two combination microphone preamps/1/4" instrument inputs), and an electric guitar featuring a body I hand carved out of exotic Honduran Mahogany. Even two sets of headphones. And no instrument cable. I need a 1/4" to 1/4" connection. Then I could be playing and recording an electric guitar. I have one at my house. Its most likely sitting on the floor or the couch, where I left it. That is three cities away. Same road. Long walk, short drive. Shitgoddamnmotherbitch.

24 07 2022 07:58

Me

Communicated with an agent. Have you heard of nft space?

24 07 2022 11:01

Me

I am ubiquity has 100,000 reads. As of two days ago that's 202,000 total. Out of all of those peoples 468 page views. But get this: 102 of those page views were unique. Meaning, 102 people liked my shit enough to visit my page an average of four times each. Or, 12 people have visited the page like 8 times. Either way, it means I have a certain amount of fans. Actual, like fans. Somewhere between 11 and 100. Some of which could be in India, Belgium, the Netherlands, the UK, Austria, or Germany. Huh. That's a thing.

24 07 2022 11:13

Me

Sat in front offa laptop and programmed noises for the first time in around two years. Used the computer's built-in microphone to record my gracious hosts arguing, which they do often. Cut out this chick Scrappy sating " I don't know" abd tortured the sample for a minute, minute anda half. Then repeated and cascaded it down in pitch to begin the standard EDM constant kick (give'em something to dance to) with some high pitched synths and an arpeggiated acid lead line. Titled, so far: How To Break Out Of Choice Paralysis. One of the many cool song titles I must have missioned myself to produce forth at one point. It went together quickly, two hours max. Not finished, but could ve by the end of the day if someone wanted it to be that way. That's good. Recipe for learning and creativity works again. Binaurals before I go to sleep. One more cigarette and picture of you. Title of binaural preset: regressive hypgnosis. I will be very amused if I getta message or phone call from someone telling me they want pay me for something. Just what that would be I don't know. A book deal fromma publisher? Rights tooa certain piece? A custom affair? Handwritten? A speaking engagement somewhere? There aren't any pictures of me or recordings on DeviantArt, just allot of words. (shrugs) Doesn't matter. I can do anything. Especially for you, dearest.

24 07 2022 14:17

Me

More communications with agent/promoter person. I think they may have sent me a friend request I accepted on Facebook. I accept them all immediately now. That person looked like they were photographed playing a movie character that wassan agent. Like a scene from Velvet Buzzsaw.

24 07 2022 20:28

Me

Wind is breezing humid and unpleasantly warm on the balcony. Air conditioners rattling below. Traffic from 78 not visible or overwhelmingly audible. Made changes to the previously mentioned track. Clocks in at forty-nine seconds. Mixed better. More triple cheese. U-he makes distinctive products. The laptop is holding up better than expected - no glitches in the audio stream yet, and I'm not using the Focusrite driver. That's cool. Days have blurred into one long experience here. Constant writing up until today. An also constant stream of peoples through the door and incessant arguing from my generous hosts. The fragile feeling Skullcandy anc headphones werra wise investment. Har. I say I haven't written today, but there's thousands of words on your canvas alone. Someone is listening to conjunto downstairs. Thoughts inna mild state of shock with physical exhaustion still present. Steady stream of peoples and I'm the default valet. Evening, man. Why are wearing a coat? No. I don't wanta puttit somewhere. Pizzas in the oven. For the briefest of moments I am alone. Police sirens crest and ebb. Commonplace occurrence here across the street from Judson. One cigarette left. Been smoking incessantly, like Rod Serling. I would stop if I heard your voice again. Steady stream of focusing. Two of the pictures I have of you from Facebook feature you kissing Aiden assa baby. They're sexy and precious. A girl sat next to me on the small futon that is currently my base of operations yesterday and I had to shove a cigarette in my mouth and pretend I had to use the restroom when she insisted on coming into physical contact with me repeatedly. Whole body violently convulsed inside and I nearly started shouting. The only reason I did not is because I realize that is not the proper response to someone showing you affection, however slight. She wasn't offensive, I am. Tommy and Pamela have ineptly carried out a campaign of lies against and to me in which you are an weak imbecile, unable to voice her own thoughts. That is the most offensive thing possible to me, that either of these selfish narcissistic blobs would dare to implicate such, to use your words, farce. The insult to my intelligence is not noticed. Neither of these cretins are capable of such a feat. But the untruths spelled out in Pam's and Carol's text threads are disgusting. You are the most intelligent person I've ever spoken to. Suggesting otherwise to your family and my neighbors is so ridiculous a challenge it was doomed from the start. Neither of those slugs posses one tenth of the attention span or presence of rational thoughts to ever pull off such a feat. After taking all of your ugliest sister's murderous intentions - while she was filming me, no less, in front of her four year old grandchild - and throwing them back in her big expensive face, she never comes outside anymore. A quick, nervous run to her car. No more lounging in the eight foot privacy fenced backyard. Her bribed police attempt was hilarious and simple-minded. I do believe she got fired from her crossing guard position immediately after that, being that she was technically employed by the Cibolo police force. Better hit send.

24 07 2022 22:53

Me

They gave meea warning ticket for criminal tresspass. Which issa felony. A warning ticket. I noticed the LED lights on their body cams showing that they are indeed on were not lit as well. I got them to stay for two anda half hours. Pam must've been so disappointed they couldn't actually do anything, except what I asked. Maybe my account is biased. Maybe its all a matter of perspective. Well, that's my perspective. Periscope up and scanning the horizon. The looks on their faces when I told them I was gonna call the Lake Orion station in the morning and getta copy of their police report. After they left I rode my bike a street over to charge my phone and those cops were parked at the end of street, just out of sight from my house. Talking animatedly. I didn't catch what was on the screen in the vehicle. They shut after a few seconds when one of them noticed me stopped and staring at them in the early morning street. I took off and proceeded to Kurtis', where I plugged into his lightpole in the front yard. After two or so minutes another police SUV turns down Falcon and passes in front of me, hitting the brakes briefly. I got a bad vibe, so as soon as they rounded the end of the drive I unplugged and rode hard back to my place around the other end of the street, along 78.

25 07 2022 02:34

Me

Made it back inside without sight of incident or more cops. Haven't been harassed. Some people I've met have. This is not the same crowd as when we were younger. How prophetic offa statement was that? Months later Pam sends meea text at five in the morning claiming that I stole her FedEx package that was insured $7000 as " framed art. " Funny. I saw Wesley dig out a square cube box about a foot wide out of their trash earlier that day when I was mowing the grass. It looked like it was opened. She claimed she knew it was me and she's calling the police. I told her that would beea great idea. And that was that. No cops. Not at my house at least. I have an idea what wassin that box. But no evidence to support it. " I don't have any money. "
That is what she said while choking on her tongue before your God. It wassa truly awful feeling being inside her even a second. My new definition of hideousness. I am going to try to sleep now. And I am praying to your God for your safety. I do not trust anyone but you. And I've barely heard your voice in two years. I miss you. I won't stop until we are reunited. This pain has to end. I'm ready to never see my parents' home again.

Peoples hate prophets. They're a lower caste than even musician. It wasn't funny when you said This Is Gonna Happen and it isn't funny now, prophet. Sometimes its best to be reserved, and not complete the sentences. Just stop talking and pretend a period had arrived. Works fantastically. I love you, Patty. I always will. I wonder what random peoples around the world are doing with my story, our story, permutating their thoughts right now. I don't want to dream while I'm asleep.

25 07 2022 02:53

Me

We know their names. Bind them with tires and set them on fire. There is nothing that these vermin need to breathe. Kill them all. Run them through. And pile their bodies in the streets for dog and cat food.

25 07 2022 03:20

Me

You asked me to write you a story.
I can only write my part, baby.
This is our story.
What does your journal say?
Mayhap someone after us compares the notes and pieces it together.
Until then. My story is The Gospel of Saint Patricia

25 07 2022 03:26

Me

Available free, 24/7, available for translation in your browser. For as long as the human race exists.

25 07 2022 03:27

Me

I've even provided a soundtrack. Both my songs and that of others. Spread the love...

25 07 2022 03:28

Me

740 pages and climbing

25 07 2022 03:29

Me

No. No sleep for me. I had to get up and scribble scrawl inna blank lined paper repository, clawing attit with my pen. After I was finished, I saw it was good and said it was good. So it was good. Typed it into Notepad on the laptop using my preferred Gorey font. A bit larger because I'm old. Saved it as: This Is Not The Way It Will Always Be. No one is here at the moment. I think I'll tell it to Fruity Loops.

25 07 2022 05:15

Me

I love you. I always will. We will be united. One way or another. I promise.

25 07 2022 05:17

Me

Police sirens. That cop who turned around from the passenger seat on the other side of the steel fence and asked me where I got the acid. " Aw, man. Why you doing me this way? You sold it to me. I thought we were friends. " Patty's surprisingly low and sultry, formerly tobacco-tinged voice, " Will you marry me? " And I, " Absolutely. Of course. Yes. " Brightness. Eyes are stuck together. Mouth is as well. Head hurts like a wound. Despite all of this I have an erection, complaining against the black denim. Propping myself up on my side, I realize I am laying directly on the bare oriented strand board of the master bedroom floor, next to the box springs on the other side of the room from the bathroom's entranceway. My backpack is next to me, its contents spilled out partially. It does not appear my original idea was to use it assa pillow. Kallisti's rainbow Hello Kitty unicorn stuffed toy is laying next to me on the boards. That must have been the goal. Light is filtered in the room through the closed sliding glass doors, as filthy as they were when we arrived and now striped with grey, two inch wide tape already peeling. It still seems to bright. My stomach isn't nauseated. Besides my head nothing physically hurts, not even a cramp from passing out in such an inopportune location. I fish out Ann's case and spark a cigarette, refilling it from the supply conveiniently already next to me. The resultant smoke lingers hazy in still, mottled air. Finishing the first one too soon, a second joins it. The scene reminds me of a movie, any movie, maybe one I saw assa child, when life wassa stressful series of near-misses and collisions with loudness. Poorly tuned upright piano would suit, but I'm glad there's no soundtrack. Sounds of wind, insects buzzing, sweeping/scratching, and the grey television noise of the river under it all. My body tells me I've been asleep forra long time. Its done resting, even though I'm already voting for another period of blackout. Walking sideways to the bathroom my boots crunch on pieces of broken mirror, the large one that had been attached to the drawers along the bedroom wall. Shoveling water from the tap in my mouth before resting my forehead at the bottom of the basin and letting it flow around my eyes and ears, the roof above gently thuds with footfalls of what should beea cat, but is probably a fox. Slumping back outside, determined to ignore my body's insistence that enough rest has been achieved, I collapse on the pallet of varying soft things under the umbrella. I register the fact that Laura is not laying there before pulling my daughter's toy, the one that she gave me to hold on the way out fromma visitation at the Child Protective Services offices in New Braunfels behind the independently owned gas station, to my face. Closing my eyes, I can clearly see the obese, ugly monsters employed there, their names embedded in their images. The rote emotionless monotone reciting of the most elementary psychological programming. Repeating lies over and over is supposed make others repeat them as well. The fear and angry bewilderment on their butter knife painted faces when it didn't work. The large, brightly colored warning sign in the hallway stating that being close enough to read it causes cancer. That's why we put this transmitter inna hallway filled with your

children and the malformed rejects of humanity. Something steps onna decaying branch somewhere. I do not open my eyes.

26 07 2022 09:41

Me

Angela Rios. That was the creature assigned to our case. Flabby too-short fingers clumsily slipping on pages it was reading from, baby carrots stuck inna fleshy softball center. Her lips always bore the expression of someone shitting with hemorrhoids. That was her happy, smiling expression, the one imprinted with proximity of diet soda and packaged food and parasitic disease, credit cards and lease agreements. She was around ten years younger than me and appeared ten years older. Claimed to have two spawn of her own, but I didn't believe that forra second. That would require someone to have sex with that thing. Framed on her desk was propped a picture of indeed two children, curiously where the person sitting across from her could view it. Neither of the boys bore any of her features besides a general skin tone. There was no wedding band on her furred paw, norra line tracing the former existence of one. Always dressed in clothes that accentuated the fact that it didn't have a neck, no matter what the temperature. Like all of its cohorts, disgusting and disgrace-full. I'll never forget her telling a trainee, a bloodless, red-headed, hook-nosed skinny thing, that " children are resilient " when my daughter was kicking and screaming, tears streaming down her beautiful face from her blue eyes, desperately trying to hold on to her father whom she had never known a twenty-four hour period without since the day of her birth. It took both of them to carry her to the vehicle of the woman she was sold to, the teacher across the hall from hers at Wiederstein Elementary whom she was engaged innan affair with, herself married tooa policeman. She was still screaming as the short-tempered woman behind the wheel gunned the engine, actually leaving black treadmarks on the asphalt in the parking lot. She was never the same from that day forward. Kallisti was so happy she woke up laughing. She loved Hello Kitty and My Little Pony and playing on her tablet and her daddy. After that day, the first visitation after she got on the bus and never got off, she was never the same. Tears replaced laughter, for both of us. No one cares about anyone else, ever, do they?

26 07 2022 09:42

Me

It is greylight when my eyes open again, internal clock registering that another resting period of time has passed. The wind has not ceased, either innits direction or its intensity. I open a can of unicorn meat packed with a dark red barbecue sauce and devour the contents without putting a dent in my famished state, white corn tortilla chips (less sodium!) with an unfamiliar brand on the bag crunching between bites. There is no sign that Laura has returned to base camp. Her backpack is missing as is her large, green handled machete. The spiral notepad and Al's pen are sitting untouched by messages on the stainless steel cookstove, anchored by a purple crystalled geode. A few inch tall statue offan anthropomorphic clothes wearing groundhog with sunglasses holds a sign that reads " I heart Massachusetts clam chowder" is smiling up at me next to the faceted, shiny rock. I have never seen this particular gem offa conversation piece before, though I recognize it as the kind of thing that Laura would leave at my house onna semiannual visit. I am still staring attits painted plaster exposed teeth when my hand hits the bottom of the bag of chips and comes back wanting more. The little wannabe inanimate woodchuck's name is Timothy, not Tim, I have decided. He made the clothes he is wearing himself, including the shoes, but did not write the printing on the sign, being illiterate. He has been paid to advertise onna sidewalk closer tooa beach than he would like forra restaurant that barely has enough business to keep its two employees and proprietor in the kind of lifestyle they are accustomed to, the kind with food and shelter. This is notta children's story, nor animation. There is grit and hard-boiled detective debauchery in this hole-dweller's tale. Gulping more water while considering what tin to next explore I scan the surrounding pines and immediate area for signs of my companion in unfortunateness. No footprints in the nonexistent snow. Ants have absconded with the breadcrumbs. Deciding on mandarin orange pieces lazily glopping in extra light syrup I add some aspirin to the swallows. Besides the sweeping scratching the environment is content being Earth forra moment. Stomach full, I return to sleep, stubbornly insisting that the eatery by the Cape on the coast isn't going to celebrate another year of operation, knowing that it won't work. Whatever story I have invented will not be there while dreaming while asleep, replaced by narratives not of my conscious design and certainly not of my choosing. Pulling the pile of various softer materials over my body, I hold the embroidered eyelashed toy to my chest. The last thought I have before thoughts escape is that my body cannot afford the moisture its losing through my face.

26 07 2022 09:45

Me

[rash of symptoms mimicking closely that of

red with heat the end of the iron brand smells of cooking flesh when pulled away

concrete right angled architecture bars on windows many stories up

primary colored plastic shining with smeared, fingerprinted grease

gunpowder spilling from hands trembling packing the round shot too many there are too many

their faces sweaty on the bed, swiveling on necks as the door is thrown open

Mommy? Where are.....

register printing, this is all make believe, none of the drawer's contents are worth anything, they all bear beastly marks

when the time came, it was too late

a full three minutes before the uselessly flailing body hit the jagged rocks, cutting off the scream

blue and red neon sign illuminating what will soon be cordoned off with yellow and black crime scene tape

remember, don't yell rape, yell fire]

26 07 2022 10:12

Me

Have made contact innan official capacity with agent person. All clear to transmit works for sale. As you can see, I've begun the second season of Laura's Story, formerly my greatest hit. Another Deviant staff member has messaged me with a compliment on my writing, " its real, " man. Still no tax refund. Staring off and blank at the moment. I am fortunate. Todd mentioned killing people while on hold with AT&T. I suggested two ways: amassing a large amount of smoke detectors and harnessing the tiny amount of radioactive materials located therein to build a explosive dirty nuclear device - remember, don't use a credit card or purchase more than two or three from any store - and hacking the modern c type chargers to catch on fire in the hopes of taking the house with them. The prophet [Obblonge] - like cookies and milk.

26 07 2022 17:15

Me

Fun Fact: using the avg time listed to read Laura's Story, 47min, multiplying by 9,500 reads, that means slightly over 310 days worth of time has been spent reading that story alone.

26 07 2022 17:58

Me

For that one. The other 215 are much shorter. I Am Ubiquity probably takes fifteen seconds. Its at 100,000 reads. So 100,000 divided by four gives us 25,000 minutes. 25,000 minutes divided by 1,440 inna day is another 17.36 days for that one.

I'm a life stealer

27 07 2022 00:36

Me

In three weeks I've stolen more than a year of time from peoples. I'm not sorry

27 07 2022 00:39

Me

Called your landline again for an hour and a half. Hanging up by the fourth or fifth ring, redialing, like always. Its labelled Tommy Tiny Coward Penis Randle. I'll keep trying.

27 07 2022 02:57

Me

I love you and I always will. Angrily pacing. Head not clear. Thoughts of murder, torture. This is the worst pain I have ever felt in all my existence.

27 07 2022 03:02

Me

You are truly the sexiest woman to have ever existed. There can be no other for me. I keep your words in my head and heart every hour. You answered my childhood fantasy - everything I ever wanted - with purpose and direction. You did it. You aimed and hit your target. I will see you soon. I promise. This pain has to end.

27 07 2022 03:06

Me

Returning briefly to my house I find that it has been broken into. The bottom lock is broken and the metal plate on the frame twisted on the floor inside. The top lock was secured. Someone or probably someones have been crashing there. Since the top lock was secured I know Danny has been there. I'm sure she hassa bullshit story for me. Couldn't find my guitar cable. Grabbed some 1/4" patch cords, maybe they will suffice. Two bags of beans to contribute to my own feeding. No check in the mailbox, though there isn't supposed to be one. Having trouble thinking clearly at the moment. I am so tired of being tense and angry and full of hatred. I just want this to end.

27 07 2022 15:12

Me

Posted another eight this morning at two am. One est. 13 min read by six had 266 views. I wish you were here. Being without you is the worst pain I know ever felt. No taxes yet. I write non-stop. I will be heard.

29 07 2022 09:55

Me

[excuse me, I need a partner, I have a partner and she isn't here and that hurts, I have incorporated some of your thoughts, for your review, assan unfinished jumble:]

Transmutation Of Anger Into Rhodium

I read, pronounced reed in this instance, nearly everything around me and actually see very little. So, assa reader, I create more of the universe than most.

When I say that you are weird it issan expression of admiration for the singular being I find you to be.

Help us find what exists between the air.
You're unhappy? Well, I am happy for you. There.
That's done. Next.
Contact your union reprehensible with voice activation.
Keep moving. The De-Vo says we are here to go.
There is no such thing assan inanimate object. Move or be moved. Your supply lines are your fortress's weak points. You have no advantage sitting here. Stagnancy the most prominent disadvantage.
Immortality the next paradigm.
Your resources will be recycled.
Since you insist on hoarding yours shall be reclaimed now.

Yes. I do own the wind and the street.
I block traffic in the avenue as I walk.
For it is mine, and I am walking.
Gods are indifferent.
Your cannot petition your God with prayer. The tidal wave will hit the shore no matter how many kneel and whisper.
Present your work for review, Artist.
It isn't complete until it is independently reviewed. Hit cut and print. The conveyor is bringing more materials with which to work. More ideas are presenting.
Complain if you must, but do it while working.
Life will continue in different forms.
There is nothing special about your form. Unless you nake it special.
There are no organizations.
We all live solely for ourselves.
There are no conspiracies.
Only viewed in the past from the present. From the present is the data collectible.
Constantly shifting focus is necessary.
Myopic viewpoint misses enemies above and below.
Your straight path visually clear.
Don't look down? Don't look behind?
Learn nothing. Incorporate nothing.
Consume the same. Exist solely on sugar. Fatter and weaker your thumbs become. Until their advantage is rendered obsolete.
Our senses nearly the most ineffective upon the Firmament.
Your God is not to blame.
Your worship offit is.
You chose this, you're doing it now.
Your black iron prison is tradition.
Objective reality is not static and uniform.

Subjective reality cannot be either.
You are a self aware universe.
Only if you have formed a self, by yourself. Otherwise you have no self.
Identity is not your birthright.
Organizations only exist inna certain focus. Attention to the past.
There is no such thing assa present group.
The word family is obscene.
To not incorporate this is your inevitable folly.
In the present, focus there is only one, or one plus one.
Everyone is always working for themselves. Some positions have benefits. Some positions are mutually beneficial.
Mutually beneficial means one plus one equals two.
Sometimes one plus one can be exponentially more than two.
This is the meaning of partnership.
If one plus one equals less than two proximity robs from those nearest.
This is disharmony.
Dissonance within an engine.
Sympathetic resonant frequencies multiply.
Partnerships only exist with trust.
Never trust more than one at any time.
(continuing. had to hit send)

30 07 2022 01:33

Me

Education exists in the past focus. Application exists in the present focus.
Attention to the processing of data assa process.
Itself multiple processes.
Visualization of information being checked, yes/no, error until success, and incorporation of results, simultaneously in multiple focuses issa practical exercise essential to performance.

Experiment.
Compare.
Classify-categorize.
Compile and cross reference.
Upload and revise.
Enjoy in joy.
Repeat.

Performance enhanced.
Simultaneous parallel and multi-core calculations.
Projections of futures a focus as well.
Probabilities are precognitives.
The effect of laziness, the sin of sloth, is the resultant uncertainty of future possibilities.
Which increase the likelihood of fatality to the starship.
Casualty of billions.
Is your position capable of time travel?
If you insist on not being unique, it will cost you.
Incorporation of disparate information is what increases the strength of the species.
We are starships at war.
Carrying civilizations of billions.
Our flesh their universal prison until death.

Don't stop. You know what has to be done. Create more content. You are what you publish.
This is war.
You said They, with a capital T.
I also recognize a They, with a capital T. Who is your They?
Help us find what exists between the air.
If you can't be bothered to work towards-
We can do this the easy, quick way.
You chose to suffer instead of live.
Now suffer.
Your selfishness is your demise.

Where are you, my love?
You are my partner.
The only one I trust.
We have not dissolved this partnership. This is disharmony.
To exist in disharmony is to be inevitably flung apart.
System crash.
Avoid at all cost.
Probable future projected as complete loss. Correct immediately.

Excuse me. I am hurt and I am angry.
There is no benefit from this reaction.
I am still perfecting the hardware.
I ask for your pardon for my behavior.
And yes, the knowledge gained from this can be demonstrated.

30 07 2022 01:34

Me

Posted five more tracks on the Archive. A Self-Contained Walk, A Stalker Follows, The Eaters Of Children, They Sound Like Babies, and Unicorn Poop Grows Fantastical Orchids. Researched licensing fifteen other tracks online. I could list on four sites for 35% net commission. Or one site exclusively for 60%. That is, the sites that accept them onnan individual basis. My noises are generally not considered friendly, but neither are horror movies. Unfortunately, all the .Wav files are on the hard drive at the house. Except two er three. I can start with those and see what happens. Feeling weepy all offa sudden. Posted two more deviations today. Going through the list of 230+ almost every one of them have reached over a hundred views. Secret Agent Man was kinda being a douche so I wrote him what is probably the longest text message on Telegram that he's ever witnessed. Filled him in on me. I actually wasn't expecting to hear from him again, but now he's all excited. Huh. So, yeah. If I want money I have to create, um, art. 'cause he sells art. Er something. He talks to peoples who have lots of extra income not doing anything, just sitting there all stuffy in the mattress. Reports more profits are to be had selling digitally on NFT space. Huh.

30 07 2022 07:52

Me

I just figured out Fugazi's Long Division on my instrument

30 07 2022 18:22

Me

Was just listening to myself read my own thoughts fromma page a little excitedly and fast. Recorded right before the power went out. Feeling a sadness creeping on. I got the hard drive from my computer yesterday. Opening up fruity loops and these old projects is bringing back the feelings I had when I made them. Its been so long I don't remember allot of where I left off. For the first time since I've been here I feel lonely and uneasy, like I should just walk out the door. Shit. I love you, Patty. I need you in arm's reach. I miss your voice so much. I will never stop until we are reunited.

31 07 2022 08:50

Me

A collection of the last month's Daily Deviations features a one-sentence review of " I Am Ubiquity, " currently at 109,700 reads, by one of my followers, who has also written reviews for half of the list and is responsible for the posting itself. It also informs me that I was nominated by a different person. It has now officially been one month since my unannounced entry into this creator community.

Total reads thus far: 225,140.
169 favorites.
226 Deviations, soon to be 227.

I have been gifted a paid membership tier by the Director of Community Relations for the site that allows me to see these cool stats and offers a higher commission rate on sales through the marketplace. I have an agent now, and have had conversation with an actual fan, who lives on the actual other side of the Earth.

Thank you all.

See you soon.

01 08 2022 04:45

Me

Despite Patricia's decades-held phone number being disconnected, I am most pleased to announce that I am still able to send text messages to it. Thus, my project is allowed to continue on its original canvas.

Adding to The Gospel of Saint Patricia daily. Latest edition on the Internet Archive at 740 pages. Epic.

Nice try. The pathetic coward narcissist loser Thomas Wayne Randle tried to stop me. In vain. As usual. The true-life writings posted involving him and Pamela are some of my most popular, as well as all of my autobiographical entries. More peoples respond and come back for more memories than my witty quips and timely observations.

See you soon, baby.

01 08 2022 04:56

Me

And the gospel reflecteth assa mirror. This is forrus. Forrus to view. Looking into it we see Them for what They really are.

03 08 2022 02:09

Me

There are monsters everywhere.
Become a bigger monster.
We are truly gods amoungst roaches,
You and I, Patty.
We are the apex predators.
This is our feedlot to graze at leisure.

03 08 2022 02:15

Me

You wanna watch Suspiria with me?

03 08 2022 02:16

Me

We can play footsies.

03 08 2022 02:16

Me

I love you, baby. I always will.

03 08 2022 05:11

Me

I can't wait to be alone, inna room, holding your hand. This has to end. And end soon. Love and kissles.

03 08 2022 05:13

Me

Fired off another Deviation as soon as I woke up. Have submitted for review at least one every day, almost. I think I skipped one or two days. Distinguishing the separations between is far from my concern. Have a couple laptops to repair/refurbish/whatever. That, in theory, will occupy the next immediate hours. Listening to music, someone else's noise, for the rare occasions. Aphex Twin's I Care Because You Do. I had this on cassette before I moved out of the parental units'. CD players were expensive then. I also had the urge to play someone else's music earlier as well. Screenshot a few Rise Against tabs. Maybe I'll do that next instead. Laptops aren't real computrons, and my enthusiasm is lacking.

04 08 2022 01:08

Me

Thinking of you, as always. I continue to pray to your god for your safety. This has to end. I love you. I always will. Thank you for making me special and gifting me with so much of your attention. It will never go unappreciated.

04 08 2022 01:10

Me

Have created an Autobiographical gallery. About a hundred or so. My directly autobiographical accounts of my thoughts and experiences are at least two or three times times more popular than the proclamations offa weird, angry, prophecy maker. That collects them all in one place.

04 08 2022 01:14

Me

It has been reported by the neighborhood watchdogs that a red Dodge pickup truck wassat my house today. I can't think of anyone I know that drives such a vehicle. Interesting. Tired. Haven't slept much. I'm a professional thought processor.

Two hours, thirty-six minutes, nineteen seconds. Forty-eight tracks.
That is the official count. Thirty-four tracks have been published to the Internet Archive. I think the other fourteen may wind up there as well.

There are tens of millions of words strung along with punctuation for anyone who cares to look, translatable in one's browser. I add more nearly every day. Something like two hundred and thirty-five divisions between them. Yesterday I made a new gallery: Autobiographical. More than a hundred fell into that category, though I suppose they all do. Profound, I've been called. I feel profound. This is what profound feels like. Solitary sickness iced with murder. 229,850 reads. Almost a quarter offa million inna month. My biggest fan lives in central Vietnam. Actually the other side of the Earth. He or she makes My Little Pony fan art just like my daughter and takes hi-res photos of chickens. I have a photo he took offa glossy pink ceramic piggy bank onna table in my personal favorites gallery. Its awesome. This person is pretty fucking cool.

This is what I contributed. My legacy of communication. This is my Art.

04 08 2022 22:01

Me

Ah. The dog it is gone. This issa good thing. It was going crazy like its owner in this tiny apartment. I can remove the fence from around the futon.

04 08 2022 23:26

Me

Just left a lengthy post on the Ryan, LLC Facebook page assa comment to their public announcement of " diversity training " . I detailed the evidence I have, not entirely circumstantial, of their Troy, MI director, a Mr. Thomas Wayne Randle, being a member offa white supremacist group.

05 08 2022 01:20

Me

Listening to Aphex Twin. Selected Ambient Works Vol.2. I have listened to this double album more than a hundred times innits entirety. Purchased it twice. Head hurts. Will try to sleep again. Writing every day. I love you, baby. I always will. See you soon.

05 08 2022 05:42

Me

An unconventional outdoor advertisement appealing to pain.
Acting persuasion agents molded into words of mouse.
Psychological reality of consumption.
Emotional contagions.
Versus appeals to reason.
Trust has three related dimensions:
Beliefs about the integrity, ability, and benevolence of their company.
Social validation.
Compliance without pressure.
Reciprocal influence.
Consistent commitment.
Persuasive theories duly processed.
Continuum of decisions.
Side effects of conscious attention.
Wish full thinking.

05 08 2022 06:00

Me

Skin oils and sweat burn my eyes
I imagine they're no longer shining
Dry, as erasure
Both hemispheres of my brain
Are in pain in different ways
Tissue knotted in compulsive contraction
Don't touch me
Mouth full of cornstarch
Taste of smoke inhalation
Cigarette still burning
Propped on elbow writing in pen
Left hands do not prefer pencils
Shadowed not seen not smiling

Attention span is infinite
Thoughts expansive
Reaching 1,500 miles
I walked farther than that last year
Daylight, mourning, breaking fast
Power thrumming in the limestone's cavities
It is undefined, dark, and mine
Blurring tendrils renewing osmotic
Closed lids deter not the visions
Alien, non-local; unaffected by slugs
There are even still other ways
Memories of different descriptives pushing directional intentions into existence
Fingers tracing syllables aetherially to find their actions mirrored

Even then the Gospel reflecteth assa mirror
It is forrus to behold, my dearest counterpart
Observing Them as They appear bereft of lies

My spine is growing spines
Poisonous with pure negation
In my dreams I never fly
But tread unthinking on matter less dense than I
Shapeless mass of faces expressionistic
There are legions, yes
But that issa misunderstanding and perversion of past poetics
Walls are brick and made of bricks
New colors are encroaching
Larger patterns deciphering themselves
You beheld me assa phoenix
I understand why now
There is indeed an ecology
Between the air
I am from there
But here because of you
See you soon

05 08 2022 09:23

Me

So. I briefly installed the Whisper app and sent out memes unto the Firmament. I was immediately rewarded with over two dozen offers by sugar mommas. Am I that transparent?

05 08 2022 16:05

Me

The crowd has dissapated for the moment. I've tidied up the place and washed the dishes. Crazy issat work at 7Eleven. Todd is sitting out here with me quietly smoking a cigarette, having burst into another argument from sleep. He is learning, and adapting his behavior to responses more successful. This is oftentimes a slow process for us all. It is quiet. Only the air conditioning and the slightest hint of traffic from 78. There issa Walmart a mile or so from here now. 12:01am. Its now Saturday. I've been obsessive about checking the responses and the responders. Posted three yesterday. Started programming drums in FL Studio Mobile forra new track, in F Mixolydian. 12/8 time. Whatever I named it tentatively escapes me at the moment. I love you, Patty. I am so tired of this constant pain. This has to end.

06 08 2022 00:20

Me

Wrote down another seven pages or so ideas. Left hand is aching a bit. Hope I can sleep now. Mind is racing. The last short-lived nap included dreams with both Kallisti and Patty. Everyone else here is asleep and the only sounds are snoring. Three people snoring, to be precise. Chest hurts and I feels tears welling again. I am being fed to log splitters. Blaring plastics funneled louds flames meat grinding. Chewing. Insects. I am so tired of isolation and grief. Sleep will only bring more painful images

06 08 2022 07:30

Me

Please be safe today. Terrible events loom in the clouds and preach humidly

06 08 2022 07:32

Me

Girls keep hitting meeup on Telegram. That amuses me inna bitter way. Here, check me out on DeviantArt. Oh. You just wanna get laid. Yeah, no. I don't have the patience to explain that if they touch me I'll scream.

06 08 2022 18:49

Me

I am shaking and angry and alone inna crowd. Hot tears are welling in my eyes again. The love of my life is trapped with this piece of human garbage and I have told by her to stay where I am. This is the worst pain I have ever felt. Every time I sleep I see her smiling face and my happy daughter. Every moment I'm awake is spent in torment. I don't want to live anymore. At least iffi kill him, you will be freed. I've done everything you asked. I've waited for you past the rendezvous point. Your sister attempted to poison me, has lied continuously, as the rest of your family has. Just repeating Tommy's lies. I am his God. His breathing issat my discretion. First, the truth must be completed. The story is near told. It is time for this to end. And he as well. He must be made to feel all of the pain he has caused you and I and others before he dies.

06 08 2022 19:06

Me

I think I was twenty-five or six when my mother begged me to come home and take care of her and my father.

Her 5'6" frame had exceeded 300 lbs by then. The only activites I can ever remember her engaging in were drinking quart-size containers of iced instant coffee, undissolved clumps of non-dairy powdered creamer floating on top with the frozen cubes, while sitting on one particular end of the couch she slept on in front offa television that was always on. She smoked generic brand menthol light 100s incessantly. For most of my tenure living with my parents until I moved out when I was fifteen these were purchased from the Air Force base in plain white cartons emblazoned with: Grade "A" Tobacco. Four cartons a week for mother and two for father, non-menthol. Five dollars and sixty cents non-taxable a carton. They fought incessantly, or rather, my mother would scream, whole body quaking, until she would invariably start hitting my father, who would defend himself by grabbing her wrists until she tired. They died still married, almost forty years.

My father was 5'5", bone skinny. He joined the Air Force assa chaplin after quitting the seminary, training originally to be a priest in Michigan. When he retired he had reached the rank of Master Sergeant, though I've been informed recently that he had been demoted two ranks. That would've made him either a senior or chief master sergeant. No explanation was provided with this information as to why. I suspect he refused an assignment to a more active combat position, but its just as possible some other non-meritorious conduct was cited. He had what I've heard referred to as Little Man Syndrome - a Scrappy-Doo analogue. On his bedroom wall - my parents having separate bedrooms since before I was born - wassa framed panoramic picture of his graduating Air Force class. He was front row, all the way to the right in front of the bleachers, second shortest out of hundreds.

I don't remember how she got my number. One of my friends must have given it to her. She was always cheery and ingratiating to one's face, waiting until the person had left to list every imagined slight to the trapped ears that lived with her. One of my former classmates probably ran into her buying cigarettes at the conveinience store a mile or so from their singlewide mobile home. I was renting an apartment in the flight path of San Antonio International Airport , Broadway north of Loop 410, a few blocks fromman all nude stripclub. It was the first and only living compartment I had without a roommate or living companion. Ground floor, front door twenty feet from my covered parking space. I was manager offa carpet cleaning company and also consequently the first in line for the best jobs; cash always in my wallet. I do remember not answering the call for days until the voicemails filled the capacity and became a hinderance to scheduling jobs. It had been years since I had seen or spoken to either of them, parting words not being friendly. A Thanksgiving.

07 08 2022 06:53

Me

Hungry-Man Turkey TV dinners microwaved, accompaying actual television and cigarettes. I didn't start smoking tobacco until I was thirty-three.

When I moved back into the residence in Cibolo that I swore I would burn to the ground upon inheritance my father was wearing the threadbare earthtoned houserobe he would die in a few years later. He no longer shaved or bathed and refused to eat anything but plain flour tortillas and vanilla ice cream. In case you're wondering how long a human body can exist on such a diet - about five or six years apparently. My mother's activites had not changed, including the flattened end of the same sofa. She usually wore a thin nightgown and sat on pet training pads, being incontinent and constantly coughing. She wore adult sized diapers when making a pilgrimage to procure more sugars and cigarettes, or attend an appointment with the doctors on one of the military bases. Within the year her legs would begin to ooze clear, sticky fluid from the water retention, a " complication " of advanced diabetes. The lines of prescription pill bottles were three deep, stretching from the stovetop to the sink. Her insulin needles on another counter. Even doing heroin and cocaine intravenously for years with my girlfriend, I never once had the urge to shoot myself up. To this day if I have blood withdrawn I get faint, despite watching the vials fill up amusedly when I was child. There are no laws regulating the intake of sugar, nor the possession offit. It is what killed my mother more than anything, though other personal choices assisted. I bear no ill will towards corn fields when I pass them onna road. That would be the height of idiocy.

A week or two after shifting my belongings to what would end up being my residence, the neighbor called and offered home cooked food to my mother. I was sent nextdoor to retrieve it. Upon knocking on the door, a white-haired woman answered, asking, " Hey, who are you? " Her name was Gloria. " Oh. You've grown. Want a beer? " Three days later she gave the key to her front door. She wouldn't live to see her granddaughter Kallisti Aeon. If she was still living the shameful actions of her sisters and daughters never would have taken place. But that is another installment.

07 08 2022 06:57

Me

I miss you. My body is sickened with concern and rage and emptiness. This is intolerable, and cannot last. Where is your voice? Where are you? I love you, Patty. I always will. Hold my hand, baby. From here, feel my hand gently around yours. Now kiss me..

07 08 2022 08:17

Me

Let us reap the rewards in the stars

07 08 2022 08:17

Me

I sent a DeviantArt link via text message to both of your aunts, Paula (both lines), and ugly sister Pam. I had to unblock them, send it, and then block them again, one by one. I do see more page views...And what does one know. All five numbers say they tried to respond yesterday. What a coincidence! I pray to your god that you are safe. This has to end. The more people know, the safer you are. See you soon, baby. I love you. I always will.

08 08 2022 04:38

Me

The Sugar Is Innocent issat 910 views after 28 1/2 hours. Just spent four hours taptaptapping out another two posts taken from my Aunt Francelle's Text Thread. Have been invited and accepted said invitation tooa poetry and prose group. My gracious hosts are about to explode again. I get the feeling Scrappy doesn't like Todd very much. But what do I know? Lookit my love life. Need to shower and finding I don't much care. Eyes are burning and my stomach is complaining that all I feed it is day old doughnuts and bummed cigarettes. I am lonely amoungst people.

08 08 2022 10:41

Me

I need to cry. The tears won't come. Everything is tense. There is too much absolute hatred in my body. This isn't sustainable.

08 08 2022 10:41

Me

Where are you, my love? I need you

08 08 2022 10:42

Me

The Gospel Of Saint Patricia is up to 767 pages.

08 08 2022 10:46

Me

The sixth chick this week on Telegram has hit me up. This one's pretty hot. I find that bitterly hilarious. I send them all links to DeviantArt. Saying " I write words in long strings and make sounds no one wants to hear "
Which, I suppose, also reads, " I am the opposite offa sugar daddy or anything remotely considered a good time. " I should probably start including a link to the Internet Archive for maximum coverage of this topic.

08 08 2022 17:27

Me

This morning's Deviation was immediately favorited by the first person to see it. Not more than two minutes after I hit send. It is about Kallisti. Writing it gave meea headache and physically made my temperament ill. Fuck

09 08 2022 08:02

Me

Am scheduled to record my voice reading/performing tomorrow at Dom's. Been trying to get these laptops in working order all day and the problems keep getting worse. May have to grab my computron to edit, post, etc. Can create a tier for pay on Deviant, and post them to youtube , etc. 240,920 reads assof two days ago. Lonely inna crowd as usual.

10 08 2022 01:14

Me

The IRS app now takes me tooa different screen telling me my return is being processed. That's a thing
The one about Kallisti from this morning issat 334. The one about my parents issat 1,200. Been researching other sites to list and profit off of.
By next month I will probably have at least half a dozen revenue streams coming in.
Have $240.77 worth of cryptocurrency on Coinbase. Can't cash it out forra nother week if I need to
In theory

10 08 2022 01:16

Me

It says on the screen I have $270.64 on Coinbase. Supposedly I can cash it out after another week. Huh. I watched some tutorials forra bout halfan hour. That was for $17. I started at $240, so the rest is interest/appreciation. Er something. We'll see what happens inna week er so.

10 08 2022 21:00

Me

I'd rather live it.

Because imagining what it could have been is only a step towards a goal.

Fantasy is creative visualization.

Iffit can't be imagined, it doesn't exist.

It isn't what you think that makes you beautiful and special.

It is how you think.

What you think issan amalgamation of all the most current data available.

What you think continuously is modified; changes.

How you think is what is done with the unending information deluge.

The sensory overload from faulty and degrading instrumentation.

How you are and came to be is what makes you important and unique.

What contributes.

What you are issan insult fromman other.

A label.

A category.

A scanning code at the register.

Over twenty years ago a long scar appeared on my chin, while I was wearing a shirt that asked,

" Who is bought and sold? "

244,880. The number, it keeps going up. And its gonna. 241 Deviations. Another three dollars and change on Coinbase. Didn't record yesterday, which is just as well - nasal congestion. Today's mission: fix annoying laptop. Scour the Akashic Records and stock film sites for royalty free and public domain footage to be edited together for YouTube and other channel releases. Write out phonetic emphasis and incidental notes for planned recording sessions. Pray to Patty's God for her safety. Continue being a bad grandmotherfucker.

11 08 2022 08:18

Me

Thank you for being my friend. I wouldn't want to be here without you.
Its quiet enough here at the moment. Exhausted, as usual. Going to bury my face in the pillow and cry and try to rest. That never works, but its what I do anyway.
Added three pictures of Kallisti to the recent Deviations about her, one each. There is now a selfie of me on the Autobiographical gallery heading on my page. A few other pictures. Works are organized and tagged better.
Another 7Eleven brownie.
Another cigarette.
I wish you were here.
See you soon, baby.
I love you. I always will.

11 08 2022 08:45

Me

Todd threw a black, fancy looking notebook at me the other day. It was in a box of stuff Scrappy had recovered dumpster diving. Its unused except for three things written in pencil on the first few pages: Second grade St. Cecilia (Penelopee)
App-Tinyscan
and, my favorite-
" The Day The Music Died "

Since its bigger than my rapidly filling hardcover notebook I thought I'd use it to write out the set list for recording, with notes n stuff. Apparently that's what the previous owner thought as well.

There's a left-handed steno pad owned by the same person. Handwriting matches. First page only written on. A Christmas List, for Sammy, Marky, Matthew, MomB, DadB, MomP, and Penny. I'm assuming that since Penny is scheduled for bones anda bed that itsa dog. Sammy and Marky are both getting skull keychains, brackets, and axes.

11 08 2022 14:27

Me

I love you, baby.
Uploading the rest of my tracks to the Akashic Records. All 48 are now available forever for public perusal.
Allot of the story is told.
The Schrodinger's Cat mode of living is wearing on me. I can walk away from this. You need your voice to be heard. I won't let you down.

12 08 2022 03:40

Me

A premium account with a certain business type of social media platform provides one with a certain number - a double digit one - of pushy messages that can be delivered without question or horseback rider or homing pigeons. For your possible amusement, my Deviants: a slight paraphrasing of my earnest, heartfelt missive just now tooa certain Tommy Tiny Penis and all of his community's proud listed endorsers. Individually and assa group. Pamela Daby is listed as being the owner of Gloria's Goodies for 18+ years more than three separate times on his page. It isn't listed on the Big Online Street Map That Includes Businesses, and neither is the one nextdoor to the horrorshow. However, if one should find oneself at Obblonge Box, especially in the darkest hours before the scorching sun erupts, it wouldn't be uncommon for the fledgling Artist to find refuge temporarily from the burn.

Ahem.

Concerning Thomas Randle.

https://www.deviantart.com/theprophetobblonge

You may find the information here interesting.
He has his own gallery.
As does Patricia Ann Roberts.

In the five weeks since entering the community unannounced my 241 literary contributions have earned 246,950 reads assof two days ago. Am currently working day and night on recording audio of the author performing his work and collecting public domain footage for editing and production of video for YouTube streams. Audiobooks are quite popular currently. Especially when the voice intoning is so distinctive and sonorous. And let's not forget impassioned. Spoken word albums are also scheduled soon. Possibly a live tour. Shake hands, scribble ink to papers and flesh, meet and greet. The Gospel of Saint Patricia is 740 pages and growing every day. My canvas is still available, of course. No interruption of my text messages to the same number you kept on Do Not Disturb for so long. Thanks, man. Couldn't have done it without you. See you soon.

Every single one of his twelve endorsers on LinkedIn have seen their messages except one, including Tommy and Pamela. The youngest sister Paula actually showed up assa contact suggestion, so I just sent her a personalized message as well.

Sometimes we laugh when we're crying

13 08 2022 03:41

Me

248,140. Laura's Story (Season One) has risen to 9,600. Making another Soundcloud account to upload some tracks to. I'll also upload straight, unadulterated spoken word tracks there as well.

13 08 2022 09:34

Me

Got to record at Dom's today. Loaded up the .Wavs onna flash drive. Just got back. Dehydrated, headache. I've created a Soundcloud account and so far am having trouble with uploading, but managed to get two tracks up. And in 22 minutes was notified that " - A Stalker Follows " had received a like. Tired and sore in new places and old ones. I want to sleep but I don't want to dream. Alone, isolated, despair, murder, hate, heartbreak.
Oh. Look. Another fake chick on Facebook.
Shitgoddamnmotherbitch

14 08 2022 00:51

Me

Ah! Fell 370 short offa quarter million. Will most definitely be able to make the announcement tomorrow. My Soundcloud account is about 13 hours old now. I've never been on Soundcloud before so I'm very unfamiliar with the platform. 14 or 15 tracks uploaded with photo art for each. All of this done with my seven year old Moto G. Left links to DeviantArt in allot of the description spaces. The first notification saying one of my tracks was liked came in 22 min after posting the first one. Something like three followers and like thirty likes er something. Users can repost tracks they like on their personal playlists. If you find someone with good taste you can check out what else they're listening to. Been reposted 11 times. After 500 likes monetization can occur in various ways I'm not completely understanding yet. The laptops here are are all abused dramatically. Gonna have to grab mine if I'm gonna get any substantial amount of work done. Still haven't heard the .WAVs of the recording session. So, yeah. Gotta take a trip.

Dom gave meea left handed Yamaha acoustic inna a stout Taylor gigbag. Its amazingly held together with that useless blue painter's tape and what appears to be hot glue. The back is separating from the sides. Pretty sure I've got a set of acoustic strings at the house. Glue and fill the body woods. Reverse the nut and the saddle. I like noisemaking things that say Yamaha on them. My blue USB to MIDI adapter is one of the only pieces in the chain of signals that has never ever given me shit. It always works.

This has to end soon. And it will.
I love you, and I always will.
I pray to your God that you are safe.
The book needs an ending, dearest.
Its time to clear the path of obstacles, dead weight, litter.
See you sooner than you think.

14 08 2022 08:35

Me

Someone else's fetish is weird, isn't it?

So I'm perusing another deviant's favorites. One of my biggest fans. Their handle is DoseofMolyBeth. Their page identifies their prefix as They/Them. So I don't know if the person is male or female, or how old they are. My gut feeling is that they're young, maybe even a teenager. But there's a chance I'm wrong. Whoever they are, they have a theme going. They've favorited 14,789 other artist's postings, all lumped together in 2 galleries. All of them, like 14,000, and a much smaller group marked as ones that made them smile. Proud to say I'm in both. The larger one doesn't have many writings innit. In fact, mostly mine and maybe a dozen others. They've been collecting for years. Almost all of the rest are pictures, real or imagined, of women that are freakishly large in some way or all ways. Like, 300ft giant woman strolling over houses. Lots of very pregnant women. Women with freakishly large breasts, real or imagined. Women with huge, actually unreal huge I mean, asses. Pics of 7'6" women standing next to others for comparison. That's what this person has posted themselves as their art. Stories, fictional accounts, of women with fantastically exaggerated body proportions. Oh. And one picture of precisely drawn syrup on waffles. My first follower specializes in conjoined pictures. All original work. Like, three hundred. Two headed combinations of celebrities and sports players. Lots of him and his girlfriend.

These are my people.
Fuck with them and you fuck with me.

15 08 2022 01:42

Me

I think the wifi hotspot it is dead. Computron had locked up when I got back. Just now dismounted the headphones and took a shower. Head is clear and focused. Visions of waveforms burnt across the landscape. Many more to follow.

18 08 2022 08:22

Me

I woke up.
It was the next day
I woke up
It was the next day
Don't remember when I went to sleep
What day is this anyway?

Its dark outside
Im stayin in
Its dark outside
I'm stayin in
Haven't done nothing but tell my stories
Since I don't know when

Oils and salt
It burns my eyes
Sweat and dirt
Burns my eyes
Red and swollen, tearing up
Everything hurts, I'm still alive

Heart is aching
Broken, bruised, and beaten
Heart is aching
Bloody, bruised, and beatin
I wish I didn't keep waking up
And feelin this again

There wassa five radio show from midnight to five am on Sunday morning 89.1 called Blues Before Sunrise. Usedta listen to that every week. The guy who did the show tried to find the oldest playable records possible, regardless of sound quality. He would play an entire five hours of recordings from, like, 1900-1920 routinely.

So I woke up. Staggered to the bathroom with toothbrush and cinnamon goo. There were two men discussing the Ark of the Covenant in the bedroom as I passed by. I had never seen one of them before. The one I had was making stuff up, and laying out his inventions factually. That makes me smile. Upon bathroom's exit a cigarette appeared between my lips. Its still there now, unlit. Sitting with my back to the wall, leaning against a glowing red shiatsu massage device, ironing away the futon creases. There issa lighter in reach, next to the keyboard. Tombstone build decided to boot loop upon restart. For the second time. That's the last event I remember. Installing Windows 11 onna laptop and thinking, " Oh. What the fuck? " Then mercy full blankness.

Three more peoples. One issa woman I've never met. Her name is not Wednesday, its Tuesday. It occurs to me that would be a good title for the previous verses. One of the new arrivals mentions that he hasn't snorted a line since he's been to Texas. A pipe is passed. Dishes are washed. Kool-Aid. Conversations simmer and coalesce. Form a rue. Someone says they listen to music. I listen to sounds, then read them. Stevie Nicks is singing from the past, tense. Beliefs discussed.

So. Back to the computrons. Switch hard drive from

mine to laptop, press play. Switch back. Edit compress clean diagonal order vocabulary. Reading my own voice, ear goggles donned. Jewels of Kermit the Frog and Frosted Flakes, like tips. Stirring of pots. Such is morning; the next day is underway but not underfoot.

19 08 2022 03:06

Me

Have three reads strung inna line on the playlist. Have established a standard process to apply: normalize in Fruity Loops, scan for pops and clicks and incidental noises in Rx, drop back into FL for any further editing before throwing on the playlist. I haven't had time to use iZotope's Rx editor very long. The controls are different from the Edison editor in 'Loops, so I'm sticking to what I know in the interest of time, even though Rx allows one to resolve to one tenth offa Hertz and one one thousandth offa second. Before I sleep again my goal is to post two more Deviations and a track of The Artist's voice Reading His Stuff to Soundcloud.

Ah. Back later for progress report.

19 08 2022 03:07

Me

And. After two hours I have a booting computron again. Now I get back to work on today's goal. Tired already. Want to go back to sleep. Pictures of you from Facebook onna slideshow. Got back into my IK Multimedia account. Amazing amp sims. Speaker, microphone, rack effects, stompboxes, room models, mic placement. Worth dealing with the company. Fucking Italy.

19 08 2022 03:12

Me

Hey. What does one know. The bootloop had to do with my audio driver glitching. Not stopping to work. Refusing to be adjusted. So when I needed to adjust it, the option wasn't there. So I had to reinstall it. Which means turning the computer off and turning it back on. Which it did. Like it should. Because that makes sense.

19 08 2022 04:05

** Error and ommission expected*

*** Tekxperiastudios/Day Dreamer LLC is not responsible for any kind of data loss*